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ABYSSINIA.

ROMANCE OF HISTORY.

THE name "Habesh," corrupted by Europeans into "Abyssinia," is an Arabic word signifying *mixed*, and was long ago given, most appropriately, to a country unrivalled for the variety and the sudden transitions of its physical features and productions, and inhabited by peoples of many races, whose religious beliefs are an amalgamation of all doctrines capable of combination, and whose usurping ruler seems to-day to embody in his proper person all the con-

tradictory qualities that belong to an ideal despot. The name is rejected with indignation, however, by the people. They pique themselves on purity

1. *Abyssinia Described*. Edited by J. C. HOTTEN, Fellow of the Ethnological Society. London. 1868.

2. *The Nile Tributaries of Abyssinia*. By Sir S. W. BAKER. London. 1867.

3. *The British Captives in Abyssinia*. By Dr. C. T. BEKE. Second Edition. London. 1867.

4. *Letters from the Captives in Abyssinia*. By the Rev. H. A. STERN. London. 1866.

5. *Théodore II.* Par M. G. LEJEAN. Paris. 1865.

6. *Lectures on the Sources of the Nile*. By Dr. C. T. BEKE. London. 1864.

NEW SERIES—VOL. VII., No. 4.

7. *Wanderings among the Falashas*. By the Rev. H. A. STERN. London. 1862.

8. *The French and English in the Red Sea*. By Dr. C. T. BEKE. London. 1862.

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10. *Life in Abyssinia*. By MANSFIELD PARKYN. London. 1853.

11. *Scenes in Ethiopia*. By J. M. BERNATZ. Munich and London. 1852.

12. *The Geographical Distribution of the Languages of Abyssinia and the Neighboring Countries*. By Dr. C. T. BEKE. Edinburgh. 1849.

13. *Remarks on the Mats'hafa Tomar, or the Book of the Letter*. By Dr. C. T. BEKE. London. 1848.

14. *Voyage en Abyssinie*. Par MM. FERRET and GALINIER. Paris. 1847.

15. *Voyage en Abyssinie . . . par une Commission Scientifique*. Publié par ordre du Roi, sous les auspices de M. LE VICE-AMIRAL BARON DE MACKAN. Paris. 1845-6.

16. *Voyages and Travels of George Annesley, Viscount Valentia*. London. 1809.

17. *Travels to Discover the Sources of the Nile*. By JAMES BRUCE, Esq. Edinburgh. 1790.

18. *Abyssinische Kirchen-Geschichten*. By JOSEPH STÖCKLEIN. Augsburg. 1728.

of descent, and on a succession of emperors, unbroken almost from the time of Solomon. They will have none of the history which would rudely disturb their faith in such fables. The national theory is that the Queen of Sheba was their sovereign, and that, married to Solomon, she transmitted the crown to her son Menilek, ordaining that it should descend only to his heirs male, and that all princes of the blood royal should be, from infancy, secluded in a palace on the top of a mountain, until a vacancy in the throne should require the nobles to elect the most worthy of her descendants to occupy her seat. Menilek is said to have come to the throne in 986 B.C., after being educated and crowned in Jerusalem, whence he brought to his native country a colony of Jews, a copy of the Law, and a son of Zadok the priest, to interpret it. What shadow of foundation this tradition has, it is difficult to say: but one thing is certain, that Judaism was long the religion of the land, and is now held in purity by a large body of Jews, or Falashas, who, until the seventeenth century, kept themselves distinct, under their own rulers, in the central provinces.

The history of the world in general goes to favor the theory that Abyssinia,—the representative, the relic of the ancient empire of Ethiopia,—was inhabited by a race, kindred to, if not identical with, the ancient Egyptians. Herodotus speaks of a King of Ethiopia, who seized and held Egypt for sixty years; and Nubia to the north, and undefined regions to the south, certainly belonged to the sovereigns, the ruins of whose capital of Axum bear distinct trace of intercourse with the Greek settlements at Alexandria, if they do not, indeed, date back beyond the time of the Ptolemies. Axum was the centre of a flourishing kingdom in the first and second centuries of our era, and was known as a considerable place up to the time of the first crusade. In the fifth century its kings even extended their conquests into Arabia Felix, and held the province of Yemen for sixty years.

But meanwhile the conquering state had undergone an important change. In the year A.D. 300, there or thereabouts, a Tyrene philosopher, of Greek birth and religion, set out for India to

establish in trade two youths, his companions. Their vessel was wrecked on the Abyssinian coast. Brigands attacked them, killed the old man, and sold the youths in the interior. The slaves soon rose to honor at Court, and Frumentius was appointed tutor to the future king, whom he imbued with faith in the doctrines of the Greek Church. On the accession of the young king, Christianity was declared the State religion, and Frumentius was sent to Alexandria to obtain episcopal ordination. Athanasius then occupied the patriarchal chair, and happened to be full of schemes for sending a mission to convert the Jewish kingdom in the South. So Frumentius easily got what he came for, and returned to Axum as Salama, Abuna, or Patriarch of Abyssinia. A century later the Scriptures were translated into the vernacular—a language closely allied to the Arabic, and called "Geez." The national conversion, however, was not complete. When Christianity became the State creed, a large body of the people,—possibly a colony of Jews who may have settled there after the destruction of Jerusalem,—refused to accept the change, and held to the Levitical law, under the rule of princes of their own. In A.D. 960, a princess of this race, Judith by name, availed herself of the facilities afforded by the collection of the royal princes in one place,—the happy valley of Rasselas,—to murder them all at one sweep,—all but one, who made good his escape. This second Athaliah seized the throne; but, unlike her prototype, held it for forty years, and was succeeded by five kings of her own race,—a dynasty distinguished by honest and wise government. But their toleration of the Greek Church brought them at last to a fall; for in 1260 the Abuna, who was a native of the name of Tekla Haimanout, acquired so much influence over the mind of the reigning king as to induce him to abdicate in favor of Aikum Amlak, the representative of the supposed legitimate line of Solomon, and a descendant of the child who had, three centuries before, been hidden from the fury of Judith in the mountains of Lasta.

The retiring sovereign accepted the government of the province of Lasta in exchange for his own, and Tekla Haim-

about secured from the new emperor a grant of one-third of his dominions to the Church. He also procured a law that his successors in the Patriarchate should invariably be Copts, appointed by the Patriarch of Alexandria.

Dr. Beke throws great doubt on the genuineness of this part of the story, and is disposed to place Tekla Haimanout six centuries earlier. Tellez, a Portuguese Jesuit of the seventeenth century, who wrote a history of Ethiopia, says that about the end of the fifth century Monachism was preached in Abyssinia by some missionaries from the Greek Church of Constantinople, which held views directly opposed to those of the Church of Alexandria on the nature of Christ. These missionaries are all found in the Abyssinian Calendar. One of them claims to have converted the devil, and induced him—probably in some period of sickness—to turn monk for forty years. Through them, then, the Greek doctrines were introduced into Abyssinia. The same authority says that Tekla Haimanout was ordained deacon about A.D. 615 or 620, by Cyril, Abuna of Ethiopia, and held the faith as it was preached at Alexandria. This doctrinal controversy would account for Tekla Haimanout's regulation that his successor must be a Copt, and designated from Alexandria. So that probability points to the seventh, instead of the thirteenth century, as the time when he flourished.

Again, Dr. Beke, travelling in 1843, in the province of Lasta (the district of the Agows, who are generally supposed to represent the aboriginal stock of the country), heard traditions which altogether deny that Aikum Amlak was a descendant of the ancient dynasty, or that the governors of Lasta obtained their territories in the way popularly believed. He believes Amlak to have been a foreign conqueror, who, like Theodore and some of his predecessors, proclaimed himself of the old line in order to secure his power. It would be no difficult thing for loyal chroniclers to bring the date of the patron saint far enough forward to give the *prestige* of his name to the reigning house. This view, however, is not shared by other travellers.

In whatever century, however, he

plotted, Tekla Haimanout is a historical person, and the services which he rendered to the Church have given him a very high place in the Abyssinian Calendar. Nay, more, he is often spoken of as the Creator, or as one of the Persons in the Holy Trinity; while the church decorators, not content with the ordinary glories of a saint's nimbus, represent him as covered with gorgeous plumage. Endless are the miracles ascribed to him. He is supposed to be still living, but perched on a rock so inaccessible that he could not have reached its summit had not a serpent offered to take him up in its mouth. This required more than human faith, so the devout reptile offered a less alarming alternative, and crept up the precipice with the saint holding on to his tail.

About the same time with these civil and religious changes, whenever it may have been, the kingdom began to suffer from the assaults of tribes of Gallas from the South, a strong and soldierly race. The invaders did not long confine themselves to mere forays. A large body, by and by, entered the country, and, settling chiefly in Amhara, gave their name to that district. They endeavored to adopt the language, the manners, and the religion of the people among whom they had come. But, though the less polished, they were the stronger people, and in the result imposed their own language upon the natives. Still they remained for some considerable time altogether distinct, and are even now looked upon by genuine Abyssinians as an inferior race. The attacks of the Turks in the early part of the fourteenth century forced the natives and their invaders into closer relations; but, while the efforts of the united peoples were directed to the defence of the northern frontier, it was easy for fresh hordes of Gallas to overrun and occupy several of the provinces in the South. In the course of the struggles which ensued, Abyssinia first came into the region of European history. In the last decade of the fifteenth century, Prince Henry of Portugal, eager to find that other continent which his mathematical studies had led him to conjecture, induced his father to send an expedition to seek the Christian African kingdom of Prester John. Vague rumors of this potentate

had from time to time been brought from Jerusalem by monks who had there met with Abyssinian pilgrims. His kingdom would surely be a good point of departure for further discovery. The Portuguese visited the country, and, for a few years, until the passage of the Cape of Good Hope rendered it less advantageous, kept up a friendship with the Abyssinian kings; and acquired great influence in their dominions. In 1542 a Portuguese, one John Bermudez, was Abuna. The Turks attacked Abyssinia, and he led an embassy to Portugal to implore assistance. Five hundred Portuguese troops landed at Massowah, and were joined by twelve thousand Abyssinians. In true African fashion, the allied army halted for several months within sight and hearing of the enemy, busied with a war of taunts and personal insults. At last they joined battle; the Abyssinians fled, the Portuguese were routed, and their general was taken prisoner and killed. But shortly afterward the Abyssinians rallied and gained a victory over the Turks so decisive as to secure the kingdom from any further attacks. It is worth remarking, at this juncture, that the Portuguese force suffered in no degree from the climate, but succeeded in bringing off all of its number who escaped the chances of war. The period of this war is also marked by another change; for Bermudez seized the opportunity of the mission to Europe to ask for the Pope's confirmation of his dignity, and the allegiance of the Abyssinian Church was transferred from Alexandria to Rome.

These inroads of Turks and Gallas had, in the sixteenth century, reduced Abyssinia to her present dimensions, and a survey of the provinces in those days suffices for modern description. Unable to withstand the overwhelming masses of the Turkish armies in the plains, the Abyssinians entrenched themselves in the triangular plateau, the mountain ramparts of which abut on Nubia and Sennaar to the north and west, on comparatively unknown sandy wastes, inhabited by Gallas, to the south, and, to the east, on a desert strip of land bordering on the Red Sea. This seaboard is roamed over by tribes of Pagan or Mahomedan Gallas, nominally under the control of the Governor of Massowah,

but practically independent. It is only habitable during the rainy season, from January to March, when the air is cool and brisk, and the brilliancy and sweet scent of the tropical flowers give no warning of the pestiferous odors which bring death alike to man and beast so soon as the cessation of the rains leaves the rank vegetation to wither and rot in the sun. Then the wandering tribes follow the rains into the lower of the three terraces of valleys which penetrate the mountain frontier of Abyssinia. They are safe here till the end of April; and move up farther and farther till the end of June brings them to the edge of the plateau, which they do not pass. In the interior the showers are slight and intermittent in April and May, and the wet season sets in from July to October.

The coast-lands show evident traces of a gradual elevation. Half-buried ruins are scattered up and down. Rivers completely disappear in the sand, and their original course to the sea can only be found by digging for the fresh water which wells up abundantly through every available opening. There is a strange basin close to Tajourah Bay, sunk five hundred and seventy feet below the sea-level, and nearly filled with glittering salt. Only in the centre is a little dark blue lake, supplied so scantily from its spring that it is gradually drying up by evaporation. There are also two volcanoes in this region, both of which have been active in this century. The desert is about twenty miles wide at Massowah, which is at the northern end; but it widens southward, and stretches inland at its southern extremity two hundred miles, from the port of Zeila to the mountains of Sho, which bound Abyssinia on the south.

The table-land which contains the kingdom of Abyssinia presents features of peculiar interest to scientific explorers, and of the greatest attractiveness to the traveller in search of picturesque scenery. The broad, fertile plains, well irrigated by artificial as well as natural streams, are crossed by rivers running in precipitous ravines some three thousand feet deep, clothed in luxuriant tropical foliage; and they end abruptly at the feet of snow-covered ranges from ten to fifteen thousand feet high, or are diversified by solitary peaks, which rise in



every variety of fantastic shape, and defy all attempts to scale them. The geologist finds all possible formations exhibited in almost exaggerated distinctness; the botanist passes in the course of a single day's march from the flora of northern latitudes to that of the equator; and the sportsman may be bewildered by the abundance and variety of beasts and birds, which thrive unchecked by anything but the natural preying of the stronger on the weaker species. The natives eat very little flesh meat.

The slope of the northern province of Tigré is toward the north-west, sending the Mareb, the Tacazze, and other streams to swell the Nile. The Tacazze is the principal bearer of the slime which is washed from the highlands and fertilizes Egypt. This river might be easily diverted into the Red Sea, and Theodore and his predecessors have frequently threatened to ruin Egypt in that way. It is for a practical reason that the Egyptians lay claim to Abyssinia. The plains of Tigré are inhabited by a race whose language is nearly allied to the ancient Geez, now the sacred tongue, which needs an interpreter at court, where Amharic is spoken. Mr. Mansfield Parkins, who travelled in Abyssinia in 1843, speaks of the Tigréan peasantry as singularly free from vice, but very poor and ignorant. They are certainly very turbulent.

South of Tigré rise the mountains of Lasta toward the eastern boundary of the plateau, and of Simyen in the centre. Lasta is inhabited by the representatives of the original race, and includes the province of Waag, whose governors claim equal sovereign rights with the emperors of Abyssinia. In Simyen, a wild mountainous region, which contains the highest peaks in the country, the Jews held their semi-independence until the beginning of the seventeenth century, when a severe persecution diminished their numbers, deprived them of their native rulers, and compelled them to live in scattered communities throughout the neighboring provinces.

To the south of Lasta lies what is properly called Amhara, the region where the first settlements of Gallas were made. But the name is now loosely used to include as well this province as also Dembea, with its Lake Bellesa,

Woggera, Begemder, and others occupying the centre of the kingdom, and comprises within its limits the towns of Gondar, Debra-Tabor, Magdala, and Gaffat.

Toward the west and south-west of Lake Dembea are Kuara, Theodore's native province, a knot of mountains inhabited by Pagans of a strongly-marked negro type, and by Jews, and Agamider, also a great Jewish centre. Farther to the south of the lake lies Godjam, surrounded by the Blue River, strong by its wealth, and because the adjacent Galla tribes of the South are always ready to aid any insurrection. This province, now in arms against Theodore, is governed by Tedla Gualu, a representative of the ancient race of emperors, who has upheld his standard against the usurper since 1859.

Shoa, to the south of Amhara proper, is also wealthy, and is also in a state of insurrection. Lying near to the convenient port of Tajourah, it has been more frequently visited and described by Europeans than any other province except Tigré.

The climate of all these districts is found by travellers to be exceedingly healthy, except where malaria rises in the river beds, and proves fatal to natives and foreigners alike. Dr. Beke thinks it more salubrious than that of any country he knows; and appeals to the fact that the European captives have so long endured hardships which in any less invigorating air must have destroyed them. It is a singular fact, that the common punishment by amputation of hand and foot is seldom fatal, however rudely executed, if the sufferer is allowed water to drink and shelter from the sun; while in European hospitals such an operation is regarded as very perilous. This is attributed partly to the regular moisture and great lightness of the atmosphere, and partly to the spare vegetarian diet of the people. Some Abyssinians who came to France were quite perplexed to find themselves exhausted and perspiring under cover of umbrellas. They were accustomed at home to walk and climb mountains without distress under a far fiercer sun, and with no protection but the pat of butter on the head which Mr. Mansfield Parkins, following the native fashion, wore

as his only head-dress during a three years' stay in the highlands.

The land is parcelled out by the old constitution of the country—a system partly of natural growth and partly recast in the time of Tekla Haimanout—among a large class of yeomen, who held from the feudal lords on conditions of military service proportionate to the size of the farms. These domains were distributed into parishes, under the direction of mayors. The mayor was held responsible for all disorders in his parish; but was, in compensation, the heir of all intestate persons. To prevent abuse of his power, the feudal lord was associated with him, and as his superior, in the local court of justice. The principal nobles, who were also generally governors of provinces, large or small, together with the Abuna or Patriarch, and the Etche-gué or chief of the monks, who, as a celibate native priest, enjoyed great influence, composed the great council, where votes on all matters concerning the general affairs of the realm were given in order from the youngest upward to the Emperor, whose decision was final. Besides this council there was a court of twelve judges who took cognizance of the more important legal questions, leaving a right of final appeal to the Emperor. He alone exercised the power of life and death, except where it was claimed by a father over his child. Professional advocates practised in all the courts.

The nation was classed into the nobles; the priests, who might marry and who lived among the people; the monks, who might not marry, and lived chiefly in the groups of houses round the churches; the debteras, or learned men; the soldiery; and, lastly, the peasant proprietors, who held much of the power in their hands. The debteras were the only educated class. They had charge of what national literature there was—chiefly of a theological character—and of public instruction. As for the priests, it was enough if a deacon knew his alphabet, and could repeat or read a liturgy: a priest ought to read a chapter in the Gospel. Deacon's orders were commonly taken: after a short service the Abuna conferred them by blowing toward the candidates. There is a story of a whole army, amazons and all, having been thus consecrated *en masse*.

At the period to which we have brought down the history—the final repulse of the Turks in 1543—all this machinery was out of gear, and Clandue, the Emperor, wisely resolved upon ecclesiastical and administrative reforms. Bermudez had presumed upon his nationality and his success to introduce great abuses, and was not inclined tamely to submit when he saw himself superseded by a Coptic Abuna from Alexandria. He endeavored to maintain his ground; and the two rituals being thus brought into conflict, the toleration, or rather the unity, which had hitherto subsisted between them, was at an end for ever. Many of the Gallas had embraced Mahomedanism; Judaism flourished among the Falashas; Bermudez and his co-religionists had set up the worship of the Virgin and of many Roman saints; while the Abyssinian Church, distinguished from the Latin by its use of liturgies in the vernacular, and by a variance of doctrine on the divine and human natures of our Lord, had added the Roman to the Greek fasts, and had joined the Mahomedan rules about unclean animals to those of the Levitical law, which it had never shaken off. These differences could not be healed by any ruler: but the Alexandrian doctrine could be proclaimed as the creed of the State, and was so maintained, in spite of Bermudez, and in spite of mission after mission sent out by Loyola and his successors, until the year 1604. Then a Portuguese Jesuit, named Paez, who had established a school in Tigré fourteen years before, was summoned to court to receive a reward for the good work he was doing, and so cleverly confuted the arguments of the native clergy as to convert the king. The first result of this triumph of Romanism was a persecution of the Jews; and the second, a proposal of alliance with Philip the Third of Spain. The consequent agitation in the country was not confined to argument. The king was killed in battle. His son, who reigned only for a very short time, was succeeded by one Socinius, who took Paez into high favor and granted him a peninsula which runs at a considerable elevation into Lake Dembea, and is famous for its beauty, fertility, and salubrity. Paez built a convent here, and soon afterward, at Gondar, a stone

palace with cedar-lined rooms for the king, which has only ceased within the last half-dozen years to be the pride of the capital. Mr. Mansfield Parkyns gives a view of it, which makes the story of its having been chiefly constructed by Paez himself, difficult of credence, not to say impossible. Since the time of Paez the country has been distracted by quarrels, for which the intrigues of Romanist emissaries are in a great measure responsible. Constant attempts to displace the established religion, and introduce Popery, embroiled the provinces till all order was destroyed.

The great points of controversy between the Orthodox Abyssinians and the Jesuits, were the language of the liturgies and the questions already alluded to about the nature of Christ. The Abyssinian Church early adopted the heresy, upheld by Eutyches, and condemned by the Council of Chalcedon, as to the change of the two natures into one. It contrived to divide itself into three parties on the subject, all intensely inimical to Rome and to each other, but the shades of whose opinions are not easy for foreigners to distinguish, though they were marked enough to give pretext, if not causes, for endless intestine wars. In fact, the intellectual energies of the Abyssinians seem to have been wholly concentrated upon metaphysical theology. Not only the studies of the learned, but the homes of the peasantry, are to this day excited by subtleties long obsolete in Europe. "*Filioque*" is a dangerous word in the mouth of a foreigner. The mysteries of the incarnation, the "confusion of substance" or "unity of person," are pressed upon any traveller with a Bible as abruptly as once the simple question at Jacob's Well. Shoa is accused of inclining to Arianism; and its heresy furnished Theodore with a plausible excuse for invasion. Tigré opines that the Son of God was incapable of receiving the Holy Ghost; Godjam and Lasta interpret His anointing as equivalent to the uniting of His natures. Ten principal sects find standing room on this vanishing point, and split again into speculations of hair's-breadth distinction.

In the time of Socinius, however, the question of liturgies was uppermost; and he positively abdicated because he

could neither get his people to submit to, nor his Roman Catholic Abuna to dispense with, the use of Latin in the churches. His son, Facilidas, who came to the throne in 1632, warned the foreign priests from the country. They fled to the rebel governor of the seaboard provinces, who refused to give them up, but offered to sell them to the Turks. They did not command a high price; for the Turks resold them to Rome for 4,300 crowns—doubtless at a profit. Fresh missionaries met with misfortunes by sea and land; and the few who reached Abyssinia were put to death by order of the Emperor, who was determined, if possible, to restore tranquillity.

The end of the century found an emperor on the throne who was less jealous of an influence the evil of which he had never felt. In 1698 the Jesuits again got a footing, greatly to our advantage, for they wrote glowing letters home, describing the condition and magnificence of Abyssinia, its capital and court. These are to be found in a volume of letters from missionaries in all parts of the world, collected and published for the Jesuit Society in 1726, by Joseph Stoecklein. The Romanist influence was not more happy than before.

No striking features mark the succeeding reigns, most of which were as short as they were illegitimate. But religious disputes fill the chronicler's tedious pages, varied only by the tale of one great massacre of clergy. Then a king of some real originality of character comes on the stage, Bacuffa by name. He had heard a prophecy that he should have a son, but should be succeeded by a man called Naletta Georgis. The simple expedient of christening his child accordingly did not occur to him; but he set himself to kill all who bore the fatal names. By such tyrannical acts, he earned the hatred of his people, and in disgust retired, soon after the birth of a son, leaving his wife regent. General rejoicings were celebrated throughout the land; when suddenly Bacuffa reappeared. But he had learned the lesson, and reigned with singular wisdom and moderation for ten years more.

The next reign, that of Yasous II., who came to his dignity in 1729, was distinguished by the prominence of

Sabul Michael, a governor of Tigré, and by the visit to Abyssinia of Mr. Bruce, the famous traveller, whose book was long the limit of most people's acquaintance with the history, features, and manners of Abyssinia. Educated for the Scotch bar, Mr. Bruce early determined to abandon his profession, and travel in search of adventure. His friends had some influence with Government, and sent him to London to ask for an appointment abroad. But in London he made acquaintance with the widow of a brewer, married her daughter, and devoted himself to business, till the early death of his wife renewed and increased his restlessness. He was sent out in some semi-official capacity, and spent five years in Abyssinia. His stories were scouted at first, and never fully accepted till recent years. But they receive fresh confirmation from every succeeding traveller, and many generations of school-boys have been reading facts in earnest which their parents meant for fables.

At the time of Bruce's arrival in Abyssinia, this Governor of Tigré, Michael, was in revolt. He had been accused of some crime or other to the Emperor, and when called upon to appear at Gondar and defend himself refused to attend, and took up arms instead. He was defeated, but pardoned; and had to wait a while longer for his day of power. Yasous had violated the traditions of the empire by marrying a Galla woman named Wobit. This princess became regent on her husband's death, and used her power, as other queens have done, to raise her kinsfolk to high places. Her son pursued the same course. Great jealousy was created in the country, and at a critical moment Michael came forward and pacified the nation. A second step he gained by a successful expedition against a recalcitrant provincial governor, whom he subdued and killed, seized his office and married his widow. Grown too powerful for a subject, Michael became practically supreme, and transmitted to his house with the hereditary title of Ras, or Vizier, the tutelage of a long race of sham emperors. Nor was the vexed kingdom left to the mere substituted authority of a line of *Maires de Palais*. From this

time every local chief who rose a little above his neighbors assumed the title of Ras, and set up his mock sovereign. The central authority dwindled; and Abyssinian politics have consisted in the rivalry of this and the other provincial despot, their favorite missionaries and consuls. At the end of the last century Mr. Salt found four pseudo-emperors in hiding in different parts of the land, besides the legitimate puppet.

The attempt of Napoleon to gain a footing in Egypt directed the attention of England to the Red Sea; and an expedition was sent out under Lord Valentia to reconnoitre all those coasts. It resulted in the establishment of a settlement at Aden, and in friendly communications with Abyssinia through Mr. Salt, who had been Lord Valentia's secretary, and who was sent, in 1810, with presents and an autograph letter from George the Third to the Emperor. The Ras in possession of the real Emperor just then was Guksa, the Governor of Amhara, whose claim derived some shadow of legitimacy from the fact of its having descended to him from his father. Mr. Salt should, in strict propriety, have taken his gifts to Guksa; but he thought it better to ingratiate himself with the Governor of Tigré, whose friendship it was essential to gain if English commerce was to penetrate into the interior. The policy was successful; and under the patronage of the next Governor, Sabagadis, M. Gobat\* and other Protestant missionaries were allowed to establish themselves in the country. But diplomatic intercourse between the two nations became less desirable in the eyes of English statesmen when the loss of the Isle de Bourbon, of the Mauritius, and of settlements on the coast of Madagascar, destroyed all fear of French influence in Eastern Africa; and no communication was kept up, except casually, through Messrs. Pearce and Coffin. This latter gentleman deserted from a British ship, settled in Abyssinia, and rose to a position of authority under Sabagadis. In 1831 he was sent to India for arms, to enable his patron to defend himself against Marre, the son of Guksa, and so

\* Now the well-known Anglican Bishop Gobat of Jerusalem.—EDITOR OF ECLECTIC.



the legitimate Ras, and Ubié, the Dejatch, or Governor of Samien. Before Mr. Coffin's return, Sabagadis was killed in battle, and his family lost all chance of making good its claims to the Rasdom; though Mr. Coffin and the English missionaries in Tigré threw all their material and moral weight into their scale. Marie also fell on the same field. Ubié was left master of Tigré and Samien till 1855; while Marie's son, Dori, and then his nephew, Ras Ali, succeeded to the Rasdom of Amhara—the *cordon bleu* of Abyssinian politics.

The French did not long put up with their exclusion from these regions. In 1835 they bought from Ubié two small villages on the coast. It was nothing to them that the soil belonged to the Turks, and that, had it belonged to Abyssinia, no governor of a province had any right to sell it. However, under Ubié's favor, French expeditions and settlements became numerous. A Catholic mission soon followed, and was posted at Adowa, a town in the centre of Tigré. By the year 1838 Ubié had been so far brought under French and Romanist influence as to dismiss the Protestant missionaries, Isenberg and Krapf, who took refuge in Shoa, and were replaced by M. Jacobis. This Jesuit is admitted on all hands to have been a man of great political acumen, fond of intrigue, and unrestrained in his practice of it, but not distinguished by the qualities which Protestant Churches hold desirable for a missionary life. His career was not a successful one. He acquired a great deal of power, but his aims were not missionary in our sense of the word, and his secular occupations scandalized even a Church which does not nicely weigh its modes of propagating the faith. His own consul calls him the prince of political intriguers. He took the sword and perished by it.

But in the department of exploration the French influence has done nothing but good. In 1839 a commission of scientific gentlemen, under the presidency of M. Lefebvre, was sent to view the country; and MM. Ferret and Galinier were sent after them twelve months later. It would be tiresome to enumerate all the painstaking and valuable books of French travellers, official or

private, written since that time. Two, however, stand out from the crowd: first, the seven volumes, published by Government authority, containing an exhaustive analysis of the structure, productions, and capabilities of the land, its divisions, political and natural, and accompanied by maps and plates, which form the report of M. Lefebvre's commission; and secondly, a light, comprehensive and amusing hand-book, which was printed in 1865 by M. Lejean, French Consul at Massowah, and which may be found useful to any one who wishes to get easily a broad view of the subject, and who is prepared to pass by a host of venomous attacks upon the Protestant missionaries. He respects, indeed, their private character; but spite colors his whole view of the modern political history of Abyssinia. We may, perhaps, as well say here that the English compilation to which many would turn, rather than to M. Lejean, is edited by Mr. Hotten, but is a curious instance of a well-planned manual badly executed. Mr. Dufton's is very much the sort of work to be expected from a young banker's clerk of enterprise and vivacity enough to start for Abyssinia from Khartoum alone, driving before him a donkey, which carried his luggage. It is quick-sighted and sensible.

Encouraged by the reports of their agents, the French Government at last succeeded, in 1840, in purchasing a plot of land from the Governor of Massowah, where they built a consulate to form a base for political and missionary effort. While M. Jacobis pushed his way in Tigré, another Jesuit—M. Rochet d'Héricourt—was sent to Shoa. He found there the refugee Protestant missions under Messrs. Blumhardt and Krapf. At first his coming did not seem to affect the current of the king's inclinations toward England; for overtures were made to the Indian Government, which resulted in an embassy being sent to Shoa under Major—now Sir William—Harris, to make a treaty of trade and general friendship. But by the time Major Harris had arrived, in 1841, Dr. Krapf was finding his movements impeded; and the French influence had so far increased that the treaty was obviously mere waste paper. Two years later the Protestants were compelled to

retire. But they left behind them eight thousand copies of the Scriptures.

If, however, the Jesuits had outwitted their rival missionaries, they did not find it so easy to deal with the native religion. In 1849 the settlement in Tigré was much disturbed by the determination of Ubié to send to Alexandria for an Abuna to fill the long vacant see. M. Jacobis had already acquired the title by popular use, and was vexed to see his shadowy dignity endangered. So he offered to accompany the envoy, in hope of persuading the authorities to choose a candidate favorable to Romanism. His anger was great at the appointment of a young man trained in Mr. Lieder's\* school at Cairo, who, consecrated by the name of Salama, in memory of the first bishop, is now Abuna, but is in prison at Magdala. His career has done no credit to his early education; but his consecration was received with the greatest joy, and the national faith again lifted up its head.

(To be concluded.)

From Fraser's Magazine.

#### THE GREAT NEBULA IN ORION.

BY RICHARD A. PROCTOR, R.A., F.R.A.S.

Author of "Saturn and its System," etc., etc.

DURING the first four months of the year, the constellation Orion is very favorably situated for observation, in the evening. This magnificent asterism is more easily recognised than the Great Bear, Cassiopeia's Chair, or the fine festoon of stars which adorns the constellation Perseus. There is, indeed, a peculiarity about Orion which tends considerably to facilitate recognition. The other constellations named above, gyrate round the pole in a manner which presents them to us in continually varying positions. It is not so with Orion. Divided centrally by the equator, the mighty hunter continues twelve hours above and twelve hours below the horizon. His shoulders are visible somewhat more, his feet somewhat less, than twelve hours. When he is in the south, he is seen as a giant with upraised arms, erect, and having one knee bent,

as if he were ascending a height. Before him, as if raised on his left arm, is a curve of small stars, forming the shield, or target of lion's skin, which he is represented as uprearing in the face of Taurus. When Orion is in the east, his figure is inclined backward; when he is setting, he seems to be bent forwards, as if rushing down a height: but he is never seen in an inverted position, like the northern constellations.

And we may note in passing, that the figure of Orion, as he sets, does not exactly correspond with the image presented in that fine passage in *Maud*:

I arose, and all by myself, in my own dark garden ground,  
Listening now to the tide, in its broadflung shipwrecking roar,  
Now to the scream of a maddened beach dragged down by the wave,  
Walked in a wintry wind, by a ghastly glimmer, and found  
The shining Daffodil dead, and Orion low in his grave;

and again, toward the end of the poem:

It fell on a time of year  
When the face of night is fair in the dewy downs,  
And the shining Daffodil dies, and the charioteer  
And starry Gemini hang like glorious crowns  
Over Orion's grave low down in the West.

I would not, however, for one moment be understood as finding fault with these passages of Tennyson's noble poem. Detached from the context, the image is undoubtedly faulty; but there is a correctness in the very incorrectness of the image, placed as it is in the mouth of one

Raging alone as his father raged in his mood;  
brooding evermore on his father's self-murder,—

On a horror of shattered limbs....  
Mangled and flattened and crushed.

Let us pass on, however, to the subject of our paper.

Beneath the three bright stars which form the belt of Orion, are several small stars, ranged, when Orion is in the south, in a vertical direction. These form the sword of the giant. On a clear night it is easy to see that the middle star of the sword presents a peculiarity of appearance: it shines as through a diffused haze. In an opera-glass this phenomenon is yet more easily recognisable. A very small telescope exhibits the cause of the peculiarity, for

\* We scarcely need remind our readers that Mr. Lieder was the English Chaplain at Cairo, a man of great learning, and a kind friend to all travellers.

it is at once seen, that what seemed a star is in reality a mass of small stars intermixed with a diffused nebulosity.

It is a very remarkable circumstance that Galileo, whose small telescopes, directed to the clear skies of Italy, revealed so many interesting phenomena, failed to detect

That marvellous round of milky light  
Below Orion.

It would not, indeed, have been very remarkable if he had simply failed to notice this object. But he would seem to have directed his attention for some time especially to the region in the midst of which Orion's nebula is found. He says :

At first I meant to delineate the whole of this constellation ; but on account of the immense multitude of stars—being also hampered through want of leisure—I left the completion of this design till I should have another opportunity.

He therefore directed his attention wholly to a space of about ten square degrees, between the belt and sword, in which space he counted no less than four hundred stars. What is yet more remarkable, he mentions the fact that there are many small spots on the heavens shining with a light resembling that of the milky way (*comptures similis coloris areolæ sparsim per æthera subfulgeant*) ; and he even speaks of nebulae of this sort in the head and belt and sword of Orion. He asserts, however, that by means of his telescope, these nebulae were distinctly resolved into stars—a circumstance which, as we shall see presently, renders his description wholly inapplicable to the great nebula. Yet the very star around which (in the naked eye view) this nebula appears to cling, is figured in Galileo's drawing of the belt and sword of Orion !

It seems almost inconceivable that Galileo should have overlooked the nebula, assuming its appearance in his day to have resembled that which it has at present. And as it appears to have been established, that if the nebula has changed at all during the past century it has changed very slowly indeed, one can scarcely believe that in Galileo's time it should have presented a very different aspect. Is it possible that the

view suggested by Humboldt is correct—that Galileo did not see the nebula because he did not wish to see it ? “Galileo,” says Humboldt, “was disinclined to admit or assume the existence of starless nebulae.” Long after the discovery of the great nebula in Andromeda—known as “the transcendently beautiful queen of the nebulae”—Galileo omitted all mention in his works of any but starry nebulae. The last-named nebula was discovered in 1614, by Simon Marius, whose claims to the discovery of Jupiter's satellites had greatly angered Galileo, and had called forth a torrent of invective, in which the Protestant German was abused as a heretic by Galileo, little aware that he would himself before long incur the displeasure of the Church. If we could suppose that an unwillingness, either to confirm his rival's discovery of a starless nebula, or to acknowledge that he had himself fallen into an error on the subject of nebulae, prevented Galileo from speaking about the great nebula in Orion, we should be compelled to form but a low opinion of his honesty. It happens too frequently that

The man of science himself is fonder of glory, and  
vain—  
An eye well practised in nature, a spirit bounded  
and poor.

That Hevelius, “the star-cataloguer,” should have failed to detect the Orion nebula, is far less remarkable ; for Hevelius objected to the use of telescopes in the work of cataloguing stars. He determined the position of each star by looking at the star through minute holes or pinnules, at the ends of a long rod attached to an instrument resembling the quadrant.

The actual discoverer of the great nebula was Huyghens, in 1656. The description he gives of the discovery is so animated and interesting, that we shall translate it at length. He says :

While I was observing the variable belts of Jupiter, a dark band across the centre of Mars, and some indistinct phenomena on his disc, I detected among the fixed stars an appearance resembling nothing which had ever been seen before, so far as I am aware. This phenomenon can only be seen with large telescopes such as I myself make use of. Astronomers reckon that there are three

stars in the sword of Orion, which lie very close to each other. But as I was looking, in the year 1656, through my 23-feet telescope, at the middle of the sword, I saw, in place of one star, no less than twelve stars—which, indeed, is no unusual occurrence with powerful telescopes. Three of these stars seem to be almost in contact, and with these were four others which shone as through a haze, so that the space around shone much more brightly than the rest of the sky. And as the heavens were serene and appeared very dark, there seemed to be a gap in this part, through which a view was disclosed of brighter heavens beyond. All this I have continued to see up to the present time [the work in which these remarks appear—the *Systema Saturnium*—was published in 1659], so that this singular object, whatever it is, may be inferred to remain constantly in that part of the sky. I certainly have never seen anything resembling it in any other of the fixed stars. For other objects once thought to be nebulous, and the milky way itself, show no mistiness when looked at through telescopes, nor are they anything but congeries of stars thickly clustered together.

Huyghens does not seem to have noticed that the space between the three stars he described as close together is perfectly free from nebulous light—inasmuch that if the nebula itself is rightly compared to a gap in the darker heavens, this spot resembles a gap within the nebula. And indeed, it is not uninteresting to notice how comparatively inefficient was Huyghens' telescope, though it was nearly eight yards in focal length. A good achromatic telescope two feet long would reveal more than Huyghens was able to detect with his unwieldy instrument.

Dominic Cassini soon after discovered a fourth star near the three seen by Huyghens. The four form the celebrated *trapezium*, an object interesting to the possessors of moderately good telescopes, and which has also been a subject of close investigation by professed astronomers. Besides the four stars seen by Cassini, there have been found five minute stars within and around the *trapezium*. These tiny objects seem to shine with variable brilliancy; for sometimes one will surpass the rest, while at others it will be almost invisible.

After Cassini's discovery, pictures were made of the great nebula by Picard, Le Gentil, and Messier. These present no features of special interest.

It is as we approach the present time, and find the great nebula the centre of quite a little warfare among astronomers—now claimed as an ally by one party, now by their opponents—that we begin to attach an almost romantic interest to the investigation of this remarkable object.

In the year 1811, Sir W. Herschel announced that he had (as he supposed) detected changes in the Orion nebula. The announcement appeared in connection with a very remarkable theory respecting nebulae generally—Herschel's celebrated hypothesis of the conversion of some nebulae into stars. The astronomical world now heard for the first time of that self-luminous nebulous matter, distributed in a highly attenuated form throughout the celestial regions, which Herschel looked upon as the material from which the stars have been originally formed. There is an allusion to this theory in those words of the Princess Ida:

There sinks the nebulous star we call the Sun,  
If that hypothesis of theirs be sound.

And in the teaching of "comely Psyche":

This world was once a fluid haze of light,  
Till toward the centre set the starry tides,  
And eddied into suns, that wheeling cast  
The planets.

Few theories have met with a stranger fate. Received respectfully at first on the authority of the great astronomer who propounded it—then in the zenith of his fame—the theory gradually found a place in nearly all astronomical works. But, in the words of a distinguished living astronomer, "The bold hypothesis did not receive that confirmation from the labors of subsequent inquirers which is so remarkable in the case of many of Herschel's other speculations." It came to pass at length that the theory was looked upon by nearly all English astronomers as wholly untenable. In Germany it was never abandoned, however, and a great modern discovery has suddenly brought it into general favor, and has in this, as in so many other instances, vindicated Herschel's claim to be looked upon as the most clear-sighted, as well as the boldest and most original of astronomical theorizers. But we are anticipating.

Herschel had pointed out various cir-



cumstances which, in his opinion, justified a belief in the existence of a nebulous substance—fire-mist or star-mist, as it has been termed—throughout interstellar space. He had discovered and observed several thousand nebulae, and he considered that amongst these he could detect traces of progressive development. Some nebulae were, he supposed, comparatively *young*; they showed no signs of systematic aggregation or of central condensation. In some nebulae he traced the approach toward the formation of subordinate centres of attraction; while in others, again, a single centre began to be noticeable. He showed the various steps by which aggregation of the former kind might be supposed to result in the formation of star-clusters, and condensation of the latter kind into the formation of conspicuous single stars.

But it was felt that the strongest part of Herschel's case lay in his reference to the great nebula of Orion. He pointed out that amongst all the nebulae which might be reasonably assumed to be star-systems, a certain proportionality had always been found to exist between the telescope which first detected a nebula and that which effected its resolution into stars. And this was what might be expected to happen with star-systems lying beyond our galactic system. But how different is this from what was seen in the case of the Orion nebula. Here is an object so brilliant as to be visible to the naked eye, and which is found on examination to cover a large region of the heavens. And yet the most powerful telescopes had failed to show the slightest symptom of resolution. Were we to believe that we saw here a system of suns so far off that no telescope could exhibit the separate existence of the component luminaries, and therefore (considering merely the observed extent of the nebula, which is undoubtedly but a faint indication of its real dimensions) so inconceivably enormous in extent that the star-system of which our sun is a member shrinks into nothingness in comparison? Surely it seemed far more reasonable to recognize in the Orion nebula but a portion of our galaxy,—a portion very vast in extent, but far inferior to that "limitless ocean of universes" presented to us by the other view.

And when Sir W. Herschel was able, as he thought, to point to changes taking place within the Orion nebula, it seemed yet more improbable that the object was a star system.

But now telescopes more powerful than those with which the elder Herschel had scanned the great nebula were directed to its examination. Sir John Herschel, following in his father's footsteps, applied himself to the diligent survey of the marvellous nebula with a reflecting telescope eighteen inches in aperture. He presented the nebula to us as an object of which "the revelation of the ten-feet telescope was but the mere rudiment." Strange outlying wisps and streamers of light were seen, extending far out into space. Yet more strange seemed the internal constitution of the object. So strange, indeed, did the nebula appear, "so unlike what had hitherto been known of collections of stars," that Sir John Herschel considered the evidence afforded by its appearance as sufficient to warrant the conclusion of a non-stellar substance.

But this eminent astronomer obtained a yet better view of the great nebula when he transported to the Cape of Good Hope an instrument equal in power to that which he had applied to the northern heavens. In the clear skies of the southern hemisphere the nebula shines with a splendor far surpassing that which it has in northern climes. It is also seen far higher above the horizon. Thus the drawing which Sir J. Herschel was able to execute during his three years' residence at the Cape, is among the best views of the great nebula that have ever been taken. But even under these favorable circumstances, Sir John records, "that the nebula, through his great reflector, showed not a symptom of resolution."

Then Lassell turned his powerful mirror, two feet in diameter, upon the unintelligible nebula. But though he was able to execute a remarkable drawing of the object, he could discern no trace of stellar constitution.

In 1845 Lord Rosse interrogated the great nebula with his three-feet mirror. Marvellous was the complexity and splendor of the object revealed to him, but not the trace of a star could be seen.

The end was not yet, however. En-

couraged by the success of the three-foot telescope, Lord Rosse commenced the construction of one four times as powerful. After long and persistent labors, and at a cost, it is said, of thirty thousand pounds, the great Parsonstown reflector, with its wonderful six-foot speculum, was directed to the survey of the heavens. At Christmas, 1845, while the instrument was yet incomplete, and in unfavorable weather, the giant tube was turned toward the Orion nebula. Professor Nichol was the first who saw the mysterious object as pictured by the great mirror. Although the observation was not successful, so far as the resolution of the nebula was concerned, yet Nichol's graphic account of the telescope's performance is well worth reading:

Strongly attracted in youth by the lofty conceptions of Herschel [he writes], I may be apt to surround the incident I have to narrate with feelings in so far of a personal origin and interest; but, unless I greatly deceive myself, there are few who would view it otherwise than I. With an anxiety natural and profound, the scientific world watched the examination of Orion by the six-foot mirror; for the result had either to confirm Herschel's hypothesis, in so far as human insight ever could confirm it; or unfold among the stellar groups a variety of constitution, not indicated by those in the neighborhood of our galaxy. Although Lord Rosse warned me that the circumstances of the moment would not permit me to regard the decision then given as absolutely final, I went in breathless interest to the inspection. Not yet the veriest trace of a star! Unintelligible as ever, *there* the nebula lay; but how gorgeous its brighter parts! How countless those streamers branching from it on every side! How strange, especially that large horn on the north, rising in relief from the black skies like a vast cumulous cloud! It was thus still possible that the nebula was irresolvable by human art; and so doubt remained. *Why* the concurrence of every favorable condition is requisite for success in such inquiries may be readily comprehended. The object in view is to discern, *singly*, sparkling points, small as the point of a needle, and close as the particles of a handful of sand; so that it needs but the smallest unsteadiness in the air, or imperfection in the shape of the reflecting surface, to scatter the light of each point, to merge them into each other and present them as one mass.

Before long Lord Rosse, after re-grinding the great mirror, obtained better views of the mysterious nebula. Even now, however, he could use but

half the power of the telescope, yet at length the doubts of astronomers as to the resolvability of the nebula were removed. "We could plainly see," he wrote to Prof. Nichol, "that all about the trapezium was a mass of stars, the rest of the nebula also abounding with stars, and exhibiting the characteristics of resolvability strongly marked." These views were abundantly confirmed by subsequent observations with the great mirror.

It will surprise many to learn that even Lord Rosse's great reflector is surpassed in certain respects by some of the exquisite refractors now constructed by opticians. As a light-gatherer the mirror is, of course, unapproachable by refractors. If it were possible to construct an achromatic lens six feet in diameter, yet, to prevent flexure, a thickness would have to be given to the glass which would render it almost impervious to light, and therefore utterly useless. But refractors have a power of definition not possessed by large reflectors. With a refractor eight inches only in aperture, for instance, Mr. Dawes has obtained better views of the planets (and specially of Mars), than Lord Rosse's six feet speculum would give under the most favorable circumstances. And, in like manner, the performance of Lord Rosse's telescope on the Orion nebula has been surpassed—so far as resolution into discrete stars is concerned—by the exquisite defining power of the noble refractor of Harvard College (U.S.). By means of this instrument hundreds of stars have been counted within the confines of the once intractable nebula.

It seemed, therefore, that all doubt had vanished from the subject which had so long perplexed astronomers. "That was proved to be *real*," Nichol wrote, "which, with conceptions of space, enlarged even as Herschel's, we deemed *incomprehensible*."

Yet even at this stage of the inquiry there were found minds bold enough to question whether a perfectly satisfactory solution of the great problem had really been attained. Nor is it difficult, I think, to point out strong reasons for such doubts. I shall content myself by naming one which has always appeared to me irresistible.

The Orion nebula, as seen in powerful telescopes, covers a large extent of the celestial sphere. According to the Padre Secchi, who observed it with the great Merz refractor of the observatory at Rome, the nebulous region covers a triangular space, the width of whose base is some eight times, while its height is more than ten times as great as the moon's apparent diameter,—a space more than fifty times greater than that covered by the moon. Now, I do not say that it is inconceivable that an outlying star-system, so far off as to be irresolvable by any but the most powerful telescopes, should cover so large a space on the heavens. On the contrary, I do not believe that a galaxy resembling our own would be resolvable at all, unless it were so near as to appear much larger than the Orion nebula. I believe astronomers have been wholly mistaken in considering any of the nebulae to be such systems as our own. There may be millions of such systems in space, but I am very certain no telescope we could make would suffice to resolve any of them. But what I do consider inconceivable, is that a nebula extending so widely, and placed (as supposed) beyond our system, should yet appear to cling (as the Orion nebula undoubtedly does) around the fixed stars seen in the same field with it. So strongly marked is this characteristic, that Sir John Herschel (who fails, apparently, to see its meaning) mentions amongst others no less than four stars,—one of which is the bright middle star of the belt, as “involved in *strong* nebulosity,” while the intermediate nebulosity is only just traceable. The probability that this arrangement is accidental is so small as to be almost evanescent.

However, as I have said, English astronomers, almost without a dissentient voice, accepted the resolution of the nebula as a proof that it represents a distant star-system resembling our own galactic system, but far surpassing it in magnitude.

The time came, however, when a new instrument, more telling even than the telescope, was to be directed upon the Orion nebula, and with very startling results. The spectroscope had revealed much respecting the constitution of the fixed stars. We had learned that they

are suns resembling our own. It remained only to show that the Orion nebula consists of similar suns, in order to establish beyond all possibility of doubt the theories which had been so complacently accepted. A very different result rewarded the attempt, however. When Mr. Huggins turned his spectroscope towards the great nebula, he saw, in place of a spectrum resembling the sun's, *three bright lines only!* A spectrum of this sort indicates that the source of light is a *luminous gas*, so that whatever the Orion nebula may be, it is most certainly *not* a congeries of suns resembling our own.

It would be unwise to theorize at present on a result so remarkable. Nor can we assert that Herschel's *speculations* have been confirmed, though his general reasoning has been abundantly justified. Astronomers have yet to do much before they can interpret the mysterious entity which adorns Orion's sword. On every side, however, observations are being made which give promise of the solution of this and kindred difficulties. We have seen the light of comets analyzed by the same powerful instrument; and we learn that the light from the tail and coma is similar in quality (so far as observation has yet extended) to that emitted from the Orion nebula. We see, therefore, that in our own solar system we have analogues of what has been revealed in external space. I would not, indeed, go so far as to assert that the Orion nebula is a nest of cometic systems; but I may safely allege that there is now not a particle of evidence that the nebula lies beyond our galaxy.

Nor need we doubt the accuracy of Lord Rosse's observations. More than a year before his death, indeed, he mentioned to Mr. Huggins “that the *matter* of the great nebula in Orion had not been resolved by his telescope. In some parts of the nebula he observed a large number of exceedingly minute *red* stars. These red stars, however, though apparently *connected* with the irresolvable blue material of the nebula, yet seemed to be distinct from it.”

The whole subject seems to be as perplexing as any that has ever been submitted to astronomers. Time, however, will doubtless unravel the thread of the

mystery. We may safely leave the inquiry in the hands of the able observers and physicists whose attention has been for a long time directed toward it. And we need only note, in conclusion, that in the southern hemisphere there exists an object equally mysterious—the great nebula round  $\gamma$  Argus—which has never been tested with the spectroscope. The examination of this mysterious nebula, associated with the most remarkable variable in the heavens—a star which at one time shines but as a fifth magnitude star, and at another exceeds even the brilliant Canopus in splendor—may, for aught that is known, throw a new light on the constitution of the great Orion nebula.

♦♦♦♦♦  
Dublin University Magazine.

#### A GREAT MAN'S RELAXATIONS.

SCOTT AND DUMAS, A PARALLEL A LA PLUTARQUE.

BEFORE Alexander Dumas became a mighty hunter and trapper of literary game and literary helpers to run it down, he was a devoted lover of field and forest sports, such as the French poachers (*braconniers*) affect. In the early volumes of his *mémoires*, he has left delightful sketches of his country life at Villers Cotterets, intermingled with chase of beast and fowl. Now, in his advanced years he returns to his early loves, and gives to the world memoirs of his domestic pets,\* but in a leisurely style, and with the same attachment to half lines and quarter lines, as in the golden days of the untaxed *feuilletons*. Has not Alexander the Great new journals of his own, and what advantage can it be to him to inflict weariness inexpressible on his subscribers, by making them traverse a page for the information that might be conveyed in five lines?

Dumas entertains his readers in the commencement of his volume by the different plans adopted by Sir Walter Scott and by himself, to inspire his readers with an interest in the story. He somewhat exaggerates the process adopted by the author of *Waverley*, but it has a basis of truth.

"This plan was to be tiresome, mortally

tiresome, sometimes during a half volume, sometimes during an entire volume. But during this volume he posed his personages; he gave such a minute description of their appearances, their characters, and their habits; and the reader was so well acquainted with their dress, their gait, their speech, that when one of them got into some danger, at the end of the second volume, you cried out, 'Eh! this poor gentleman, who wore an apple-green coat, who limped in walking, who stammered a little in his speech—how will he get out of this strait?' And so you became astonished after your weariness for half a volume, for a volume, sometimes for a volume and a half, to find yourself so enormously interested about the man who stammered, the lame man, or the man in the green coat."

With all his shrewdness, Alexander does not touch the precise spot with his needle-point. It was not by an appraiser's description that Sir Walter interested his readers in the fortunes of his dramatic personæ.

The French man of letters explains his own process, which is to plunge into an interesting situation at once, and by putting forth his powers seize strongly on the reader's attention, the consequence frequently being a relaxation on both sides, and an unsatisfactory sequel. His ideas have the mastery of him, instead of he having the mastery of his ideas, and hence the result is left to the merey of chance.

He characteristically commences his history with these words, implying an interesting narrative with a tragical conclusion:—"I had fowl, and I have a dog," and then proceeds to recite the adventures of the various domestic animals which he kept while leading a lonely life at his *folly* of "Monte Cristo," while tossing off hundreds of pages of his romances in the day. No one can be sure of the strict accuracy of many of the little *historiettes*, except such processes as the one about to be described, with which he was familiar when a stripling, roving through field and forest, in the neighborhood of Villers Cotterets, and which naturally connects his early experience with that of his mature age. Though the Gauls are gifted with animal spirits in a more ample measure than their neighbors the Britons, they exhibit a higher degree of quietude and patience in some things, such as the endurance of a dull tragedy, and of a long and inactive watch in their securing of game. In this

\* *Histoire des mes Bêtes*. Par Alexandre Dumas. Paris: Michel Levy, Frères.



way the fowler of small birds spreads his snare for his victims.

LA CHASSE A LA PIPÉE.

Selecting the least valuable tree in the locality of his *Chasse a la Pipée*, he strips it of its leaves, and makes sundry nicks in the twigs and boughs, which he plentifully garnishes with bird-lime. He has a little hut fashioned under the tree, covered with broom, or heath, or fern, or all three, and sitting concealed in this, he imitates the cries of various little birds with a bit of silk, or a leaf of dog grass applied to his mouth. All within hearing flock to the tree, and their poor little claws entering the notches, are there held till a considerable number being taken, the *pipeur* comes out of his bower and releases them.

But if he has had the good fortune to secure a jay, more abundant game is taken in less time. The morning and afternoon custom of this bird in spring and early summer, is to find out the nests of goldfinches, bulfinches, tom-tits, linnets, thrushes, redbreasts, etc., and gobble up their eggs, and the poor unfledged young. Hence he is held in general detestation. The fowler so lucky as to get possession of an individual of this hated species, draws it from his pocket, after ensconcing himself comfortably in his broom, and heath, and fern-covered hut, and pulls out a feather of his wing.

"The jay utters his cry, *coing*."

"The cry resounds through the forest."

"At the same time, all the populace of linnets, finches, redbreasts, thrushes, and tom-tits within hearing, tremble, and cock their ears."

"The fowler pulls out a second quill of the jay's wing."

"The jay utters a second *coing*."

"Then universal joy is spread through the feathered tribes. It is evident that some misfortune has happened to the common foe."

"What can have occurred?"

"They must see. 'Where is he?' 'He is on this side.' 'No, he is on that.' 'No, he is on the other.'"

"The fowler plucks away a third quill from the wing of the jay."

"The jay shrieks a third *coing*."

"He is there, he is there," cry all the birds in chorus.

"And they descend in troops and in com-

panies on the tree from the bottom of which issued the three *coings*."

"But as the tree is so plentifully garnished with bird-lime, every bird which lights on it is a hopeless captive."

A TERRIBLE BRITISH POINTER.

We have made this quotation as it presents a favorable, but not an extreme specimen of Dumas' arrangement of paragraphs and mode of telling a story. He becomes possessor of the English pointer, Pritchard, and feelingly relates the trouble his favorite woodman Vatin and he himself took to break the obstinate British dog off the habits wrapped round him by education. Vatin's short cutty deserves, and obtains a circumstantial description.

Vatin's pipe is never out of his mouth but when he sleeps. His patron has never seen it with a shank. It has formed a round orifice between his upper and lower teeth. These teeth their master never opens to any extent when speaking, so his talk is conducted in a species of whistle. Vatin despises every improvement in the supply of wants, so he still uses the flint, the steel, and the tinder. Once the pipe is lighted, the smoke issues from his mouth with the regularity of that from a steam-engine. This suggested to Dumas the following notable joke.

"Vatin," said I to him one day, "when you are no longer able to walk, you have only to provide two wheels, and your head will make a capital locomotive for your body." "I shall always be able to walk," said Vatin. He had been commissioned to make a change in Pritchard's habits, i. e., instead of hunting some hundred yards from his master, and setting the game, he should keep himself under the very barrel of the fowling-piece, and only spring forward when the game was struck. Skilful and determined was Vatin, but he was no match for the obstinate Briton. An hour after he had been intrusted to the woodman, he was snuffing and snorting about his master at the Hotel de Medicis. Being treated to a whipping, he was sent back and badly received. It seems he had jumped over a paling several feet high, and so made his escape. Now he was secured by a good leather strap, but he gnawed it asunder, and Dumas, hard engaged at his feuilleton, heard a

terrible uproar in the yard. *Mouton*, a dog of the Pyrenees, tearing Pritchard with his fangs, and Pritchard making the best return in his power. Being rescued from the wrath of *Mouton* (sheep), he got whipping No. 2, and was sent back. This time he was made prisoner in a closed room, but after trying his teeth and claws on the wall, he next essayed the softer door, ate, and scratched through it. At dinner hour he was with Dumas in his parlor, tail cocked, and his mustard-colored eyes shedding tears of delight.

The reëducation of Pritchard seemed hopeless. Dumas, Michel his gardener, and Vatin went to take a walk with the intractable dog in leash. Coming near the bridge of Pecq, said one, "Is not that dog on the bridge very like Pritchard?" "Very like," said Michel, "but I have Pritchard here in the leash." All looked behind, but no Pritchard was there; he had cut the leather asunder, and by a round had got to the bridge before them. While they were looking at the leash and wondering, their ears were startled by an outcry, and turning round they saw the delinquent sweeping toward them with a half broiled mutton chop in his mouth, and the deluded cook clattering after him with brush in hand. Vain were the efforts to stop the brigand; and in the shelter of a thicket he enjoyed his half-fried chop.

That was only the first achievement of Pritchard on that eventful day. While dinner was preparing for Dumas and his humble friends by Mme. Vatin, a shout was heard from the kitchen window. "Ah, robber! ah, brigand! ah, wretch!" was heard in the horrified tones of their hostess. "Fire!" cried Michel, and the goblet in Alexander's hand was launched with all the force of "his biceps and his deltoid" (textual). The sequel furnishes so happy a specimen of our author's peculiar narrative style that we cannot resist quotation. The goblet was not broken, and Michel cried out—

"Ah, monsieur, that was a famous cast."

"In effect the goblet had struck Pritchard at the edge of the shoulder, and had fallen on the soft grass without injury."

"Merely the blow had been so strong that it had extracted a cry from Pritchard."

"To utter this cry, Pritchard had been obliged to open his mouth."

"In opening his mouth he had been obliged to drop his piece of veal."

"The piece of veal had fallen on the fresh grass."

"I had picked it up, and brought it back."

"Courage, Madame Vatin," said I. "Be consoled: we shall dine."

"I was going like Ajax to add, 'In spite of the Gods,'—"

"But I considered the phrase a little too arrogant."

"I contented myself with saying, 'In spite of Pritchard.'"

Some objected to the viand after being in the dog's mouth, but Michel proved that as licking by a healthy dog's tongue was sovereign in case of a cut, meat that had touched his tongue or jaws was not a bit the worse. Solely he cut away the tooth-marks.

But Pritchard's iniquities were not at the full. Mme. Vatin had prepared an omelette, and such an omelette! It furnished occasion to the author to say that an omelette is beyond the skill of the most learned Parisian cook. It can only be dressed in perfection by a country-woman—wife of peasant or farmer—the same truth being applicable to the cooking of a fricassee of fowl. While the company were complimenting her on her success, she listened with a preoccupied air, for she was missing her sugar-pot. After some surmises, not much to the purpose, Michel quitted the room, and soon reappeared, driving Pritchard before him with the missing article on his muzzle. He thus explained to the admiring company how it was so effectively secured.

"He got his nose into the sugar-pot, which is wider at bottom than at mouth; then he opened his jaws; then he filled them with sugar. At the same moment I came on him; he attempted to close his jaws; the sugar lumps were in the way. He then attempted to withdraw his muzzle; he could not, his jaws were open. So Monsieur Pritchard has been taken like a crow in a paper cone,\* and must have patience till the sugar melts."

However, when the confounded British animal was left to his own devices,

\* *Cornets* (grocers' conical paper-measures) are lined with a sticky substance, and left in the way of crows and ravens. They trust in their bills, and find themselves hampered, and become so confused that they are easily taken.

he established his character by setting three rabbits one after another, and remaining rigidly in the same position till Vatin had time to cut a stick and take a throw at the game.

DUMAS' WORKING DRESS AND HIS DOG MOUTON.

We next make acquaintance with the celebrated dog, *Mouton*, whom the reader finds at the famous Monte Cristo building, moving his head this way and that like a white bear, which he resembled in his skin, and his eyes "casting a phosphorescent flame like the reflection from carbuncles." But *Mouton* when not annoyed was perfectly inoffensive.

Maquet (the great collaborateur), Alexander the younger, some actresses, and other literary acquaintance, come to visit him in his retreat. He gives them possession of the house from garret to cellar; some amuse themselves with his monkeys, some with the aviary, some with the flower-beds, and the host retires to write his feuilleton in his kiosk, and here the great man (great or not he is certainly a good-natured and forgiving man) gives his readers information on a curious trait of his daily life and labor.

"You shall know, as the matter probably interests you, that summer and winter I write (*travaille* is the verb in the text) without waistcoat, without body-coat, in strapped trousers, in slippers, and in my shirt sleeves.

"The sole change that the succession of seasons makes in my costume, is in the stuff of my trousers and my shirt.

"In winter my strapped trousers are of cloth, in summer of dimity. In summer my shirt is of lawn, in winter of strong linen."

Dumas had come in attired as a hunter. Going up to his room he soon reappeared before his guests in his lawn shirt and his dimity strapped trowsers.

"Who is this, who is this?" said Atala Beauchêne (actress).

"It is a father," said Alexander (the younger), "whom I have vowed to the white veil."

"I passed between two hedges of acclamations, and regained my work-a-day pavilion."

At that period he was *laboring* at "Le Bâtard de Mauléon" (one of his or Maquet's best works), and his friend

Challamel\* happened at the same time to present him with *Mouton*. He introduced him into the romance under the name *Alan*, in this spirited style.

"Behind them came a dog bounding through mere exuberance of spirits.

"He was one of those vigorous but meagre dogs of the Sierra, with head pointed like that of a bear, eyes sparkling like a lynx's, and legs slender and sinewy as those of a hind.

"His body was covered with fine and long silky hair, among which played and danced the mellow reflections of the sun's rays.

"He had round his neck a large collar of gold, inlaid with rubies, and provided with a bell of the same metal.

"His joy exhibited itself by his bounds, which had both a visible and invisible object. The visible one was a steed white as snow, covered with a large housing of purple and brocade, which received his caresses with responsive neighings. The concealed object was doubtless some noble lord within the building into which the dog would plunge impatiently and reappear, bounding and joyous, some instants after."†

*Mouton* was, however, very unlike *Alan* in his temperament. He was phlegmatic, cross with strangers, and ready to tear any one of his own race that came near him. Dumas had asked Challamel about his past career, but the only answer he got was, "Attach him to you, and you shall see what he can do." When he took *Mouton* out for an evening walk, instead of gambading and snuffing round him, he would walk behind him with head and tail drooping like one following the funeral of his master. If Dumas stopped to speak to any acquaintance, *Mouton* would begin to growl, nor cease till the interview was over. The third evening of these promenades Alexander got official notice from the mayor (of St. Germain) to provide his dog with a collar and chain.

Those readers who are anxious not to lose a word of the original will learn how, while our author was composing the grand combat of *Alan* with the Moore in *Le Bâtard*, he saw *Mouton*

\* There are two brothers bearing this name—one a political and historical writer, the other an artist.

† Any one curious to see more of Dumas at his *travaille*, may read in the "Woman in White" how fat Count Bosco wrote out his vindication.

rooting up his dahlias; how he ran out and administered a kick to Alan's prototype, and how the savage sprang incontinently at his throat. Dumas (*see teste*) being a perfect practitioner in all manly exercises, secured Mouton by the throat with one hand while the other was between the jaws of the infuriated beast. Terrible injury was inflicted on this member, but with the other he compressed the enemy's windpipe till he was obliged to let go. Sinews and muscles were lacerated, finger bones (the Latin names are carefully given in the original) dislocated, and altogether *carpus* and *metacarpus* were in a bad way, and the "Bâtard" was finished under nearly as distressing circumstances as was the "Bride of Lammermoor" (*see Scott's biography*). We have known habitual tellers of wonders who really believed *some* of their own inventions. The coloring of this picture is here much toned down, but there is nothing more sensational in "Miss Forrester" than may be found in the original account.

#### MYSOUFF I.

On returning from one of his journeys our hero found a cat provided for him by his housekeeper. She asked him for a name, and he answered Mysouff II. She thought the name an odd one, having no conception of the train of sorrowful thoughts connected with the memory of his mother which at the moment was passing through his mind. Alexander tells us in his memoirs, that since his first communion, he has never been at confession, nor kept the Sabbath day holy in the manner of Roman Catholics, but that in passing an open church he sometimes enters, sits down in an obscure corner, and holds himself in communication with his Creator for a longer or shorter time. As for sins against his God, his neighbor, or himself, he is conscious of none, and is not disturbed by the *HEREAFTER*. Happy Alexander! at least while in the valley of the shadow. Taking this state of things into account, we are certainly much interested in the following extract so expressive of the effect of an early religious training.

"You have entered sometimes into an old curiosity shop, and having admired a Dutch interior, a family chest of the renaissance, or

a Japan vase, having raised to your eye a Venice glass or old German goblet, after having laughed in the face of a Chinese mandarin shaking his head and putting out his tongue, you have at last stopped in a corner, your feet rooted to the floor, and your eye fixed on a little picture in a nook. Within the obscurity appears the aureole round the head of a Madonna with the Infant Jesus on her knees. The subject at once summons up some tender recollection of infancy, and you find your heart inundated with a tender melancholy.

"You go back step by step into yourself. You forget the place you are in, the business which brought you there. You are borne away on the wings of memory, you clear immense space, as if wrapped in the mantle of Mephistopheles, and you are again a child full of hope and of expectation, in presence of this dream of the past which the sight of the sainted Madonna has aroused in your memory.

"It was so with me; the name *Mysouff* had taken me back fifteen years.

"My mother was living. I had the happiness at that time to have a mother to scold me.

"I had a situation with the Duke of Orleans, which produced 1,500 francs each year, and which occupied me from ten to five.

"We lived in West street, and had a cat called Mysouff, who certainly missed his vocation. He was intended for a house dog.

"I set out for my office every morning at half-past nine, and was back again at half-past five. Every morning Mysouff came with me to Rue Vaugirard, every evening he was waiting for me in Rue Vaugirard.

"And what was curious, any evening on which I played truant and did not return to dinner, they opened the door in vain for Mysouff. There he lay on his cushion, nose touching tail, and would not budge. But on my dutiful days, if they did not open the door to Mysouff he would misou and scratch till he got his liberty. So my poor mother adored Mysouff; she called him her barometer. 'Mysouff marks my good and bad days,' said she. 'The day you come not is my rainy day, the day you return is my fair weather.'

"Poor mother! Alas! we feel that it is only when we lose such treasures of love, that we did not appreciate them when we possessed them. It is only when we can no more behold these loved beings, that we recollect how much more of them we might have seen, and bitterly repent the losing of those opportunities.

"I always found Mysouff at the junction of West street with the Rue Vaugirard, sitting on his haunches, and watching. As soon as I came in sight he began to brush the flags with his tail, but when I came up he



jumped at my knees like a dog, then he began to gambade and wheel back every ten or twelve paces.\* At twenty paces from the house he made a charge, and entered at full speed. Two seconds after my mother was at the door. Blessed vision lost to me on this earth! but which I hope one day to enjoy again!"

#### MYSOUFF II. AND THE THREE FAMOUS MONKEYS.

The adventures and final condition of Mysouff II. cannot be made interesting without saying something of Dumas' three monkeys,—Mlle. Desgarcins, Monsieur le Dernier des Laidmanoir, and Mons. Potich. Dumas was about returning from Havre, when standing in front of an animal fancier's booth, a little green monkey passed her hand out through the bars of her cage, and took hold of the skirt of his coat. He took the poor little animal's paw in his hand, and so gratified her that she drew it to the bars and licked the fingers. A blue parrot showed equal signs of satisfaction, and the result was that the proprietor, who recognised Mr. Dumas, easily disposed of the two *petites bêtes* to him. M. Dumas' popularity, as he acknowledges, has its inconveniences.

"One day," he says, "some sorcerer may perhaps explain to me how it happens that my face, however little made known to the world by the brush, the burin, or the lithographic pencil, is well known even at the antipodes. So that wherever I arrive, the first porter that comes up, cries, 'Where shall I take your valise, Monsieur Dumas?'"

"Besides this inconvenience of never enjoying my incognito, I suffer another. Every dealer having heard that I am in the habit of throwing my money out of the windows, no sooner sees me than he forms the virtuous resolution to sell me his wares at three times the price which he would charge the 'Common of Martyrs,' a resolve which he puts at once into execution."

A defect in the parrot's education—viz., inability to speak, doubled his value in M. Dumas' eyes, for, as he says, he

\* We have certainty of the dogs of country farmers meeting them on their return at night, though the road by which they came back was not always the same. One of these animals was known before he would set out, to lie down, hold up his head in the air, and howl mournfully for a time. On a sudden he would stop his enoigné, jump up and set out. We have known cats to follow master or mistress out into the fields, and share their promenade, but the reader must use his or her own judgment on Mysouff's case.

never could endure the eternal refrain of such a morsel of eloquence as, "Have you got your breakfast, Jacquot?" A companion is got for Mlle. Desgarcins, and a third, the Last of the Laid (*ugly*) manoirs is soon added. The poor Auvergnat who disposed of this last ugly wretch, opened his arms to give him a final embrace when parting with him, but Laidmanoir uttered cries of disgust and terror, and clung to the beard of Giraud, one of Dumas' guests. While the Auvergnat was quitting the room, the monkey exhibited evident signs of satisfaction, but when he had disappeared altogether, he began to practise a dance, which Dumas supposes to be the *Cancan* of the Simian tribe.

The day of purchase happened to see a reunion at Monte Cristo of Maquet, Dumas Fils, and other literati and literatæ. The young gentleman wished to entertain the company at the expense of the poor four-handed animals. The three were together in a large cage, so he placed a bottle of seltzer water with the neck toward the animals on the table. They examined it carefully, but Mlle. Desgarcins was the first to attempt the solution. She attacked one of the four wire bands that secured the cork, first with her fingers, then with her teeth, till she had it cut, then the others in succession, her companions turning the flask round for her.

"The nearer the operation approached the denouement, the greater grew the attention.

"It must be owned that the spectators were as interested as the actors.

"Monkeys and men held their breath.

"All at once a terrible explosion was heard. Mlle. Desgarcins was flung backward on the floor by the cork, and inundated with the liquid, while Potich and the Last of the Laidmanoirs sprang to the ceiling, and held there by their hands and tails, uttering piercing cries.

"Oh," said Alexander the Younger, "I would give my share of the seltzer to see Mlle. Desgarcins uncork another bottle."

"Mlle. D. by this time had shook herself, sprang to the ceiling, and joined her comrades, who, suspending themselves by their tails, continued to gaze on the field of defeat, and utter inhuman cries."

The experiment was made a second and a third time with the same results, and Dumas Fils would have tried the

fourth, but the senior pitied the condition of poor Desgarcins, whose nose was now swelled, gums all bleeding, and eyes half out of her head, and would not let the joke be carried further. It is a standing jest with Alex. Fils to expatiate on the stinginess of his parent—he did not let that occasion pass without bringing forward the allegation.

Just retribution waited on this unnecessary punishment of the poor quadrumanian. A morning or two later the master was waked up by Michel, who came to report the escape of the three monkeys from their cage, their present possession of the aviary, and their villainous seizure of ever so many of the poor little birds. "They can't eat them," said the sleeper, awakened. "Ah!" said Michel, "it comes to the same thing. They are laying their spoils at the feet of Mysouff II., who is enjoying the feast."

The ravages were secured, and put in their cage; poor Potich, who had taken refuge in a tree, coming down voluntarily, and with joined hands, begging to be put in with his comrades. Michel looked on the act as a piece of hypocrisy, his master as an act of devotedness, to be put on a par with that of Regulus. Meantime Mysouff II. had finished his déjeuner of 500 francs, and a jury was impanelled to try him for this act of rapine and gluttony. Next Sunday's guests accordingly tried the delinquent, Michel, who had kept him meanwhile on bread and water, being constituted State Prosecutor, and Nogent Saint-Laurent, defender of the criminal. The jury, already much prejudiced against Mysouff, were still further embittered by Michel's oration, but the counsel for the defence did not lose courage. He flung the chief blame on the mischievous monkeys, and merely established Mysouff II. as a comparatively innocent accessory after the fact.

"He demonstrated Mysouff, of himself, as incapable even of dreaming of such a crime. He depicted him sleeping the sleep of the just, till roused from his inoffensive slumber by these abominable beasts, who in front of the aviary were meditating their felonious attack. There he was, half awake, beginning to stretch out his claws, complacently purring, and opening his rosy mouth, and exhibiting his tongue curved in the style of heraldic lions, then shaking his ears while listening as if repulsing their infamous propositions. The

counsellor dwelt on his first refusal of the request, then on the unsteady and volatile character of youth, and his corrupt education by the cook, who instead of feeding him on milk porridge or broth, as she had been strictly ordered, had excited his carnivorous propensities by administering lights, beef-hearts, parings of chops, etc. Then, as is the mode with unsteady characters, he painted him following the tempters to the scene of carnage; and taking Mysouff in his arms, and extending his paws, he dwelt on their mechanism, and appealing to all who were not ignorant of anatomy, he triumphantly asked, 'Was it with organs of such a conformation an aviary under lock and key could be opened?' Then borrowing from Michel his favorite volume of the 'Dictionary of Natural History,' he opened it at the article 'Domestic Cat, Tiger Cat,' and struck his palm heavily on the book. 'Cat!' he cried, 'Cat!' you shall hear what the illustrious Buffon, the man with the wristbands of point lace, wrote on the knees of Nature herself on the subject of the cat.

"The cat," says M. Buffon, 'is only a faithless domestic, whom we keep through necessity, to extirpate other domestic enemies not in our power otherwise to get rid of. For though the cat when young is gentlemanly, he possesses an inborn malice, a false character, a perverse disposition, which age augments, and which education merely masks.'

"Now, Mysouff, second of the name, did not bring a forged character for gentleness, signed Lacépède or Geoffroy Saint Hilaire.\* He is no intruder. The cook sought him out, and even pursued him into his retreat behind bundles of fagots. Did she ever hold forth to him on the enormity of bird-killing? No; on the contrary she excited his flesh-eating propensities. The lot of the poor birds I grant is deserving of our grief and indignation, but are not all of them, especially the quails, doomed to perish by the cook's knife some day? And Mysouff by one sharp but short process, has freed them from all the terrors, one after the other, which the cook's visits are so well calculated to inflict.

"Now, gentlemen, as you have learned to acquit that two-footed and featherless animal called man, of crimes like these for sake of that word invented for the purpose, *monomania*, take into account that the unfortunate and interesting Mysouff has yielded, not merely to natural instincts, but to strong exterior influences. I have done, gentlemen. I claim for my client the benefit of extenuating circumstances."

Cries of enthusiasm hailed this improvised speech, and under its influence the

\* Eminent naturalists.

votes were taken, and Mysouff declared culpable of complicity with the assassination of sundry quails, doves, pigeons, and other varieties of the genus *Columba*, and sentenced to five years' imprisonment in the cage of the monkeys.

But we must reluctantly omit the further surprising adventures of the monkeys and Pritchard; how he nearly gnawed off his paw when secured in a trap, and how he was able to do more with three legs than other dogs with four; how he used to drop down into a fowl-yard, eat up the eggs newly-laid, and let himself out by raising a latch, and many other rare and curious incidents in the history of domestic animals.\*

Meanwhile, this article has been written in order to place a literary curiosity before our readers, and to mark the differences in taste between the French and English reading public. Imagine the reception such a volume issued by any popular English writer would receive from his public. Yet we have not presented the most egotistical or self-complacent of the many such passages existing in the "*Histoire de Mes Bêtes*." But Dumas' readers are still glad to get any gossiping book from him, however self-laudatory it may be. He tells a story as pleasantly as ever, though covering an unnecessarily large space of paper with it. He furnishes interesting and agreeable *causerie* for which neither our "conversation" nor our "chat" furnishes a thorough equivalent; and he has always something personally to tell about the people of letters and the actors and actresses of Paris. Then there is nothing cynical or ill-natured in his lucubrations. He says little that is ill of his lettered brethren, and he possesses the

power of investing the most improbable things with an air of truth. It is not so many years since the "Three Musketeers," "Monte Cristo," and the "Mysteries of Paris" were at the summit of literary fame, and the taste for reading such narratives is as strong as it was then. Yet, the works of the dead Sue and the living Dumas are now comparatively neglected. And why? Many old and young pupils went to their school, and they and their pupils again have since thrown such a mass of literary monstrosities on the world as completely to hide and eclipse the productions of their teachers. Meantime, the golden visions which blessed the eyes of our hero when engaged at "Monte Cristo" have faded. He is no time-server nor flatterer of the powers that be. He is singularly negligent and prodigal, notwithstanding his son's efforts to keep him within compass, and he must continue to *travailler*, as he would say himself, to keep the engine on the line. Some years ago he boasted that out of the 800 volumes then written, no more than four were unfit for the perusal of youth. We fear Mrs. Ellis would not endorse the assertion; but this we will venture to say in his defence:—He never wrote a book with an immoral purpose. In his never-ceasing search for interesting and exciting narratives, things come in his way unfit to be read in the family circle, and he cannot find in his heart to reject them. Perhaps on him they have no more evil effect than anatomical pictures on aged physicians, and he cannot appreciate the injury they do to the young. Still he is as harmless as the author of "Waverley" himself in comparison with some of his contemporaries, and we would not be sorry to hear that it has seemed good to Napoleon III. to confer a pension on him in consideration of the mountain of literary matter he has piled.

From the Contemporary Review.

#### MUSIC IN ENGLAND.

##### I.

ENGLAND is not a musical country—England is not an artistic country. But the English are more artistic than musical; that is to say, they have produced better artists than musicians. A country

\* One of these anecdotes is very curious and probably true. Pritchard and Portugo sitting on their haunches among their comrades, and putting their heads together, seemed holding a council. Portugo then went out of the kennel, and Pritchard followed him leisurely at some distance, Dumas and Michel watching the manœuvre. After some time Pritchard couched down at a certain spot, and waited till he heard Portugo give tongue. Then his mustard-colored eye began to sparkle, and his limbs to move nervously. However, he was quiet for some time, till on a sudden he gave a high bound, and a fine fat rabbit was in his jaws in a moment. By concert with Portugo he had lain in wait at that favorable spot, while his comrade started and chased the game.

is not musical or artistic when you can get its people to look at pictures or listen to music, but when its people are themselves musicians and artists. It cannot be affirmed that Englishmen are, or ever were, either one or the other.

Painting is older, and has had a longer time to develop, than music. There have been great English painters, who have painted in the Dutch, Italian, and Spanish styles—there has even been a really original school of English landscape painters—and these later years have witnessed some very remarkable and original developments of the art in England; but the spirit of it is not in the people for all that. The art of our common workmen is stereotyped, not spontaneous. When our architects cease to copy, they become dull. Our houses are all under an Act of Uniformity.

Music in England has always been an exotic, and whenever the exotic seed has escaped and grown wild on English soil, the result has been weeds, not flowers. The Elizabethan music (1550) was all Italian; the Restoration music (1650), half French and half German. No one will deny that Tallis, Farrant, Byrd, "in the service high and anthem clear,"—Morley, Ward, Wilbye, in the madrigal, made a most original use of their materials; but the materials were foreign, for all that. At the Restoration, Pelham Humphreys, called by Pepys, "an absolute monsieur," is as really French as Dr. Sterndale Bennett is really German. Purcell, a very Mozart of his time, was largely French, although he seemed to strike great tap-roots into the older Elizabethan period, just as Mendelssohn struck them deep into S. Bach. But all these men have one thing in common,—they were composers in England, they were not English composers. They did not write for the people, the people did not care for their music. The music of the people is low ballads—the music of the people is still low ballads. Our highest national music vibrates between "When other lips" and "Champagne Charley."

These ballads of all kinds are not exotic: they represent the national music of the English people. The people understand music to be a pleasant noise and a jingling rhythm; hence their passion for loudness and for the most vulgar

and pronounced melody. That music should be to language what language is to thought, a kind of subtle expression and counterpart of it; that it should range over the wordless region of the emotions, and become in turn the lord and minister of feeling—sometimes calling up images of beauty and power, at others giving an inexpressible relief to the heart, by closing its aspirations with a certain harmonious form;—of all this the English people know nothing. And as English music is jingle and noise, so the musician is the noisemaker for the people, and nothing more. Even amongst the upper classes, except in some few cases, it has been too much the fashion to regard the musician as a kind of servile appendage to polite society; and no doubt this treatment has reacted disastrously upon musicians in England, so that many of them are or become what society assumes them to be—uncultivated men, in any true sense of the word. And this will be so until music is felt here, as it is felt in Germany, to be a kind of necessity—to be a thing without which the heart pines and the emotions wither—a need, as of light, and air, and fire.

Things are improving, no doubt. When genius, both creative and executive, has been recognized over and over again as devoted to music, even a British public has had thoughts of patting the gods on the back. There is a growing tendency to give illustrious musicians the same position which has been granted in almost every age and country to illustrious poets and painters. Let us hope that refined musicians, even though not of the highest genius, may ere long meet with a like honorable reception. Why has this not been the case hitherto? We reply, because England is not a musical country. The first step is to awaken in her, or force upon her, the appreciation of music as an art. That is the stage we are now at. The second stage is to create a national school of composers—this is what we hope to arrive at.

The contrast between indigenous art and exotic art is always marked. When the people love spontaneously, there is enthusiasm and reverence for the artist and his work. Where or when in this country will ever be seen a multitude



like the crowd which followed Cimabue's picture of the Madonna through the streets of Florence, or the mournful procession that accompanied Mendelssohn to his grave?

When art has to be grafted on to a nation, it is received fastidiously at first—the old tree likes not the taste of the new sap. When the graft succeeds, and the tree brings forth good fruit, the people pluck it and eat it admiringly, but ages sometimes elapse before it becomes a staff of life to them. But let art be indigenous, as in Greece of old, in modern Italy, in Germany, even in France, and every mechanic will carve and sculpt, every boor will sing and listen to real music, every shopman will have an intuitive taste and arrange his wares to the best possible advantage. In India the commonest workman will set colours for the loom in such a manner as to ravish the eye of the most cultivated European artist. In the German refreshment rooms of the recent Paris Exhibition, there were rough bands working steadily through the symphonies of Mozart and Haydn, whilst the public were never found so intent on sauer-kraut and sausages as not to applaud vociferously at the end, and sometimes even encore an adagio. Fancy the frequenters of Cremorne encoring Mozart's Symphony, No. Op. !

However, the people have their music, and it is of no use to deny it; and the marks of patronage bestowed upon ballad-mongers, one-eyed harpers, asthmatic flutes, grinders and bands from "Vaterland," are sufficient to inspire the sanguine observer with hopes for the future.

When a man cannot feed himself, the next best thing is to get a friend to do it for him. It cannot be denied that the English of all classes have shown great liberality in importing and paying for all kinds of foreign music as well as in cherishing such scanty germs as there happen to be around them. A musician of any kind is less likely to starve in England than in any other country, from the organ-grinder who lounges with his lazy imperturbable smile before the area railings, as who should say, "If I don't get a copper here I shall round the corner, and no matter," to the sublime maestro (Beethoven) who,

abandoned in the hour of sickness and poverty by his own countrymen, received upon his death-bed an honorarium of £100 from the London Philharmonic Society.

English managers were the first who introduced the scale of exorbitant salaries now paid to opera singers, and a few of the best instrumentalists. We believe the system began with Malibran, but Paganini was so well aware of our extravagant foible, that he doubled the prices of admission whenever he played at the Opera House. It is the old story—humming-birds at the North Pole and ice in the tropics will be found equally expensive.

We have now said the worst that can be said about music in England; all the rest shall be in mitigation of the above criticism. "May it please your highness," says Griffith, in *Henry VIII.*, "to hear me speak his good now."

## II.

It is certainly true that if we do not sow the seed we provide an admirable soil. Let the English people once receive an impression, and it will be held with a surprising tenacity. When Madame Grisi, at the age of one hundred—beautiful forever but perfectly inaudible—shall advance to the footlights to take her farewell benefit, those of us who are still alive will flock to see her, and strew her path with flowers as fadeless as herself. But let a musical seed of any kind but once take root, and it will spread with an amazing rapidity.

Fifty-five years ago the old Philharmonic was without a rival. Every year some new *chef-d'œuvre* was produced, and at each concert the English public was taught to expect two long symphonies, besides classical concertos, relieved only by a song or two as a kind of musical salts to prevent downright collapse. This discipline was thought by some to be too severe; but a little knot of connoisseurs maintained that in the symphonies of Haydn and Mozart were to be found the most precious treasures of music, and people hitherto only accustomed to instrumental music as an accompaniment to vocal, began to listen with a growing interest to purely orchestral performances. Haydn and Mozart soon became popular, but Beethoven was long a stumbling-block, and

although held in great veneration, and at all times most liberally treated by the Philharmonic Society, yet even that advanced body took some time to unravel the mysteries of the great C minor, and for years after Beethoven's death his greatest orchestral works were, to a large majority of English ears, as sounding brass and tinkling cymbal.

It is impossible to overrate the influence of the old Philharmonic upon musical taste in England, but it did not long stand alone. A gold mine may be opened by a solitary band of diggers, but the road leading to it soon becomes crowded; a thousand other breaches are speedily made. We have seen during the last few years the swarms of daily papers which have sprung up round the *Times*; the same remark applies to the crop of quarterlies around the *Edinburgh*; the cheap magazines round the *Cornhill*; exhibitions round that of 1851; and, we may add, orchestral societies round the old Philharmonic.

We may fairly date the present wave of musical progress in this country from the advent of Mendelssohn. It is now more than thirty years ago since he appeared at the Philharmonic, and, both as conductor and pianist, literally carried all before him. He brought with him that reverence for art, and that high sense of the artist's calling, without which art is likely to degenerate into a mere pastime, and the artist himself into a charlatan. The young composer read our native bands some useful lessons. Himself the chevalier of music,—*sans peur et sans reproche*,—sensitive indeed to criticism, but still more alive to the honor of his art, he could not brook the slightest insult or slur put upon music. Gifted with a rare breadth and sweetness of disposition, his ire began to be dreaded as much as he himself was admired and beloved.

At a time when Schubert was known here only by a few songs, Mendelssohn brought over the magnificent symphony in C (lately performed at the Crystal Palace), together with his own *Ruy Blas* overture in MS. The parts of Schubert's symphony were distributed to the band. Mendelssohn was ready at his desk,—the bâton rose,—the romantic opening was taken,—but after the first few lines, signs of levity caught the

master's eye. He closed the score;—the gentlemen of the band evidently considered the music rubbish, and, amidst some tittering, collected the parts, which were again deposited in the portfolio.

"Now for your overture, Herr Mendelssohn!" was the cry.

"Pardon me!" replied the indignant composer, with all calm; and taking up his hat, he walked out of the room.

*Ruy Blas* went back to Germany, but the lesson was not soon forgotten.

After living amongst us just long enough to complete and produce his masterpiece, the *Elijah*, at Birmingham, he died (1847), leaving behind him an illustrious school of disciples, of whom Dr. Sterndale Bennett may be named chief, and to that new school, as well as to the old-established Philharmonic Society, may be traced the rapid increase of orchestral societies and orchestral concerts in England. In looking back through the last fifteen years, the difficulty is to choose one's examples.

The growing popularity of the orchestra is a sure sign of the popular progress in music. Ballad-singing and solo-playing, in dealing with distinct ideas and accented melodies, and by infusing into the subject a kind of personal interest in the performance, depend upon many quite unmusical adjuncts for their success; but orchestral playing, in dealing chiefly with harmony, brings us directly into the abstract region of musical ideas. The applause which follows "Comin' through the Rye," is just as often given to a pretty face or a graceful figure as to the music itself; and when people encore Bottesini or Wieniawski, it is often only to have another stare at the big fiddle, the romantic locks, or the dramatic sang-froid of these incomparable artists; but the man who applauds a symphony, applauds no words or individuals,—he is come into the region of abstract emotion, and if he does not understand its sovereign language, he will hear about as much as a color-blind man will see by looking into a prism. It is a hopeful sign when the people listen to German bands in the streets. A taste for penny ices proves that the common people have a glimmering of the strawberry creams which Mr. Gunter prepares for

sixpence; and the frequent consumption of ginger-pop and calves' head broth, indicate a confirmed, though it may be hopeless, passion for champagne and turtle-soup. No one will say that the old Philharmonic in any sense supplied music for the people, but the people heard of it and clamored for it, and in obedience to the spirit of the age the man arose who was able to give them as near an approach to the loftier departments of music as the masses could appreciate.

The immortal Mons. Jullien, who certainly wielded a most magical white bâton, and was generally understood to wear the largest white waistcoat ever seen, attracted immense, enthusiastic, and truly popular crowds to his truly popular concerts. Knowing little about the science of music, and glad, says rumor, to avail himself of more learned scribes in arranging his own matchless polkas and quadrilles, he had the singular merit of finding himself on all occasions inspired with the most appropriate emotions. From the instant he appeared before a grateful public to the moment when, exhausted by more than human efforts, he sank into his golden fauteuil, Mons. Jullien was a sight! The very drops upon his Parian brow were so many tributary gems of enthusiasm to the cause of art. Not that Mons. Jullien ever lost his personality, or forgot himself in that great cause. The wave of his silken pocket-handkerchief, with the glittering diamond rings, seemed to say, "There, there, my public! the fire of genius consumes me—but I am yours!"

But without further pleasantries, it must be acknowledged that the irresistible Jullien took the English public by storm, and having won, he made an admirable use of his victory. Besides his band in London, detachments travelled all over the country, and spread far and wide currents of the great central fire that blazed in the metropolis.

Those grand triumphs at the Surrey Gardens, when the Jullien orchestra, overlooking the artificial lake, rang through the summer evenings, and sent its echoes reverberating through the mimic fortress of Gibraltar, or the magic caves presently to be lit up by forty thousand additional lamps! Hap-

py hours! we remember them in the days of our early youth? No summer evenings in the open air seem now so full of ecstasy; no fireworks explode with such regal and unprecedented splendor; must it be confessed? no music can come again with such a weird charm as that which filled the child's ear and ravished the child's heart with a new and ineffable tremor of delight. But it was the music, not the scenery, not the fireworks alone. It was hardly a display of fireworks assisted by Mons. Jullien's band,—it was Mons. Jullien's band accompanied by fireworks! It would be wrong, however, to imply that these concerts were supported merely by big drums and skyrockets.

We do not think Mons. Jullien ever got due credit for the large mass of good classical music he was in the habit of introducing. Besides the finest German overtures, we have heard movements from Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven's symphonies admirably executed by him; of course without the repose and intellect of a classical conductor, but without offensive sensationalism, and with perfect accuracy.

Upon the shoulders of the late lamented Mr. Mellon descended the mantle of Mons. Jullien. If Mellon's concerts lacked the romance and unapproachable fire that went out with the brilliant Frenchman, they retained all that could be retained of his system, and gave it additions which his perseverance had made possible, but which he had probably never contemplated. We notice the same care in providing the first soloists.

Bottesini, whose melodies floated in the open air over the Surrey Gardens, and filled the world with a new wonder and delight, was again heard under the dome of Covent Garden.

M. Sivori—the favorite pupil of Paganini, who seems to have inherited all the flowing sweetness of the great magician without a spark of his demoniac fury—appeared, and filled those who remembered the master with a strange feeling, as though at length,

"Above all pain, yet pitying all distress,"

the master's soul still flung to earth faint fragments from the choirs that chime

"After the chiming of the eternal spheres."

Mons. Levy, on the cornet, and Mons. Wieniawski, on the violin, are the only other real instrumental sensations that have been produced at these concerts.

At any time instrumental genius is rare, and of the numbers who are first-rate, only a few feel equal to stilling the noisy, half-trained audiences usually found at promenade concerts. When we have mentioned Chopin, Liszt, Thalberg, Mendelssohn, Madame Schumann, Madame Goddard, Rubinstein, and Hallé, on the piano; De Beriot, Paganini, Ernst Vieuxtemps, Wieniawski, and Joachim, on the violin; Linley and Piatti on the violincello; Dragonetti and Bottesini on the contrabasso; König and Levy on the cornet, the roll of solo-instrumentalists during the last fifty years may very nearly be closed. And of the above men, some, like Chopin, Hallé, and Joachim, never cared to face, strictly speaking, popular audiences; but those who did were usually secured by the popular orchestras of Jullien and Mellon, and by the givers of those intolerable bores called monster concerts,—we need only specify the annual concerts of Messrs. Benedict and Glover.

### III.

The immense advance of the popular mind is remarkably illustrated by the change in the ordinary orchestral programme. We have now Mozart nights, and Beethoven nights, and Mendelssohn nights. Not bits of symphonies, but entire works are now listened to, and movements of them are encoered by audiences at Covent Garden. We have heard the Scotch symphony and the "Power of Sound" received with discrimination and applause. A certain critical spirit is creeping into these audiences, owing to the large infusion of really musical people who are on the look-out for good programmes and invariably support them.

The old and new Philharmonics, the London Musical Society, Jullien, Mellon, Arditi, and last—and greatest of all—the Crystal Palace band, have no doubt supplied a want, but they have also created one. They have taught thousands to care about good music. They have taught those who did care to be more critical. The time is gone by when the Philharmonic had it all its own way, or when only the wealthy could

hear fine music, or when the public generally was thankful for small mercies. The ears of the public have grown sharp. When musical amateurs now go to hear a symphony, they know what they go for, and they know, too, whether they get it. They hear the Italian Symphony by the Crystal Palace band on Saturday afternoon, and on the following Monday evening at Mellon's, and by-and-by at the Philharmonic, and there is no possibility of evading a damaging comparison. The members of the Crystal Palace band, from playing every day all the year round together under the same admirable conductor, have achieved an excellence hitherto unknown in England.

The office of conductor is no sinecure. The position of the four or five conductors before the public in England is accurately gauged, and the merits of each new aspirant to fame are eagerly discussed.

Mr. Manns, of the Crystal Palace band, is the finest classical conductor in England. The refinements gone into by the band in playing Beethoven's symphonies are only to be compared to the rendering of Beethoven's sonatas by M. Charles Hallé. The wind is simply matchless, and blows as one man; the wind accompaniment in the Italian symphony to the slow movement commonly called "The March of the Pilgrims," has all the evenness and dead accuracy of the key-board. But it is more than a key-board—it is a key-board with a soul—it sounds like an inspired organ. If we might venture on a criticism, we would suggest a certain breadth of style and repose of manner as appropriate to the great, slow movements of Beethoven. Where Mr. Manns appears to us to be absolutely impeccable, is in his rendering of Schubert, and the great orchestral overtures of Weber and Mendelssohn. Not that any one in England could produce Schumann's works as he does, but the name of Robert Schumann opens up a field of absorbing inquiry which we must not allow ourselves to enter upon.

The late Mr. Mellon, without the fire of genius, brought great vigor of talent, perseverance, and ingenuity to bear upon his band. The French brilliancy of Jullien was replaced in Mellon by a careful calculation of effect. In comparing his band with that of the Crystal



Palace, we must always remember that he was less favorably situated in three particulars. His band was larger and less choicely selected, it rehearsed less frequently, and was bound to cater for rough, mixed audiences. His work was thus less noble, but more popular. To adapt the words of the late Dr. Whewell, in speaking of the poets Longfellow and Tennyson, "He was appreciated by thousands whose tastes rendered them inaccessible to the harmonies of the greater masters."

The attempted imitations of Mellon's concerts by Signor Arditì and M. Jullien ( *fils* ) were felt by all to be failures. The theatre was never half full, and the performances indifferent. In all probability they will not be revived.

The recent continuation of Mellon's concerts under Signor Bottesini must be spoken of in very different terms. The classical music is not so well done, but the *ensemble* is admirable; and the presence of a master, though a somewhat careless one, is felt throughout. Signor Bottesini's opera-conducting delighted even a Paris audience. His classical taste is also very fine; the simplest accompaniment played by him, and the simplest selection arranged by him, display the same tact and genius; nor is it wonderful to find him pass from the skilled soloist to the conductor's desk, and wield the *bâton* with a grace and power worthy of the first contra-basso in the world, and the third best billiard player in Europe.

A strange new figure has startled the public out of all composure and gravity this season. Every night in the middle of the concert, a slim and dandified young man, with a profuse black beard and moustache, would step jauntily on to the platform vacated by Signor Bottesini. His appearance was the signal for frantic applause, to which, fiddle and bow in hand, he bowed good-humoredly; then, turning sharp round, he would seem to catch the eye of every one in the band, and raising his violin bow, would plunge into one of those rapturous dance tunes which once heard could never be forgotten. Now shaking his bow at the distant drummer, egging on the wind, picking up the basses, turning fiercely on the other stringed instruments; then stamping, turning a pirouette, and dashing his

bow down on his own fiddle-strings, the clear twanging of the Strauss violin would be heard for some moments above all the rest. Presently the orchestra sways as one man into the measure, which flows capriciously—now tearing along, then suddenly languishing, at the will of the magical and electric violin. Johann Strauss danced, pit and boxes danced, the very lights winked in time; everybody and everything seemed turned into a waltz or a galop, by yonder inexorable "Pied piper," until some abrupt clang brought all to a close, and the little man was left bowing and smiling, and capering backwards, to an audience beside themselves with delight. Nothing of the kind has been seen in England before, and all that can be said is, that of its kind it is simply inimitable.

It is a transition as sudden as any to be found in the Strauss dances to pass from Herr Johann Strauss to Dr. Sterndale Bennett.

Dr. Bennett's conducting is without the *vis viva* of Mendelssohn, or the imposing personality of Costa. It nevertheless possesses great charm for his numerous admirers, and is full of refinement and quiet power. This illustrious musician is better understood in Germany than in England.

Two rising conductors are now before the public. Mr. Arthur Sullivan and Mr. W. G. Cusins. The first presides over the Civil Service orchestra, the second is the esteemed conductor of the old Philharmonic.

Mr. Sullivan is endowed with splendid original gifts. The temptation, first, not to select from the storehouse of his ideas those fit to be retained and elaborated, and, secondly, to publish all that he writes, is no doubt common to Mr. Sullivan and all other men of fluent and abundant thought. A speaker who can always go on when he gets upon his legs is sometimes tempted to rise without due preparation. It is not much speaking or writing, but much publishing, which should be guarded against. Mendelssohn used to say, "I make a point of writing every day, whether I have any ideas or not," but his care to write often was surpassed by his care to withhold what he had written. A clever composer can always turn out gilt ginger-bread to order, and some will take the glitter for

gold and the cake for wholesome food ; but, after all, it is better to be than to seem. As a composer, Mr. Sullivan can be almost whatever he chooses to be ; as a conductor he ought to become the first in England.

Mr. W. G. Cousins at the Philharmonic won great favor last season with that critical audience. The care which he bestowed on rehearsals, the careful though quaint selection of his programmes, the noble soloists (e.g., Herren Joachim and Rubinstein, and Madame Schumann), and the new *chefs-d'œuvre* which he produced, made last season altogether one of the most brilliant of many brilliant predecessors.

We have reserved the name of M. Costa until now, that we might speak of him in connection with the opera and oratorio. About the progress or decadence of the opera we shall say but little. We regard it, musically, philosophically, and ethically, as an almost unminged evil. Its very constitution seems to us false, and in Germany, either tacitly or avowedly, it has always been felt to be so.

Mozart no doubt wrote operas, but the influence of Italy was then dominant in music, and determined its form even in Germany. The *Climenza di Tito* in its feebleness is a better illustration of this than *Don Juan* in its great might. Schubert in *Alfonso and Estrella* broke down, hopelessly hampered by stage requirements. Spohr's *Jessonda* was never successful, and he abandoned opera writing. Weber singularly combined the lyric and dramatic elements, and succeeded in making his operas of *Oberon* and *Der Freischütz* almost philosophical without being dull. Mendelssohn avoided opera with a keen instinct, and selected the truer forms of oratorio, cantata, and occasional music, of which take as supreme examples, the *Elijah*, *Walpurgis Night*, *Antigone*, and *Midsummer Night's Dream*. Wagner in despair has been driven, in *Tannhäuser* and *Lohengrin*, into wild theories of opera, devoid, as it seems to us, both of Italian naïveté and sound German philosophy. Schumann, avoiding all scenic effect, found in *Paradise and the Peri* a form as charming and appropriate as it is true to the first principles of art.

Beethoven wrote the best opera in the world simply to prove that he could do

everything, but the form was even then a concession to what was least commendable in German taste ; and the overture was written four times over, with the colossal irony of one who, although he would not stoop to win, yet knew how to compel the admiration of the world.

The truth is simple. The opera is a mixture of two things which ought always to be kept distinct—the sphere of musical emotion and the sphere of dramatic action. It is not true, under any circumstances, that people sing songs with a knife through them. The war between the stage and music is interneine. We have only to glance at a first-rate libretto, e.g. that of Gounod's *Faust*, to see that the play is miserably spoiled for the music. We have only to think of any stock opera to see that the music is hampered and impeded in its development by the play. Controversy upon this subject will, of course, rage fiercely. Meanwhile irreversible principles of art must be noted.

Music expresses the emotions which attend certain characters and situations, but not the characters and situations themselves ; and the two schools of opera have arisen out of this distinction. The Italian school wrongly assumes that music can express situations, and thus gives prominence to the situations. The German school, when opera has been forced upon it, has striven with the fallacy involved in its constitution by maintaining that the situation must be reduced and made subordinate to the emotion which accompanies it, and which it is the business of music to express. Thus the tendency of the German opera is to make the scene as ideal as possible. The more unreal the scene, the more philosophical, because the contradiction to common-sense is less shocking in what professes to represent real things, but does so in an unnatural manner. Weber was impelled by a true instinct to select an unreal *mise-en-scène*, in connection with which he was not able to express real emotions. *Oberon* and *Der Freischütz* are examples of this.

In every drama there is a progressive history of emotion. This, and not the outward event, is what music is fitted to express, and this truth has been seized by Germany, although in a spirit of com-

promise. In the Italian school the music is nothing but a series of situations strung together by flimsy orchestration and conventional recitatives, as in the *Sonnambula*.

In the German and Franco-German schools of Weber, Meyerbeer, and Gounod the orchestra is busy throughout developing the history of the emotions. The recitatives are as important as the arias, and the orchestral interludes as important as the recitatives. Wagner, in his anxiety to reduce the importance of situations and exalt that of emotions, bereaves us of almost all rounded melody in the *Lohengrin*. Weber in *Oberon* works out his choruses like classical movements, almost independently of situations. Meyerbeer greatly reduces the importance of his arias in the *Prophète*; and Gounod in *Faust* runs such a power of orchestration through the whole opera, that not even the passionate scene in the garden can reduce the instruments which explain its emotional elements to a secondary importance.

In spite of all drawbacks, it is not difficult to see why the opera does, and probably will for some time, retain its popularity. The public in all ages are children, and are led like children. Let one person clap, and others are sure to follow. Let but a clown laugh, and the whole house will giggle. A long drama is a little dull without music; much music is a little dull without scenery. Mix the two, in however unreasoning a manner, and the dull or intellectual element in each is kept out of sight, and will be swallowed unsuspectingly. It is the old story of the powder in the jam.

We say nothing against music being associated with situations, as in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, or as in an oratorio. It is only when music is made part of the situation that it is misapplied. Let the event be in all cases left to the imagination; but if it be expressed, then the more imaginative and suggestive the expression, the less the violence done to common-sense. The cantata and oratorio are the forms which with some modification will probably prevail over the opera. When Mr. Santley appears in Exeter Hall as *Elijah*, in a tail coat and white kid gloves, no one is offended, and every one is impressed, because he does not pretend to reproduce the situation,

but merely to paint in words and music its appropriate emotion, leaving the rest to be supplied by the imagination of the audience. But let Mr. Santley put on a camel's-hair shirt, and appear otherwise in the wild and scanty raiment of the Hebrew prophet—let him sing inside a pasteboard cave, or declaim from the summit of a wooden Carmel, and our reverence is gone—our very emotions at the sublime music are checked by the farcical unreality of the whole thing.

The other night we were discussing with Herr Rubinstein a favorite plan of his to put the whole of Genesis on the stage with sacred music, when the poet, Mr. Browning, who was present, observed that Englishmen's traditional sense of reverence for the Bible stories would not suffer them to witness its scenes brought before the footlights. This is perfectly true. But why is it so? Because the more strongly we feel the importance of a story, the less can we bear to see it presented in a perfectly irrational manner, such as opera presentation must always be.

Mr. Costa is the most popular conductor in England. Without putting forward, as far as we know, any definite theories on the subject of romantic and classical music, he has accepted facts and done the best that could be done for the opera and the concert-room. To Signor Arditi's knowledge of stage effect, he unites a breadth of conception, a wide sympathy, and a powerful physique, which enables him to undertake, and to carry through, oratorios on a scale hitherto unknown.

The dramatic gifts and sensational effects which are almost out of place in Exeter Hall, are all needed in coping with the extended space and the multitudinous band and chorus of the Handel orchestra. Mr. Costa is felt to be the only man equal to such a task. On these occasions the fewer solos the better, and the summer opera concerts are altogether a mistake. The *Israel in Egypt* is the only thing which is of the slightest use under the central transept. Even Mendelssohn's choruses are thrown away. No one heeds the intricate arabesque work of the violins and subtle counterpoint of the wind. The crowded scores of modern composers were never intended for, and should never be produced before, giant audiences. But still less

should great singers tear themselves to pieces simply in contending with space. Mr. Sims Reeves at the Crystal Palace is no better than a penny trumpet in Westminster Abbey.

We might be expected here to notice the various societies of sacred music, but the subject is too wide, embracing ecclesiastical music generally, and we cannot now enter upon it. We may, however, observe in passing, the popular progress made in this department. The people during the past year, for the first time in England, have listened to shilling oratorios, at the Agricultural Hall in the East, and at St. George's Hall in the West End of London. And who cannot bear joyful witness to the change that has passed over the choirs of churches and chapels during the last twenty years?

Music is thus approaching in England to what it has ever been in Germany—a running commentary upon all life, the solace of a nation's cares, the companion of its revelry, the minister of its pleasure, and the inspired aid to its devotion.

#### IV.

If we now enter for a moment the music-halls of the metropolis, we shall notice that the happy change is extending downwards. The members of our cathedral choirs do not disdain to produce before these once despised, and it must be confessed, sometime equivocal audiences, the part-songs of Mendelssohn and the ballads of Schubert.

In the better class establishments whose evenings pass without anything occurring on the stage to offend the delicacy of a lady; whilst, if we go lower, we shall find the penny gaffs, and public-house concerts, coarse, it may be, but on the whole moral, and contrasting most favorably with anything of the kind in France.\*

There is one other branch of strictly popular music which seems to be considered beneath the attention of serious critics; but nothing popular should be held beneath the attention of thoughtful people—we allude to the Negro Melodists now represented by the Christy Minstrels. About twenty years ago a band of enthusiasts, some black by na-

ture, others by art, invaded our shores, bringing with them what certainly were nigger bones and banjos, and what professed to be negro melodies. The sensation which they produced was legitimate, and their success was well deserved. The first melodies were no doubt curious and original; they were the offspring of the naturally musical organization of the negro as it came in contact with the forms of Americo-European melody. The negro mind, at work upon civilized music, produces the same kind of thing as the negro mind at work upon Christian theology. The product is not to be despised. The negro's religion is singularly childlike, plaintive, and emotional. It is also singularly distinct and characteristic. Both his religion and his music arise partly from his impulsive nature, and partly from his servile condition. The negro is more really musical than the Englishman. If he has a nation emerging into civilization, his music is national. Until very lately, as his people are one in color, so were they one in calamity, and singing often merrily with the tears wet upon his ebony cheek, no record of his joy or sorrow is unaccompanied by a cry of melody or a wail of plaintive and harmonious melancholy. If we could divest ourselves of prejudice, the songs that float down the Ohio River are one in feeling and character with the songs of the Hebrew captives by the waters of Babylon. We find in them the same tale of bereavement and separation, the same irreparable sorrow, the same simple faith and childlike adoration, the same passionate sweetness, like music in the night. As might have been supposed, the parody of all this, gone through at St. James's Hall, does not convey much of the spirit of genuine negro melody, and the manufacture of national music carried on briskly by sham niggers in England is as much like the original article as a penny woodcut is like a line engraving. Still, such as it is, the entertainment is popular, and yet bears some impress of its peculiar and romantic origin. The scent of the roses may be said to hang round it still. We cherish no malignant feeling towards those amiable gentlemen at St. James's Hall, whose ingenious fancy has painted them so much blacker than they really are, and who not unfrequently betray their lily-white na-

\* See two admirable essays on "Art and Popular Amusement," in "Views and Opinions," by that ingenious writer, Matthew Browne.



tionality through a thin though sudorific disguise; we admit both their popularity and their skill; but we are bound to say that we miss even in such pretty tunes as "Beautiful Star," and such tremendous successes as "Sally come up," the distinctive charm and original pathos which characterized "Mary Blane" and "Lucy Neal."

## V.

We cannot close without alluding to one other class of music.

As opera is the most irrational and unintellectual form of music, so that class of cabinet music called stringed quartetts is the most intellectual. The true musician enters as it were the domestic sanctuary of music when he sits down to listen to, or to take part in, a stringed quartett. The time has gone by when men like Lord Chesterfield could speak of a fiddler with contempt. Few people would now inquire with the languid fop, "what fun there is in four fellows sitting opposite each other for hours and scraping catgut;" most people understand that in this same process the cultivated musician finds the most precious opportunities for quiet mental analysis and subtle contemplation.

The greatest masters wrote their choicest thoughts in this form—it is one so easily commanded and so satisfying. The three varieties of the same instrument—violin, viola, and violoncello—all possessing common properties of sound, but each with its own peculiar quality, embrace an almost unlimited compass, and an equally wide sphere of musical expression.

The quartett is a musical microcosm, and is to the symphony what a vignette in water-colors is to a large oil-painting. The great quartett writers are certainly Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven. Haydn is the true model. He attempts nothing which four violins cannot do; the parts are exquisitely distributed, scrupulous justice is done to each instrument, and the form is perfect. Mozart's quartett is equally perfect, as such, but much bolder and more spontaneous. Beethoven carried quartett writing, as he did every other branch of music, into hitherto untrodden regions, but, with the sure instinct of the most balanced of all geniuses, never into inappropriate ones.

NEW SERIES.—Vol. VII., No. 4.

Fascinating as are the quartetts of Spohr and Mendelssohn, as quartetts we are bound to place them below the above great models. Spohr seldom distributed his parts fairly; it is usually first violin with stringed accompaniment. Mendelssohn constantly forgets the limits of the legitimate quartett; orchestral effects are constantly being attempted, and we pine at intervals for a note on the horn, whilst the kettledrum is not unfrequently suggested. Schubert can wander on forever with four instruments, or with anything else—mellifluous, light-hearted, melancholy, fanciful by turns. When he gets half-way through, there is no reason why he should not leave off, and when he gets to the end there is no reason why he should not go on. But in this process form and unity are often both lost.

The characteristics of Schumann require separate attention. Under the general heading of quartett music would be comprised the addition of the pianoforte in trios, quartetts, and quintetts; as also the addition of a horn, a flute, or clarinet, in sestetts and octetts. Variety is always pleasant, but none of these combinations equal the stringed quartett in beauty of form or real power and balance of expression. The piano in a trio will eke out a good deal, but it usually results in the strings accompanying the piano, or the piano accompanying the strings. Mendelssohn's two trios are small orchestral whirlwinds, and quite unique, but the form might be seriously questioned.

On the other hand, one feels the pianoforte in a quartett, or even a quintett, as a kind of interloper—a sort of wasp in a beehive—a sort of cuckoo in a hedge-sparrow's nest. One would rather see the natural bird there; one would rather have the second violin in its place. Again, in octetts and sestetts, splendid as are some of these compositions, we feel the orchestral form is the one aimed at, and consequently the poverty of the adopted one is constantly making itself felt. Space compels us to speak most generally and without even necessary qualification on these points, and we pass on to the quartett playing that has of late years come before the public.

Mysterious quartetts in back rooms and retired country-houses becoming more

and more frequent, the experiment of public quartetts was at last made; but they were to be for the few. The Musical Union under Mr. Ella was the first society which provided this luxury every season. It soon met with a formidable rival in the quartett concerts at Willis's Rooms, under Messrs. Sainton, Hill, Piatti, and Cooper. But the man and the hour were still to come. The concerts were too select and too expensive. Mr. Chappell flew to the rescue with a chosen band of heroes, foremost amongst whom must always stand M. Joachim.

M. Joachim is the greatest living violinist; no man is so nearly to the execution of music what Beethoven was to its composition. There is something massive, complete, and unerring about M. Joachim that lifts him out of the list of great living players, and places him on a pedestal apart. Other men have their specialties; he has none. Others rise above or fall below themselves; he is always himself, neither less nor more. He wields the sceptre of his bow with the easy royalty of one born to reign; he plays Beethoven's concerto with the rapt infallible power of a seer delivering his oracle, and he takes his seat at a quartett very much like Apollo entering his chariot to drive the horses of the sun.

The second violin of the usual Monday popular quartett is Herr Ries, masterly and unobtrusive. The tenor, Mr. Blagrove, who, though an admirable first violin and a great orchestral leader, knows how to shine anywhere, adorns the post of *primo tenore* occupied by the late lamented Mr. Hill. Signor Piatti, the only violoncello the public can bear to listen to as long as he lives, completes the best cast ever heard in England.

Other players constantly appear of various merits. Lotto, Wilhelm, and Strauss are the best substitutes which have been provided for the great Wieniawski. Why Mr. Carrodus has never been selected we are at a loss to conjecture. His late performances have been quite remarkable enough to justify a trial.

Mr. Charles Hallé is usually seated at the piano, and as long as he is there the presence of a master is felt and acknowledged by all.

For one shilling any one can get a seat at these concerts, where he can hear

perfectly, and enjoy the finest classical music played in the finest style.

The crowded and attentive audience which assembles every Monday night throughout the season at St. James's Hall is the latest and most decisive proof of the progress of music in England. When an audience numbering some thousands is so easily and frequently found, it matters little where it comes from. No doubt many connoisseurs are there, but many others also attend who have cultivated, and are cultivating, a general taste for certain higher forms of music, hitherto almost unknown in England.

We hail the omen. We believe that every branch of art has a high mission of its own in the constant regeneration of society. We believe that so great a power as music cannot remain for any length of time inactive—must either become the minister of degraded taste and feeling, or a lamp of life and the pure recreator of the human heart.

H. R. HAWES.

Belgravia.

#### COMMUNICATIVE PERSONS.

A THOROUGHLY practical belief in the theory that every virtue is an exact mean, supposing it to be possible or desirable, would at least necessitate the most unflinching self-discipline, and a mathematical impartiality to one's own weaknesses and those of other persons. Estimates of character would be formed upon wonderfully different principles than those which at present guide us, and a complete change in conceptions of social merit would be the result. Such expressions as "faults on the right side," "amiable failings," and the like, would vanish from our vocabulary. All faults would be equally wrong, and all failings equally unlovely. Virtue would be reduced to a fixed arithmetical figure: all other numbers, whether higher or lower, would be alike incorrect; one only could be right. Every deflection from the mean, on whatever side, would appear equally reprehensible; faults would differ in kind, but not in degree. People would no longer think that it was better to lean toward rashness than cowardice, toward prodigality than avarice, or

toward unrestrained garrulity than impenetrable reserve. But this passionless Utopia is not likely to be realized. Until human nature is recast in some new mould, it will ever be disposed to view errors in one direction more favorably than those in another. Opinions as to the eligibility of one weakness over its opposite will differ with different minds; natural disposition and a disguised selfishness will decide the preference. Thus, some will consider the spendthrift to be less distant from perfection than the miser, and will regard the gushing prattle of the school-girl as better than the taciturnity of the misanthrope. *Quot homines tot sententiae.* On these points each will have his own convictions, which no amount of argument will remove. Without the least wish to rob any one of this privilege, it is still possible to make an attempt at striking the balance in favor of one of the latter pair of contradictory opinions, which have been mentioned in their most aggravated form. The reserved character is far from being socially attractive. It lacks, to a great extent, the charm of individuality and expression. Moody heroes of romance are exceptions. Though their voice is silent, yet there is always a strange expression upon their countenance, and a fire in their eyes far surpassing any mere eloquence of words. These, however, are not easily met with in real life; and it is usual to find that those who are characterized by extreme reserve of manner are voted dull, or damned with the faint praise of being "estimable persons." On the other hand, if excessive and inane talkers are generally considered bores, there are many who, while looking upon reserve as sinister and unsafe, recognize in the unrestrained talk of communicative companions nothing but the overflowings of an open heart, and a generous, trustful spirit.

Is this view altogether the best that can be taken? The fact that the communicative character is, as a rule, confined to children, women, and very young men, might perhaps seem to imply a certain amount of weakness. And this opinion might be thought to receive additional support from the increase of communicativeness which generally ac-

companies indulgence in the cup. The man of maturity and experience does not care to rush into unguarded expressions of opinion or indiscriminate confidences; his dealings with the world have taught him reticence and caution. The youth, inexperienced and overflowing with self, has not yet learned to bridle his tongue; there are, indeed, some who never seem to learn to do so. Whatever they think they say, and the toads and diamonds fall promiscuously from their mouth.

There is, doubtless, a great deal that is fresh and delightful in all this. It may be very charming, but it is at times very awkward. Those open-hearted, impulsive, communicative creatures who never keep their own opinion back, who pour forth unreservedly all their cherished fancies and pet beliefs, may sometimes be amusing, but are often uncommonly dangerous. When in society, they not unfrequently resemble the bull in the china-shop. Whatever may be the subject of conversation or controversy, they speak out roundly and openly. They tilt *cap-à-pie* at statements which they are inclined to doubt, and often hurt by their gushing enthusiasm the feelings of their over-sensitive auditors. Abstractedly this may be beautifully natural, but socially it is annoying. It is in this class that persons who are so apt to make "unfortunate remarks" must be placed. Their friends, who may have more regard for their reputation than they have themselves, are in perpetual dread of what they may say next, for with them the wrong thing is ever uttered at the wrong time.

To turn to the other side of the picture. If the merits of the reserved character are of a negative rather than a positive kind, so too are his faults. He at least will not wound the prejudices of society by unguarded expressions, or expose himself to ridicule or odium. Persons cannot well be communicative without being confidential. Like the Athenian reformer, who "took the people into partnership," they do not hesitate to admit whoever will be admitted into the secrets of their bosom.

Every one will have met persons who, if they have not received a positive rebuff, are ready, after the first ten minutes' acquaintance, to lay bare all the

inmost recesses of their heart. Give them but the opportunity, and there is no subject in heaven or earth on which they will not utter their opinion. Their position in life, their past, present, and future, their hopes for time and for eternity, will all be poured forth in rapid succession. Their sentiments seem to be like money in the schoolboy's pocket—if they keep them to themselves they have no peace. The history of their family, of their fortunes, of their loves, will all be narrated with exuberant frankness and simplicity. It may be that the hearer who is intrusted with these confidences should consider himself highly favored among men. But just as the attentions of flirtation are the less valued because they are so liberally dispensed, so, too, these confidential communications, being withheld from none, are gradually regarded as no special indications of favor or sincerity. What is the real motive of this enthusiastic unreserve? Do people really believe that what is interesting to themselves must interest all whom they meet; and that, in proclaiming what they think and do, they are but discharging their bounden duty to contribute to the edification and amusement of society in general? But the over-communicative are, as a rule, impatient of each other. They are never fully satisfied or pleased unless they are conscious of the presence of a certain passive and receptive element which they do not themselves possess. Nor can the passion to confide be taken as a mark of extreme sincerity; experience teaches that excessive protestation is more generally accompanied by the reverse. It is hardly fair to say that it is altogether the result of selfishness or conceit. At the same time, certain cases of communicativeness, in which persons of ability have thought it necessary to lay before the world printed statements relating purely to their domestic concerns, cannot well be referred to anything but conceit, or, what is much the same thing, excessive self-consciousness—the idea that what affects them must in some way or other affect all mankind besides. Communicativeness, however, seems principally to proceed from want of tact, or thoughtlessness and absence of self-control. The same spirit which prompts people to be

communicative might prompt them to strong words or stronger actions. But the form which it assumes in extreme cases is generally ridiculous rather than anything else. The case of a certain Mr. Riley, who, a year or two ago, thought fit to publish in the columns of the newspaper of his native town a list of the reasons which impelled him to marry his factory-girl Mary Jane, may not have been yet forgotten. Mr. Riley was only a *reductio ad absurdum* of the ordinary communicative character. He could not be happy without giving to his fellow-men an account of the workings and impulses of his own mind. If the result was more absurd than usual, it was perhaps his misfortune rather than his fault.

But the communicative character is seldom seen in its most perfect development in men. Whether it be owing to the fact that it is difficult to hint with sufficient delicacy to a lady that she is a bore, or that ladies have not an equal number of conversational topics at their disposal, and so are obliged to speak with greater fulness on those which they have, this trait seems peculiarly to belong to the feminine mind. Yet even here, experience of the world and contact with society render it far less prominent than it appears in a state of primeval simplicity. The matured young lady, who is enjoying her eighth or ninth season, is far less gushing than the debutante who has but just emerged from her school-girl chrysalis; and the discretion and reserve of the well-practised London wife and mother far surpass that of the country parson's lady, who spends her lifetime immured in the solitudes of Mudbury-cum-Littleton. If the confidences of the wife are possessed of a charm which those of the husband lack, they are not without their peculiar drawbacks. When a lady insists upon pouring into our ears a long tale of domestic grievances, of the weakness of human nature as displayed in the race of servants, and of the vanity of all things, a tax is laid upon our politeness which is not felt in the case of masculine communications. We must assume a virtue, if we have it not; and though we may be secretly longing for a check upon the torrent of trustfulness which the fair speaker pours forth, a semblance of



attention and interest must be preserved. This wish may not be always confined to the immediately intended receptacle of these confidences. The husband who is aware of the prattling propensities of his better-half, if he happens to be looking on at the time, can hardly be altogether at his ease. A sensitive man who is blessed with a partner so open-hearted and unreserved will not relish having the secrets of his domestic life intrusted to each casual confidant. He will sit uneasily in his chair, will frown, will endeavor to turn the conversation to some more general topic. But in vain; he must patiently endure to the end. Meanwhile the position of the victim of feminine confidences is far from comfortable. On the one hand he must not offend the wife by inattention; on the other, he knows that the unfortunate husband wishes him anywhere but near his wife. He is compelled to hear of the golden past—"before I was married," "when I lived with papa," "when I was at home;" all of which phrases and reminiscences, it is to be believed, cannot be otherwise than unsavory to the present lord and master of her who utters them. The victim listens on, and feels uncommonly foolish, inwardly resolving that there shall never occur an opportunity for the repetition of his sufferings.

What is gained by all this? The listener has been bored; the husband possibly pained; and has the wife derived any solid gratification from either of these results? Nothing is more common than to find the mistress of a house, who may have seen wealthier days, overflowing with apologies for defects, real or imaginary, in her household arrangements; while each apology will be supplemented by an allusion to the departed glories of bygone times. Now this is the result of an effort—involuntary it may be, and unconscious—to create an impression that is really false. She would have persons view both herself and her house, not as they now are, but as they have been, trusting that the mention of her former higher estate will shed a lustre of unreal splendor over her present comparative humility. She would wish her acquaintance, who have no pretensions to being fine people, to believe that, in spite of

what may seem to be the case, she is really not as one of themselves, but superior in every way as Hyperion to a satyr. Such persons are peculiarly objectionable; there is an intolerable air of patronage about them. None can care for associating with those who seem to wish it to be thought that their presence confers a benefit upon the society in which they may condescend to move. This tendency is in reality only one of the manifestations of a communicative spirit. What, then, is to become of the warm impulsive nature which yearns for sympathy, and pants for some kindred spirit to whom it may reveal its hidden thoughts? Must it never be confidential? is it never to break through the cold crust of conventional reserve, or to pour into the human ear its tale of hopes and fears, of hates and loves? It would be hard to deprive those who are thus constituted of what is to them an inexpressible satisfaction. Only let them use discretion; let them admit, by all means, the friend of their choice, who will doubtless duly appreciate the privilege, into the sanctum of their hearts; but let them be content with this. The sympathy which they love is not to be found everywhere. Society is selfish, and it is better that only the tried and true should be the objects of their confidences, lest they should find that they have, after all, cast their pearls before swine. It is dangerous to seek to have too many confidential friends; the essence of intimate friendship is its limitation. To confide in everybody, means to be confided in and trusted by nobody. A person who is always ready to impart his own secrets to each stray acquaintance, will be equally ready to impart those of others. And even with the chosen few there are certain limits which it is dangerous to transgress. Excess of communicativeness has destroyed many friendships; it has led persons to open their hearts upon certain subjects which, when the fit of enthusiasm has passed, they think it would have been better to have kept back even from the friend of their bosom. The next time they meet their confidant, they exhibit a caution which in them amounts to a suspicion. *Hinc iræ*. There are some points concerning oneself which it is best never to mention

to others. To do so implies a want of delicacy and self-respect, and cannot but render a man more or less contemptible in the sight of others. Judicious reticence is hard to learn, but it is one of the great lessons of life. There is a difference between babbling and frankness, between mystery and reserve. On this point there can be no better advice than that contained in the words of a certain philosopher who lived some two thousand years ago: "Let each one find out his own natural bent, and go rather in the opposite direction, for so he will reach the mean." And the theory of the mean, notwithstanding its many drawbacks and difficulties, might with advantage be kept constantly in view by those who are destitute of fine perceptions and of habitual self-control.

T. H. S. ESCOTT.

#### THE MUMMY OF THEBES.

A TRAVELLER'S REVERIE.

THE Hebrews buried their dead in caves, "out of their sight;" the Greeks burned them; the ancient Persians exposed their deceased friends on mountains, and in desert places, to be devoured piecemeal by birds of prey; and the Hindoos felt a religious pleasure, as they feel this hour, in launching all they once loved coffinless into the Ganges, to float down, if they escape the jaws of the crocodile, to the mighty deep.

But the extraordinary practice of the ancient Egyptians, as regards the disposal of their dead, has no counterpart in the history of nations. I confess that, of all the races passed away, no people ever trod this globe half so interesting to me as the old mummy-makers and pyramid-builders of the land of Ham. I love them, because their enduring tombs—great granite books that do not lie—declare to endless ages they tenderly loved each other. I admire them, because, a few periods excepted, when kings like Rameses the Great unsheathed the sword of conquest, they never sought to aggrandize themselves by foreign wars, nor seized unjustly the lands and property of others, keeping to themselves, their whole world centred in that beautiful valley of waters, born there and dying there, framing

no brighter Amenti or elysium than the lovely scenes their favored land displayed. I bow to them—I revere their genius—genius subtle yet comprehensive—quaint in small things, sublime in great. What a language, if it could disclose all its wondrous meanings, breathes in the mysterious hieroglyphics! Yon sarcophagus, alive with ten thousand symbols, is a mighty poem—an Iliad in stone! the pyramids and the Parthenon—the latter is comparatively a thing of yesterday, yet, however beautiful, it is already stricken with years, and commingling fast "with parent dust;" but the former seem Titanic forms, imbued with the spirit of immortality; they have no fellowship with decay or change, and when no longer a classic temple shall rear its head in Greece, and every famous edifice in Europe shall have resolved itself into a memory, the monster tombs or star-oratories by the Nile will attract the gaze, and fill the traveller's bosom with awe.

But my discourse is on a Mummy. Come, poor relic of mortality, from your dark recess in the rocks behind Thebes, where you have been cradled during three thousand years. My boat lies at anchor off the great temples, and I can see the avenues of sphinxes, the Memnonium, and all the glories left to astonish our later days. Now as no breath waves the long banana leaves and tufted palms on the bank, and the moon climbs slowly over the ruins, still as death, and pacing, snowy robed, on and on along the sapphire floor of heaven, I will place you reverently, tenderly before me.

I am with the dead, yet I feel not the accustomed creeping fear, for a chasm of ages seems to intervene between thee and me. Poor submissive Mummy! why did they swathe thee thus, binding thee round and round with such delicacy and care? I sympathize with them—they loved thee, and some one perhaps adored thee, for thou mayst have been a maiden beautiful and virtuous, who perished young. I see thee, a fairy creature, leading the dance beneath the shady palms. How thy black hair streams, and thy full gazelle-

like eyes sparkle! how thy embroidered scarf floats out during thy rapid motions, and thy silver anklets tinkle—sweeter music than the sistrum's to the ears of one who watches thee. I see thee seated near him, as sunset burns on the Nile, with the lotus-flower in thy hand, and half turning away thy sweet face, all blushes, as he presses his suit.

Dark Mummy! where is thy maiden beauty now? where thy love-dimples, thine ivory neck, and little playful hand? Yet it is something to see thee even as thou art, the veritable child of thirty centuries, and fancy will invest thee with all thou hast lost.

Thou mayst have been a priestess in one of yonder gorgeous shrines. In white robes thou mayst have bowed before the image of the mysterious one—the veiled Isis. Shining in those now sightless sockets, thy mild eyes were once raised to heaven, filled with the tears of speechless adoration, and from those shrivelled lips may have issued the prayer of a contrite spirit—pure, gentle, holy, to listen to which the good genii stooped from their bowers in Amenti.—Or, cold thing, whose heart the ages have shrivelled up, and whose bosom is dry, thou mayst have been a fruitful vine, the pride of thy loving lord; thou mayst have been a mother—yes, a happy mother, full of all the sweet cares, and engrossed with the gentle littlenesses of domestic life. I see thee now amidst thy joyous circle, thy little ones sporting around thee, or climbing thy knee, while thy stooping face is radiant with the light of affection. They are laughing, and those poor lips are wreathing too with smiles, and those now withered arms are tossing aloft the youngest born. Oh, reckless, gleesome, hopeful, joyous being! exultant in the mere sense of existence, throbbing with love, and warm with rapture, with no chilling thought of a future, or what thou wouldst come to.

Silent Mummy! thy children are mummies now, but where they rest we cannot tell. Honored Mummy! that hand may have clasped the hand of a Pharaoh; or thou mayst have been thyself a queen; but death has placed thee now on a level with thy subjects. Whatever thou wert, I cannot but behold

thee with feelings of interest; thy gilding, thy bandages, thy fleshless fingers and shrunk, lean face, are not to me repulsive, for every mummy speaks more than a roundelay or song of love of the deep affection swaying generations gone.

The ancient children of the Nilotic valley may have converted their dead into mummies, partly from the religious belief that, after thousands of years, the wandering spirit would return to its tenement of clay; but chiefly were they influenced, we repeat, by mutual attachment and love. Friend was unwilling to part with friend; the lover would not be separated from his mistress; and the child would make periodical visits to the tomb of his parents, where again he might actually behold the features of those he had revered. Oh, then, regarding it in this light, we must feel it was a beautiful custom, that of embalming and preserving the dead.

Mummy! thou shalt henceforth be to me as a companion. I will bear thee about with me in my wanderings, and learn lessons from the sad spectacle thou dost present. I will picture thee good and beautiful as thou once wert, and dream of the time when, bursting these cerements, and casting off the blackness of ages, thou wilt spring again into life, fresh and glorious as a star, and with ancient memories, thoughts, and affections revived, walk in paradise, a thing of beauty, blessing the God who created thee.

But the reis of my boat has fallen asleep, the Arab sailors have wrapped themselves in their scanty mantles, and are also in the land of forgetfulness. The moon is shining whiter and clearer over the city of desolation and magnificence; every ruin, from the Obelisk to the Sphinx, having put on a robe of tremulous sheet-silver. So I, too, must close mine eyes awhile on the royal home of the Pharaohs, and the river that heard the sighs of the oppressed Israelites, to dream perhaps of the northern barbarous land which I call my home, or to carry on further the thread of my "discourse" on an Egyptian Mummy.

(Continued from page 368.)

THE BLOCKADE: AN EPISODE OF THE  
END OF THE EMPIRE.

From the French of Erckmann-Chatelain.

## X.

But that day I was to have the greatest fright of all. You remember, Fritz, that Sorlé had told me at supper the night before, that if we did not receive the invoice, our spirits of wine would be at the risk of M. Quataya of Pézenas, and that we need feel no anxiety about it.

I thought so, too, for it seemed to me right; and as the French and German gates were closed at three o'clock, and nothing more could enter the city, I supposed that that was the end of the matter, and felt quite relieved.

"It is a pity, Moses!" I said to myself, as I walked up and down the room; "yes, for if these spirits had been sent eight days sooner, we should have made a great profit; but now, at least, thou art relieved of great anxiety. Be content with thine old trade. Let alone for the future such harassing undertakings. Don't stake thine all again on one throw, and let this be a lesson to thee!"

Such thoughts were in my mind, when, about four o'clock, I heard some one coming up our stairs. It was a heavy step, as of a man trying to find his way in the dark.

Zeffen and Sorlé were in the kitchen, preparing supper. Women always have something to talk about by themselves, for nobody else to hear. So I listened, and then opened the door.

"Who is there?" I asked.

"Does not M. Moses, the wine-merchant, live here?", asked a man in a blouse and broad-rimmed felt hat, with his whip on his shoulder—a wagoner's figure, in short. I turned pale as I heard him, and replied: "Yes, my name is Moses. What do you want?"

He came in, and took out a large leather portfolio from under his blouse. I trembled as I looked on.

"There!" said he, giving me two papers, "my invoice and my bill of lading, see! Are not the twelve pipes of three-six from Pézenas for you?"

"Yes, where are they?"

"On the Mittelbronn hill, twenty minutes from here," he quietly answer-

ed. "Some Cossacks stopped my wagons, and I had to take off the horses. I hurried into the city by a postern under the bridge."

My limbs failed me as he spoke. I sank into my arm-chair, unable to speak a word.

"You will pay me the portage," said the man, "and acknowledge the delivery."

"Sorlé! Sorlé!" I cried in a despairing voice. And she and Zeffen ran to me. The wagoner explained it all to them. As for me, I heard nothing. I had strength only to exclaim: "Now all is lost! Now I must pay without receiving the goods."

"We are willing to pay, sir," said my wife, "but the letter states that the twelve pipes shall be delivered in the city."

The wagoner said: "I have just come from the justice of the peace, as I wanted to find out before coming to you what I had a right to claim; he told me that you ought to pay for everything, even my horses and carriages, do you understand? I unharnessed my horses, and escaped, myself, which is so much the less on your account. Will you settle? Yes or no?"

We were almost dead with fright when the sergeant came in. He had heard loud words, and asked: "What is it, Father Moses? What is it about? What does this man want?"

Sorlé, who never lost her presence of mind, told him the whole story, shortly and clearly; he comprehended it at once.

"Twelve pipes of three-six, that makes twenty-four pipes of cognac. What luck for the garrison! what luck!"

"Yes," said I, "but it cannot come in; the city gates are shut, and the wagons are surrounded by Cossacks."

"Cannot come in!" cried the sergeant, raising his shoulders. "Go along! Do you take the governor for a brute? Is he going to refuse twenty-four pipes of good brandy, when the garrison needs it? Is he going to leave this windfall to the Cossacks? Madame Sorlé, pay the portage at once; and you, Father Moses, put on your cap and follow me to the governor's, with the letter in your pocket. Come along! Don't



lose a minute! If the Cossacks have time to put their noses in your casks, you will find a famous deficit, I warrant you!"

When I heard that I exclaimed: "Sergeant, you have saved my life!" And I hastened to get my cap.

"Shall I pay the portage?" asked Sorlé.

"Yes! pay!" I answered as I went down, for it was plain that the wagoner could compel us. I went down with an anxious heart.

All that I remember after this is that the sergeant walked before me in the snow, that he said a few words to the sapper at the governor's house, and that we went up the grand stairway with the marble balustrade.

Upstairs, in the gallery with the balustrade around it, he said to me: "Be easy, Father Moses! Take out your letter, and let me do the talking."

He knocked softly at a door as he spoke.

Somebody said: "Come in!"

We went in.

Colonel Moulin, a fat man in a dressing-gown and little silk cap, was smoking his pipe in front of a good fire. He was very red, and had a caraffe of rum and a glass at its side on the marble mantel-piece, where were also a clock and vases of flowers.

"What is it?" he asked, turning round.

"My colonel, this is what is the matter," replied the sergeant: "twelve pipes of spirits of wine have been stopped on the Mittelbronn hill, and are surrounded by Cossacks."

"Cossacks!" exclaimed the governor. "Have they broken through our lines already?"

"Yes," said the sergeant, "a *hurra* of Cossacks. They have possession of the twelve pipes of three-six which this patriot brought from Pézenas to sustain the garrison."

"Some bandits," said the governor—"thieves!"

"Here is the letter," said the sergeant, taking it from my hand.

The colonel cast his eyes over it, and said hastily:

"Sergeant, go and take twenty-five men of your company. You will go on the run to free the wagons, and you will

put in requisition horses from the village to bring them into the city."

And, as we were going: "Wait!" said he; and he went to his bureau and wrote four words: "here is the order."

When we were once on the stairway, the sergeant said: "Father Moses, run to the cooper's; we may perhaps need him and his boys. I know the Cossacks; their first thought would be to unload the casks so as to be more sure of keeping them. Have them bring ropes and ladders; and I will go to the barracks and get my men together."

Then I ran home like a hart, for I was enraged at the Cossacks. I went in to get my musket and cartridge-box. I could have fought an army: I could not see straight.

"What is it? Where are you going?" asked Sorlé and Zeffen.

"You will know by and by," I replied.

I went to Schweyer's. He had two large saddle-pistols, which he put quickly into his apron-belt with the axe; his two boys, Nickel and Frantz, took the ladder and ropes, and we ran to the French gate.

The sergeant was not yet there; but two minutes after he came running down the street by the rampart with thirty veterans in file, their muskets on their shoulders.

The officer guarding the postern had only to see the order to let us go out, and a few minutes after we were in the fosses behind the hospital, where the sergeant ranged his men.

"It is cognac!" he told them; "twenty-four pipes of cognac! So, comrades, attention! The garrison is without brandy; those who do not like brandy have only to put themselves in the rear."

But they all wanted to fight in front, and laughed in anticipation.

We went up the stairway, and were ranged in order in the covered ways. It might have been five o'clock. Looking from the top of the glacis we could see the broad meadows of Eichmatt, and above them the hills of Mittelbronn covered with snow. The sky was full of clouds, and night was coming on. It was very cold.

"March!" said the sergeant.

And we gained the highway. The veterans, in two files, ran, at the right

and left, their backs rounded, and their muskets in their shoulder-belts; the snow was up to their knees.

Schweyer, his two boys, and I walked behind.

At the end of a quarter of an hour, the veterans, who ran all the way, had left us far behind; we heard for some time their cartridge-boxes rattling, but soon this sound was lost in the distance and then we heard the dog of the *Trois-Maisons* barking at his chain.

The deep silence of the night gave me a chance to think. If it had not been for the thought of my spirits of wine, I would have gone straight back to Phalsburg, but fortunately that thought prevailed, and I said:

"Make haste, Schweyer, make haste!"

"Make haste!" he exclaimed angrily, "you can make haste to get back your spirits of wine, but what do we care for it? Is the highway the place for us? Are we bandits that we should risk our lives?"

I understood at once that he wanted to escape, and was enraged.

"Take care, Schweyer," said I, "take care! If you and your boys go back, people will say that you have been a traitor to the brandy of the city, and that is worse than being a traitor to the flag, especially in a cooper."

"The devil take thee!" said he, "we ought never to have come."

However, he kept on ascending the hill with me. Nickel and Frantz followed us without hurrying.

When we reached the plateau we saw lights in the village. All was still and seemed quiet, although there was a great crowd around the two first houses.

The door of the *Bunch of Grapes* was wide open, and its kitchen fire shone from the end of the alley to the street where my two carriages stood.

This crowd came from the Cossacks who were carousing at Heitz's house, after tying their horses under the shed. They had made Mother Heitz cook them a pepper soup, and we saw them plainly, two or three hundred paces distant, go up and down the outside steps, with jugs and bottles which they passed from one to another. The thought came to me that they were drinking my spirits of wine, for a lantern hung behind the first carriage, and the rascals were all going from it with their elbows raised. I

was so furious that, regardless of danger, I began to run to put a stop to the pillage.

Fortunately the veterans were in advance of me, or I should have been murdered by the Cossacks; I had not gone half way when our whole troop sprang from the fences of the highway, and ran like a pack of wolves, crying out, "To the bayonet!"

You never saw such confusion, Fritz. In a second the Cossacks were on their horses, and the veterans in the midst of them; the front of the inn with its trellis, its pigeon-house, and its little fenced garden, was lighted up by the firing of muskets and pistols. Heitz's two daughters stood at the windows, with their arms lifted, and screamed so that they could be heard all over *Mittelbronn*.

Every minute, in the midst of the confusion, something fell upon the road, and then the horses started and ran through the fields like deer, with their heads run out, and their manes and tails flying. The villagers ran; Father Heitz slid into the barn, and climbed up the ladder, and I came up breathless, as if out of my senses.

I had not gone more than fifteen steps when a Cossack, who was running away at full speed, turned about furiously close to me, with his lance in the air, and called out, "Hurra!"

I had only time to stoop, and I felt the wind of the lance as it passed along my body.

I never felt so badly in my life, Fritz; I felt the chill of death, that trembling of the flesh of which the prophet spoke: "Fear came upon me and trembling; the hair of my flesh stood up."

But what shows the spirit of wisdom and prudence which the Lord puts into his creatures, when he reserves them for a great age, is that immediately afterward, in spite of my trembling knees, I went and sat under the first wagon, where the blows of the lances could not reach me; and there I saw the veterans finish the extermination of the rascals, who had retreated into the court, and not one of whom escaped.

Five or six were in a heap before the door, and three others were stretched upon the highway.

This did not take more than ten min-

utes; then all was dark again, and I heard the sergeant call: "Stop firing!"

Heitz, who had come down from his hay-loft, had just lighted a lantern; the sergeant, seeing me under the wagon, called out: "Are you wounded, Father Moses?"

"No," I replied, "but a Cossack tried to thrust his lance into me, and I got into a safe place."

He laughed aloud, and gave me his hand to help me to rise.

"Father Moses," said he, "I was frightened about you. Wipe your back; people might think that you were not brave."

I laughed too, and thought: "People may think what they please! The great thing is to live in good health as long as possible."

We had only one wounded, Corporal Duhem, an old man, who bandaged his own leg, and tried to walk. He had had a blow from a lance in the right calf. He was placed on the first wagon, and Lehnel, Heitz's granddaughter, came and gave him a drop of cherry-water, which at once restored his strength and even his good spirits.

"It is the fifteenth!" he exclaimed. "I am in for a week at the hospital; but leave me the bottle for the compresses."

I was delighted to see my twelve pipes on the wagons, for Schweyer and his two boys had escaped, and without their help we could hardly have reloaded.

I tapped at once at the bung-hole of the hindmost cask to find out how much was missing. Those scamps of Cossacks had already drunk nearly half a measure of spirits; Father Heitz told me that some of them scarcely added a drop of water. Such creatures must have throats of tin; the oldest toppers among us could not bear a glass of three-six without being upset.

At last all was ready and we had only to return to the city. When I think of it, it all seems before me now: Heitz's large dapple-gray horses going out of the stable one by one; the sergeant standing by the dark door with his lantern in his hand, and calling out, "March, —quick! The rabble may come back!" On the road, in front of the inn, the veterans surrounded the wagons; further on at the right some peasants, who had hastened to the scene with pitchforks and mattocks, were looking at the dead

Cossacks, and myself, standing on the stairs above, singing praises to God in my heart as I thought how glad Sorlé and Zeffen and little Sâfel would be to see me come back with our goods.

And then, when all is ready, when the little bells jingle, when the whip snaps, and we start on the way—what delight!

Ah, Fritz! everything looks bright after thirty years; we forget fears, anxieties, and fatigues; but the memory of good men and happy hours remains with us forever!

The veterans, on both sides of the wagons, with their muskets under their arms, escorted my twelve pipes as if they were the tabernacle; Heitz led the horses, and the sergeant and I walked behind.

"Well, Father Moses!" said he laughing, "it has all gone off well; are you satisfied?"

"More than I can possibly tell, sergeant! What would have been my ruin will make the fortune of my family, and we owe it all to you."

"Go along," said he, "you are joking."

He laughed, but I felt deeply; to have been in danger of losing everything, and then to regain it all and make profit out of it—it makes one feel deeply.

I exclaimed inwardly: "I will praise thee, O Lord, among the people; and I will sing praises unto thee among the nations."

"For thy mercy is great above the heavens, and thy truth reacheth unto the clouds."

## XI.

Now I must tell you about our return to Phalsburg.

You may suppose that my wife and children, after seeing me take my gun and go away, were in a state of great anxiety. About five o'clock Sorlé went out with Zeffen to try to learn what was going on, and only then they heard that I had started for Mittelbronn with a detachment of veterans.

Imagine their terror!

The rumor of these extraordinary proceedings had spread through the city, and quantities of people were on the bastion of the artillery barracks, looking on from the distance. Burguet

was there, with the mayor, and other persons of distinction, and a number of women and children, all trying to see through the darkness. Some insisted that Moses marched with the detachment, but nobody would believe it, and Burguet exclaimed: "It is not possible that a sensible man like Moses would go and risk his life in fighting Cossacks—no, it is not possible!"

If I had been in his place, I should have said the same of him. But what can you do, Fritz? The most prudent of men become blind when their property is at stake; blind, I say, and terrible, for they lose sight of danger.

This crowd was waiting, as I said, and soon Zeffen and Sorlé came, as pale as death, with their large shawls over their heads. They went up the rampart and stood there, with their feet in the snow, too much frightened to speak.

I learned these things afterward.

When Zeffen and her mother went up on the bastion, it was, perhaps, half-past five; there was not a star to be seen. Just at that time, Schweyer and his boys escaped, and five minutes later the skirmish began.

Burguet told me afterward that, notwithstanding the darkness and the distance, they saw the flash of the muskets around the inn as plainly as if they were a hundred paces off, and everybody was still and listened to hear the shots, which were repeated by the echoes of the Oak-Forest and of Lutzelburg.

When they ceased Sorlé descended from the slope, leaning on Zeffen's arm, for she could not support herself. Burguet helped them to reach the street, and took them into old Frise's house on the corner, where they found him warming himself by his hearth.

"My last day has come!" said Sorlé. Zeffen wept bitterly.

I have often reproached myself for having caused this sorrow, but who can answer for his own wisdom? Has not the wise man himself said: "I turned myself to behold wisdom, and madness, and folly; and I saw that wisdom excelleth folly; and I myself perceived that one event happeneth to the wise man and the fool. Wherefore, I said in my heart, that wisdom also is vanity."

Burguet was going out from father Frise's, when Schweyer and his sons

came up the postern stairs, crying out that we were surrounded by Cossacks and lost. Fortunately my wife and daughter could not hear them, and the mayor soon came along and ordered them to stop talking and go home quickly, if they did not want to be sent to prison.

They obeyed, but that did not prevent people from believing what they said, especially as it was all dark again in the direction of Mittelbronn.

The crowd came down from the ramparts and filled the street; many of them went to their homes; and it was hoped that they would be seen no more, when, just as the clock struck seven, the sentinel of the outworks called out, "Who goes there?"

We had reached the gate.

The crowd was soon on the ramparts again. We heard the murmur, without knowing what it was. So, when, after a reconnoissance, the gates were slowly opened to us, and the two bridges lowered for us to pass, what was our surprise at hearing the shouts: "Hurrah for Father Moses! Hurrah for the spirits of wine!"

The tears came to my eyes. And my wagons rolling heavily under the gates, the soldiers carrying arms, the great crowd surrounding us, shouting: "Moses! Hey, Moses! are you well? you have not been killed?" the shouts of laughter, the people seizing my arm to hear me tell about the fight,—all these things were very pleasant.

Everybody wanted to talk with me, even the mayor, and I had not time to answer them.

But all this was nothing compared with the joy I felt at seeing Sorlé, Zeffen, and little Sâfel run from Father Frise's and throw themselves at once into my arms, exclaiming: "He is safe! he is safe!"

Ah, Fritz! what are honors by the side of such love? What is all the glory of the world compared with the joy of seeing our beloved ones? The others might have cried out, "Hurrah for Moses!" a hundred years, and I would not even have turned my head; but I was terribly moved by the sight of my family.

I gave Sâfel my gun, and while the wagons, escorted by the veterans, went on toward the little market, I led Zef-



fen and Sorlé through the crowd to old Frise's, and there, when we were alone, we began our embraces.

Without, the shouts of joy were redoubled; you would have thought that the spirits of wine belonged to the whole city. But within the room, my wife and daughter burst into tears, and I confessed my imprudence.

So, instead of telling them of the dangers I had experienced, I told them that the Cossacks ran away as soon as they saw us, and that we had only to put horses to the wagons before starting.

A quarter of an hour afterward, when the cries and tumult had ceased, I went out, with Zeffen and Sorlé on my arms, and little Sâfel in front, with my gun on his shoulder, and in this way we went home, to see to the unloading of the brandy.

I wanted to put everything in order before morning, so as to begin to sell at double price as soon as possible.

When a man runs such risks he ought to make something by it; for if I had sold at the market price, as some persons wished, nobody would be willing to run any risk for the sake of others; and if it should come to pass that a man should sacrifice himself for other people, he would be thought a blockhead; we have seen it a hundred times, and it will always be so.

Thank God! such ideas never entered into my head! I have always thought that the true idea of trade was to make as much profit as we can, honestly and lawfully.

That is according to justice and good sense.

As we turned at the corner of the market, our two wagons were already unharnessed before our house. Heitz was running back with his horses, so as to take advantage of the open gates, and the veterans, with their arms at will, were going up the street toward the infantry quarters.

It might have been eight o'clock. Zeffen and Sorlé went to bed, and I sent Sâfel for Gros the cooper, to come and unload the casks. Quantities of people came and offered to help us. Gros came soon with his boys, and the work began.

It is very pleasant, Fritz, to see great tuns going into your cellar, and to say

to yourself, "These splendid tuns are mine; it is spirit which cost me twenty sous the quart, and which I am going to sell for three francs!" This shows the beauty of trade; but everybody can imagine the pleasure for himself—there is no use in speaking of it.

About midnight my twelve pipes were down on the stands, and there was nothing left to do but to broach them.

While the crowd was dispersing, I engaged Gros to come in the morning to help me mix the spirits with water, and we went up, well pleased with our day's work. We closed the double oak door, and I fastened the padlock and went to bed.

What a pleasure it is to own something and feel that it is all safe!

This is how my twelve pipes were saved.

You see now, Fritz, what anxieties and fears we had at that time. Nobody was sure of anything; for you must not suppose that I was the only one living like a bird on the branch; there were hundreds of others who were not able to close their eyes. You should have seen how the citizens looked every morning, when they heard that the Austrians and Russians occupied Alsatia, that the Prussians were marching upon Sarrebruck, or when an order was published for domiciliary visits, or for days' labor to block up the posterns and orillons of the place, or an order to form companies of firemen to remove at once all inflammable matter, or to report to the governor the situation of the city treasury, and the list of the principal persons subject to contribution for the supply of shoes, caps, bed-linen, and so forth.

You should have seen how people looked!

In war times civil life is nothing, and they will take from you your last shirt, giving you the governor's receipt for it. The first men of the land are zeros when the governor has spoken. This is why I have often thought that everybody who wishes for war, or at least wants to be a soldier, is either demented or half ruined, and hopes to reestablish himself by the ruin of everybody else. It must be so.

But notwithstanding all these troubles, I must not lose time, and I spent all the next day in mixing my spirits. I

took off my cap, and drew out with extraordinary zeal. Gros and his boys brought jugs, and emptied them in the casks which I had bought beforehand, so that by evening these casks were brimful of good brandy, blanched to eighteen degrees.

I had caramel prepared, also, to give the brandy a good color of old cognac, and when I turned the faucet, and raised the glass before the candle, and saw that it was exactly the right tint, I was in ecstasies, and exclaimed: "Give strong drink unto him that is ready to perish, and wine unto those that be of heavy hearts. Let him drink and remember his misery no more."

Father Gros, standing at my side on his great flat feet, smiled quietly, and his boys looked well pleased.

I filled the glass for them; they passed it to each other and were delighted with it.

About five o'clock we went upstairs.

Sorlé, on the same day, had brought three workmen, and had them remove our old iron into the court under the shed. The old rickety storehouse was cleaned. Desmarets, the joiner, put some shelves behind the door in the arch, for holding bottles, and glasses, and tin measures, when the time for selling should come, and his son put together the planks of the counter. This was all done at once, as at a time of great pressure, when people like to make a good sum of money quickly.

I looked at it all with a good deal of satisfaction. Zeffen, with her baby in her arms, and Sorlé, had also come down. I showed my wife the place behind the counter, and said, "That is the place where you are to sit, with your feet in big slippers, and a good warm tippet on your shoulders, and sell our brandy."

She smiled as she thought of it.

Our neighbors, Bailly the armorer, Koffel the little weaver, and several others, came and looked on without speaking; they were astonished to see what quick work we were making.

At six o'clock, just as Desmarets laid aside his hammer, the sergeant arrived in great glee, on his return from the canteen.

"Well, Father Moses!" he exclaimed, "the work goes on! But there is still something wanting."

"What is that, sergeant?"

"Hi! It is all right, only you must put a screen up above, or look out for the shells!"

I saw that he was right, and we were all well frightened, except the neighbors, who laughed to see our surprise.

"Yes," said the sergeant, "we must have it."

This took away all my pleasure; I saw that our troubles were not yet at an end.

Sorlé, Zeffen, and I went up, while Desmarets closed the door. Supper was ready; we sat down thoughtfully, and little Sâfel brought the keys.

The noise had ceased without; now and then a citizen on patrol passed by.

The sergeant came to smoke his pipe as usual. He explained how the screens were made, by crossing beams in the form of a sentry-box, the two sides supported against the gables, but while he maintained that it would hold like an arch, I did not think it strong enough, and I saw by Sorlé's face that she thought as I did.

We sat there talking till ten o'clock, and then all went to bed.

## XII.

About one o'clock in the morning of the sixth of January, the day of the feast of the Kings, the enemy arrived on the hill of Saverne.

It was terribly cold, our windows under the persiennes were white with frost. I woke as the clock struck one; they were beating the call at the infantry barracks.

You can have no idea how it sounded in the silence of the night.

"Dost thou hear, Moses?" whispered Sorlé.

"Yes, I hear," said I, almost without breathing.

After a minute some windows were opened in our street, and we knew that others too were listening; then we heard running, and suddenly the cry, "To arms! to arms!"

It made one's hair stand on end.

I had just risen, and was lighting a lamp, when we heard two knocks at our door.

"Come in!" said Sorlé, trembling.

The sergeant opened the door. He was in marching equipments, with his

spatterdashers on his legs, his large gray cap turned up at the sides, his musket on his shoulder, and his sabre and cartridge-box on his back.

"Father Moses," said he, "go back to bed and be quiet: it is the battalion call at the barracks, and has nothing to do with you."

And we saw at once that he was right, for the drums did not come up the street, two by two, as when the national guard was collected.

"Thank you, sergeant," I said.

"Sleep well!" said he, and he went down the stairs.

He shut the door of the alley below. Then the children, who had waked up, began to cry. Zeffen came in, very pale, with her baby in her arms, exclaiming, "Mercy! What is the matter?"

"It is nothing, Zeffen," said Sorlé. "It is nothing, my child: they are beating the call for the soldiers."

At the same moment the battalion came down the main street. We heard them march as far as to the Place d'Armes, and beyond it, toward the German gate.

We shut the windows, Zeffen went back to her room, and I lay down again.

But how could I sleep after such a start? My head was full of a thousand thoughts: I fancied the arrival of the Russians on the hill this cold night, and our soldiers marching to meet them, or manning the ramparts. I thought of all the blindages and block-houses, and batteries inside the bastions, and that all these great works had been made to guard against bombs and shells, and I exclaimed inwardly: "Before the enemy has demolished all these works, our houses will be crushed, and we shall be exterminated to the last man."

I took on in this way for about half an hour, thinking of all the calamities which threatened us, when I heard, outside the city, toward Quatre-Vents, a kind of heavy rolling, rising and falling like the murmur of running water. This was repeated every second. I raised myself on my elbow to listen, and I knew that it was a fight far more terrible than that at Mittelbronn, for the rolling did not stop, but seemed rather to increase.

"How they are fighting, Sorlé, how

they are fighting!" I exclaimed, as I pictured to myself the fury of those men murdering each other at the dead of night, not knowing what they were doing. "Listen! Sorlé, listen! If that does not make one shudder!"

"Yes," said she. "I hope our sergeant will not be wounded; I hope he will come back safe!"

"May the Lord watch over him!" I replied, jumping from my bed, and lighting a candle.

I could not control myself. I dressed myself as quickly as if I were going to run away; and afterward I listened to that terrible rolling, which came nearer or died away with every gust of wind.

When once dressed, I opened a window, to try to see something. The street was still black; but toward the ramparts, above the dark line of the arsenal bastions, was stretched a line of red.

The smoke of powder is red on account of the musket shots which light it up as they pass through it. It looked like a great fire. All the windows in the street were open: nothing could be seen, but I heard our neighbor the armorer say to his wife, "It is growing warm down there! It is the beginning of the dance, Annette; but they have not got the big drum yet; that will come, by and by!"

The woman did not answer, and I thought, "Is it possible to jest about such things! It is against nature."

The cold was so severe that after five or six minutes I shut the window. Sorlé got up and made a fire in the stove.

The whole city was in commotion; men were shouting and dogs barking. Sâfel, who had been wakened by all these noises, went to dress himself in the warm room. I looked very tenderly on this poor little one, his eyes still heavy with sleep; and as I thought that we were to be fired upon, that we must hide ourselves in cellars, and all of us be in danger of being killed for matters which did not concern us, and about which nobody had asked our opinion, I was full of indignation. But what distressed me most was to hear Zeffen sob and say that it would have been better for her and her children to stay with Baruch at Saverne and all die together.

Then the words of the prophet came to me: "Is not this thy fear, thy confidence, thy hope, and the uprightness of thy ways?"

"Remember, I pray thee, who ever perished being innocent, or where were the righteous cut off?"

"No, they that plow iniquity and sow wickedness, reap the same.

"By the blast of God they perish, and by the breath of his nostrils are they consumed.

"But thee, his servant, he shall redeem from death.

"Thou shalt come to thy grave in a full age, like as a shock of corn cometh in in his season."

In this way I strengthened my heart, while I heard the great tumult of the panic-stricken crowd, running and trying to save their property.

About seven o'clock it was announced that the casemates were open, and that everybody might take their mattresses there, and that there must be tubs full of water in every house, and the wells left open in case of fire.

Think, Fritz, what ideas these announcements suggested!

Some of our neighbors, Lisbeth Dubourg, Bével Ruppert, Camus' daughters, and some others, came up to us exclaiming, "We are all lost!"

Their husbands had gone out, right and left, to see what they could see, and these women hung on Zeffen and Sorlé's necks, repeating again and again, "Oh, dear! oh, dear! what misery!"

I would gladly have sent them all to the devil, for instead of comforting us they only increased our fears; but at such times women will get together and cry out all at once; you can't talk reason to them; they like these loud cryings and groanings.

Just as the clock struck eight, Bailly the armorer came to find his wife; he had come from the ramparts. "The Russians," he said, "have come down in a mass from Quatre-Vents to the very gate, filling the whole plain—Cossacks, Baskirs, and rabble! Why don't they fire down upon them from the ramparts? The governor is betraying us."

"Where are our soldiers?" I asked.

"Retreating!" exclaimed he. "The wounded came back two hours ago, and our men stay yonder, with folded arms."

His bony face shook with rage. He led away his wife; then others came, crying out, "The enemy has advanced to the lower part of the gardens, over the glaces." I was astonished at these things.

The women had gone away to cry somewhere else, and just then a great noise of wheels was heard from the direction of the rampart. I looked out of the window, and saw a wagon from the arsenal, with citizens for gunners; old Goulden, Holender, Jacob Cloutier, and Barrier galloped at its sides; Captain Jovis ran in front. They stopped at our door.

"Call the iron-merchant!" cried the captain. "Tell him to come down."

Baker Chanoine, the brigadier of the second battery, came up. I opened the door.

"What do you want of me?" I asked in the stairway.

"Come down, Moses," said Chanoine. And I went down.

Captain Jovis, a tall old man, with his face covered with sweat, in spite of the cold, said to me, "You are Moses, the iron-merchant?"

"Yes, sir."

"Open your storehouse. Your iron is in requisition for the service of the place."

So I had to lead all these people into my court, under the shed. The captain, on looking round, saw some cast-iron bars, which were used at that time for closing up the bottoms of fire-places. They weighed from thirty to forty pounds each, and I sold a good many in the vicinity of the city. Old nails, rusty bolts, old iron of all sorts, were no longer in demand.

"This is what we want," said he. "Break up these bars, and take away the old iron, quick!"

The others, with the help of our two wizards, began at once to break up everything. Some of them filled a basket with the pieces of cast-iron, and ran with it to the wagon.

The captain looked at his watch, and said, "Make haste! We have just ten minutes!"

I thought to myself, "They have no need of credit; they take what they please; it is more convenient."

All my bars and old iron were broken



in pieces—more than fifteen hundred pounds of iron.

As they were starting to run to the ramparts, Chanoine laughed, and said to me, "Famous old iron, Moses! Thou canst get ready thy big pennies. We'll come and take them to-morrow."

The wagon started through the crowd which ran behind it, and I followed too.

As we came nearer the ramparts the firing became more and more frequent. As we turned from the curate's house two sentinels stopped everybody, but they let me pass on account of my iron, which they were going to fire.

You can never imagine that mass of people, the noise around the bastion, the smoke which covered it, the orders of the infantry officers whom we heard going up the glacis, the gunners, the lighted match, the wagons full of cartridges, and the piles of bullets behind! No, in all these thirty years I have not forgotten those men with their levers, running back the cannon to load them to their mouths; those firings in file, at the bottom of the ramparts; those volleys of balls hissing in the air; the orders of the gun-captains, "Load! Ram! Prime!"

What crowds upon those gun-carriages, seven feet high, where the gunners were obliged to stand and stretch out their arms to fire the cannon! And what a frightful smoke!

Men invent such machines for their own destruction, and think that they do a great deal if they sacrifice a fourth part to assist their fellow-men, to instruct them in infancy, and to give them a little bread in their old age.

Ah! those who make an outcry against war, and demand a different state of things, are not in the wrong.

I was in the corner, at the left of the bastion, where the stairs go down to the postern behind the college, among three or four willow baskets as high as chimneys, and filled with clay. I ought to have stayed there quietly, and made use of the right moment to get away, but the thought seized me that I would go and see what was going on below the ramparts, and, while they were loading the cannon, I climbed to the level of the glacis, and lay down flat between two enormous baskets, where there was

scarcely a chance that balls could reach me.

If hundreds of others who were killed in the bastions had done as I did, how many of them might be still living, respectable fathers of families in their villages!

Lying in this place, and raising my nose, I could see over the whole plain. I saw the cordon of the rampart below, and the line of our shooters behind the palankas, on the other side of the moat; they did nothing but tear off their cartridges, prime, charge, and fire. There one could appreciate the beauty of drilling; there were only two companies of them, and their firing in file kept up an incessant roll.

Further on, directly to the right, stretched the road to Quatre-Vents. The Ozillo farm, the cemetery, the horse-station, and George Mouton's farm at the right; the inn of La Roulette and the great poplar-walk at the left, all were full of Cossacks, and such-like rascals, who were rapidly advancing into the very gardens, to reconnoitre the environs of the place. This is what I think, for it is against nature to run without an object, and to risk being struck by a ball.

These people, mounted on small horses, with large gray cloaks, soft boots, fox-skin caps, like those of the Baden peasants, long beards, lances on their thighs, great pistols in their belts, came whirling on like birds.

They had not been fired upon as yet, because they kept themselves scattered, so that bullets would have no effect; but their trumpets sounded the rally from La Roulette, and they began to collect behind the buildings of the inn.

About thirty of our veterans, who had been kept back in the cemetery lane, were making a slow retreat; they made a few paces, at the same time hastily reloading, then turned, shouldered, fired, and began marching again among the hedges and bushes, which there had not been time to cut down in this locality.

Our sergeant was one of these; I recognized him at once, and trembled for him.

Every time these veterans gave fire, five or six Cossacks came on like the wind, with their lances lowered; but it did not frighten them: they leaned

against a tree and crossed bayonets. Other veterans came up, and then some loaded, while others parried the blows. Scarcely had they torn open the cartridge when the Cossacks fled right and left, their lances in the air. Some of them turned for a moment and fired their large pistols behind like regular bandits. At length our men began to march toward the city.

Those old soldiers, with their great shakos set square on their heads, their large capes hanging to the back of their calves, their sabres and cartridge-boxes on their backs, calm in the midst of these savages, reloading, trimming, and parrying as quietly as if they were smoking their pipes in the guard-house, were something to be admired. At last, after seeing them come out of the whirlwind two or three times, it even seemed an easy thing to do.

Our sergeant commanded them. I understood then why he was such a favorite with the officers, and why they always took his part against the citizens; there were not many such. I wanted to call out, "Make haste, sergeant; let us make haste!" but neither he nor his men hurried in the least.

As they reached the foot of the glacis, suddenly a large mass of Cossacks, seeing that they were escaping, galloped up in two files, to cut off their retreat. It was the dangerous moment, and they formed in a square instantly.

I felt my back turn cold, as if I had been one of them.

Our men behind the lashings did not fire, doubtless for fear of hitting their comrades; our gunners on the bastion leaned down to see, and the file of Cossacks stretched to the turning of the swing-gate.

There were seven or eight hundred of them. We heard them cry, "Hurra! hurra! hurra!" like crows. Several officers in green cloaks and small caps galloped at the sides of their lines, with raised sabres. I thought our poor sergeant and his thirty men were lost; I thought already, "How sorry little Sâfel and Sorlé will be!"

But then, as the Cossacks formed in a half circle at the left of the outworks, I heard our gun-captain call out, "Fire!"

I turned my head; old Goulden struck the match, the fusée glittered, and at

the same instant the bastion with its great baskets of clay shook to the very rocks of the rampart.

I looked toward the road; nothing was to be seen but men and horses on the ground.

Just then came a second shot, and I can truly say that I saw the bits of iron pass like the stroke of a scythe into that mass of cavalry; it all tumbled and fell; those who a second before were living beings were now nothing. We saw some try to raise themselves, the rest made their escape.

The file-firing began again, and our gunners, without waiting for the smoke to clear away, reloaded so quickly that the two discharges seemed to come at once.

This mass of old nails, bolts, broken bits of cast-iron, flying three hundred metres, almost to the little bridge, made such slaughter that, some days after, the Russians asked for an armistice in order to bury their dead.

Four hundred were found scattered in the ditches of the road.

This I saw myself.

And if you want to see the place where those savages were buried, you have only to go up the cemetery lane.

On the other side, at the right, in M. Adam Ottendorf's orchard, you will see a stone cross in the middle of the fence; they were all buried there, with their horses, in one great trench.

You can imagine the delight of our gunners at seeing this massacre. They lifted up their sponges and shouted, "Vive l'Empereur!"

The soldiers shouted back from the covered ways, and the air was filled with their cries.

Our sergeant, with his thirty men, their guns on their shoulders, quietly reached the glacis. The barrier was quickly opened for them, but the two companies descended together to the moat and came up again by the postern.

I was waiting for them above.

When our sergeant came up I took him by the arm. "Ah, sergeant!" said I, "how glad I am to see you out of danger!"

I wanted to embrace him. He laughed and squeezed my hand.

"Then you saw the engagement,

Father Moses?" said he, with a mischievous wink. "We have shown them what stuff the Fifth is made of!"

"Oh, yes! yes! you have made me tremble."

"Bah!" said he, "you will see a good deal more of it; it is a small affair."

The two companies reformed against the wall of the race-course, and the whole city shouted, "Vive l'Empereur!"

They went down the rampart street in the midst of the crowd. I kept near our sergeant.

As the detachment was turning our corner, Sorlé, Zeffen, and Sâfel called out from the windows: "Hurrah for the veterans! Hurrah for the Fifth!"

The sergeant saw them and made a little sign to them with his head. As I was going in I said to him, "Sergeant, don't forget your glass of cherry-water."

"Don't worry, Father Moses," said he.

The detachment went on to break ranks at the Place d'Armes as usual, and I went up home at a quarter to four. I was scarcely in the room before Zeffen, Sorlé, and Sâfel threw their arms round me as if I had come back from the war; little David clung to my knee, and they all wanted to know the news.

I had to tell them about the attack, the grape-shot, the routing of the Cossacks. But the table was ready. I had not had my breakfast, and I said, "Let us sit down. You shall hear the rest by and by. Let me take breath."

Just then the sergeant entered in fine spirits, and set the but-end of his musket on the floor. We were going to meet him when we saw a tuft of red hair on the end of his bayonet, that made us tremble.

"Mercy, what is that?" said Zeffen, covering her face.

He knew nothing about it, and looked to see, much surprised.

"That?" said he, "Oh! it is the beard of a Cossack that I touched as I passed him—it is not much of anything."

He took the musket at once to his own room; but we were all horror-struck, and Zeffen could not recover herself. When the sergeant came back she was still sitting in the arm-chair, with both hands before her face.

"Ah, Madame Zeffen," said he sadly, "now you are going to detest me!"

I thought, too, that Zeffen would be

afraid of him, but women always like these men who risk their lives at random. I have seen it a hundred times. And Zeffen smiled as she answered: "No, Sergeant, no; these Cossacks ought to stay at home and not come and trouble us! You protect us—we love you very much!"

I persuaded him to breakfast with us, and it ended by his opening a window, and calling out to some soldiers passing by to give notice at the canteen that Sergeant Trubert was not coming to breakfast.

So we were all calmed down, and seated ourselves at the table. Sorlé went down to get a bottle of good wine, and we began to eat our breakfast.

We had coffee, too, and Zeffen wanted to pour it out herself for the sergeant. He was delighted. "Madame Zeffen," said he, "you load me with kindness?"

She laughed. We had never been happier.

While he was taking his cherry-water, the sergeant told us all about the attack in the night; the way in which the Wurtemberg troops had stationed themselves at La Ronlette, how it had been necessary to dislodge them as they were forcing open the two large gates, the arrival of the Cossacks at daybreak, and the sending out two companies to fire at them.

He told all this so well that we could almost think we saw it. But about eleven o'clock, as I took up the bottle to pour out another glassful, he wiped his mustache, and said, as he rose: "No, Father Moses, we have something to do besides taking our ease and enjoying ourselves; to-morrow, or next day, the shells will be coming; it is time to go and screen the garret."

We all became sober at these words.

"Let us see!" said he; "I have seen in your court some long logs of wood which have not been sawed, and there are three or four large beams against the wall. Are we two strong enough to carry them up? Let us try!"

He was going to take off his cape at once; but, as the beams were very heavy, I told him to wait and I would run for the two Carabins, Nicolas, who was called the *Greyhound*, and Mathis, the wood-sawyer. They came at once, and, being used to heavy work, they carried up the timber. They had

brought their saws and axes with them; the sergeant made them saw the beams, so as to cross them above in the form of a sentry-box. He worked himself like a regular carpenter, and Sorlé, Zeffen, and I looked on. As it took some time, my wife and daughter went down to prepare supper, and I went down with them, to get a lantern for the workmen.

I was going up again very quietly, never thinking of danger, when, suddenly, a frightful noise, a kind of terrible rumbling, passed along the roof, and almost made me fall with the lantern in my hand.

The two Carabins turned pale and looked at each other.

"It is a ball!" said the sergeant.

At the same instant a loud sound of cannon in the distance was heard in the darkness.

I had a terrible feeling in my stomach, and I thought to myself, "Since one ball has passed, there may be two, three, four!"

My strength was all gone. The two Carabins doubtless thought the same, for they took down at once their waist-coats, which were hanging on the gable, to go away.

"Wait!" said the sergeant. "It is nothing! Let us keep at our work—it is going on well. It will be done in an hour more."

But the elder Carabin called out, "You may do as you please! I am not going to stay here—I have a family!"

And while he was speaking, a second ball, more frightful than the first, began to rumble upon the roof, and five or six seconds after we heard the explosion.

It was astonishing! The Russians were firing from the edge of the Oak Forest, more than a half-hour distant, and yet we saw the red flash pass before our two windows, and even under the tiles.

The sergeant tried to keep us still at work.

"Two bullets never pass in the same place," said he. "We are in a safe spot, since that has grazed the roof. Come, let us go to work!"

He was stronger than we! I placed the lantern on the floor and went down, feeling as if my thighs were broken. I wanted to sit down at every step.

Out of doors they were shouting as if it were morning, and in a more frightful way. Chimneys were falling, and women

running to the windows, but I paid no attention to it, I was so frightened myself.

The two Carabins had gone away paler than death.

All that night I was ill. Sorlé and Zeffen were no more at ease than myself. The sergeant kept on alone, placing the logs and making them fast. About midnight he came down.

"Father Moses," said he, "the roof is screened, but your two men are cowards; they left me alone."

I thanked him, and told him that we were all sick, and as for myself I had never felt anything like it. He laughed.

"I know what that is," said he. "Conscripts always feel so when they hear the first ball; but that is soon over—they only need to get a little used to it."

Then he went to bed, and everybody in the house, except myself, went to sleep.

The Russians did not fire after ten o'clock that night; they had only tried one or two flying pieces, to warn us of what they had in store.

All this, Fritz, was but the beginning of the blockade; you are going to hear now of the miseries we endured for three months.

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

The Saturday Review.

#### TALK AND TALKERS.

AN ingenious writer in the *Cornhill Magazine* has lately been treating us to a philosophical disquisition upon talk. He has classified with great acuteness the different species of talkers, pointed out the various times at which their different talents may be most effectually displayed, and noted some of the many errors by which the talk of ordinary mortals is so frequently made a weariness to the flesh. The subject is almost infinite, and innumerable applications might be made of a sound theory. The chief practical application would be to lay down rules for securing pleasant conversation at social meetings. The difficulty of applying it may be simplified by two or three obvious considerations. In the first place, there is only one period of the day at which it is possible or desirable to secure good conversation. It is a



sufficiently accurate aphorism to assert that no one can converse, in the proper sense of the term, except at dinner. There may be an indefinite amount of discussion between a couple of friends upon business or politics, and generally of that kind of communication vulgarly known as shop, at an earlier period; and flirtations may be carried on at any time, but these are not properly conversation. No man is really entitled to the enjoyment of a good conscience before his evening meal, and it is therefore impossible to sit down with a mind at ease, and devote oneself with due abandonment to the task of amusing one's neighbors. It is true that at a later hour it is possible to enjoy pleasant conversation by the help of a cigar, and in the absence of depressing ceremony. But this, in the normal state of things, is the result of a good dinner; it is the after-glow which succeeds a brilliant day, the pleasant warmth which lingers in the embers after the fire has been extinguished. One who has missed the critical period of the day, in whom the wine has gone the wrong way, and turned to ill-temper instead of conviviality, will find it hard to rouse his spirits afterward. Once stimulate the organs of talk into a vigorous activity, and they may contrive to secrete the desired product for an indefinite time; but if the happy moment is missed, a man had generally better go straight to bed for any pleasure he is likely to confer upon his friends. If he does not catch the infection when he is in the susceptible state determined by a good dinner, he becomes for the remainder of the evening a non-conducting body.

Hence it follows that, as a preliminary step to determining the conditions of good conversation, it would be necessary to lay down a satisfactory theory of dinners. Without attempting so ambitious a task, we may say generally that dinners may be of three kinds. In the first place, to dine perfectly, as to do anything else perfectly, a man ought to give his whole mind to it. Hence it follows that he should rigorously exclude every distraction which can possibly divert his mind from the dishes and bottles before him—amongst other distractions, that of company. In other words, a man who would enjoy an ideal dinner ought to dine

alone; or if, according to the common phrase, we are yielding too much to the demands of an "inexorable logic," perhaps we might permit the presence of one friend whose talk should run exclusively upon questions of eating and drinking. Two men, we believe, can be found to submit to such conditions; if a third is admitted, he cannot fail to become more or less ashamed of his companions, and to introduce some discordant subject. It follows from this that dining, in its ideal perfection, is fitter for a hog than a human being. The opposite extreme, however, is often equally remote from satisfying the spiritual nature, while certainly less agreeable to the lower faculties. A multitudinous gathering of diners may be merely an aggregate of a number of small parties, pleasant or otherwise according to circumstances, and comes under a different head; if it has any unity, it consists in the common endurance of a certain number of public speeches. As Providence has planted in the human heart a mysterious yearning for this kind of gratification, we must presume that such meetings discharge some useful function in the order of the universe. It is as erroneous in theory as it is generally disastrous in practice to assume that the persons suffering from this temporary mania have capacity for anything but the one purpose which calls them together. A man about to be hanged cannot generally keep up a conversation with his executioner, or really enjoy the taste of a glass of wine. The persons about to be recipients of after-dinner eloquence can seldom get up more than a little "bald disjointed chat," and can scarcely ever attend to the food before them; which, perhaps, explains the curious fact that the dishes on such occasions, from the soup to the ice-pudding, are invariably at the same medium temperature, and that the wine is of that kind which leaves a deeper mark in the memory than the speeches. Between these opposite poles we have the genuine dinner, which according to the best authorities should not exceed eight persons; at least a larger number is certain to break into separate parties. It is from the consideration of the theoretically perfect dinner of some six or eight people that the safest rules for stimulating conversation may be derived.

At such a dinner the merely sensual enjoyment of eating and drinking is neither the predominant part, as in the dinner of one, nor altogether neglected as in the meeting for oratorical display. As a man is said to be perfectly dressed when no one notices any particular article of costume, so a dinner is perfect which does not attract notice to any particular dish. It should act by diffusing the general state of thorough physical comfort which is most favorable to social expansion. If it is ever good enough to attract independent notice, it is a proof that the end has been sacrificed to the means. Every guest should have felt a kind of agreeable titillation, an indescribable impulse conveyed through the palate to the brain, of which he could afterward give no definite account. On the great principle of the correlation of forces, the food and wine should be entirely transmuted into friendly feeling and pleasant conversation. If any distraction is caused, it is of course better that it should be due to an excess of luxury than to any shortcomings or positively disagreeable sensations; but a distraction of any kind shows that the fuel of society has not been properly consumed, and that the art is deficient in the art of concealing itself. The physical conditions are of course the least difficult to supply; but no one will doubt that they are essential who considers how completely the effect of the most brilliant conversation is nullified by the smallest disorder in his digestive organs. A man with a twinge of the gout or even with a sense that his boots are too tight, must be of a heroic mould if he really enjoyed the conversation of Burke and Johnson, or the celebrated talkers of a later age. The old test of courage, that of snuffing a candle with your fingers, would be a trifle to talking pleasantly with a touch of the toothache. In a smaller degree, the sense that your wine is disagreeing with you may throw the most conversational of mankind off his balance.

Assuming, then, that the physical conditions have received due attention, we should rise to the more complex problems of the moral and intellectual atmosphere. The test of a really agreeable conversation is, that the whole party should be thoroughly combined

for the time into one organic whole. It should be a concert, in which every performer takes exactly his proper part without intruding upon his neighbors. The great difficulty is to produce this state of things in the beginning—to secure a thorough fusion of all the component elements. If the fusion is incomplete, there remain little lumps, as it were, in a state of partial sociability which often act as impassable barriers between two ends of a table. Thus the spurious variety of conversation known as a flirtation, however pleasant it may be to the persons concerned, is an annoyance to the larger circle. It is desirable, in the general interest, to place two persons known to be inclined to such a performance at such a distance that their efforts to communicate may react upon the common stock of hilarity; they may be trusted to secure compensation for the compulsory separation at a later period. The true theory of intoxication, regarded as a question of good taste, follows from the same fact. Our grandfathers used voraciously to consume large masses of solid food, and afterward to consume bottles of fiery port. The solecism is obvious. Such a plan tended to sulky silence at dinner, and to a subsequent period of ill-regulated noise. A man does not become convivial by eating large masses of beef and mutton; he must be possessed of unusual vivacity if his spirits are not rather smothered under the burden imposed upon his digestion. When a party had been sitting together in this state of smouldering ill-humor, they were suddenly stimulated into noisy excitement. Of course the conversation had then a tendency to fall into the power of the guest with the strongest lungs and digestion, who could simply roar his companions down. The strange old barbarism of drinking healths after dinner was evidently an expedient suggested by this state of things. People who had been for an hour in each other's society, and had not succeeded in kindling one lively spark of conversation, were in want of some factitious means of stimulating sociability. The wine alone could only produce the desired state as men became drunk, and the clumsy expedient was devised of proposing toasts, which forced people to come out of their sulky silence by a kind

of mechanical compulsion. The true theory is to produce a slight stage of intoxication, if we may use the word without offence, at the earliest possible period. Every one has remarked what a difference is produced by the first glass of champagne. In a happily arranged dinner it just gives the slight impulse required to surmount the little stiffness which obstructs the launching of a conversation. On the other hand, any real approach to drunkenness is an utter barbarism, because the first symptom of such disaster is that the victim loses his social, as he afterward loses his bodily, balance; and, in short, a man who habitually drinks too much is in danger of becoming a bore—a consequence which is seldom mentioned in sermons on teetotalism, but is sufficiently terrible to be worth notice. Indeed, that enemy of the human race appears in the most appalling form at a dinner-party. Nowhere is escape so hopeless, and the consequence of yielding to him so destructive of all pleasure. The essential characteristic of a bore is that he is a pachydermatous animal, and therefore insensible to the anguish which he inflicts upon his more thin-skinned neighbors. Even such a being may be occasionally turned to account; he may act as a pioneer in breaking through some of the heavy obstacles which have to be surmounted at starting. He shows the way over a few conversational fences, as a heavy horse and rider may break some useful gaps for his followers. He is not afraid to talk about the weather, or to remark that the Clerkenwell explosion was an atrocious crime. He may be used as the victim to be sacrificed to the God of Dulness—if there is such a divinity—at the commencement of the journey. But to use such tools requires great courage and skill. The fate of his rash employer is too often that of the wizard's assistant, who called up the devil to do his work, and then did not know how to dismiss him. If he once takes the bit between his teeth, and makes the running without summary extinction, all hopes of genuine pleasure may depart. The misfortune is that, as no man knows himself to be a bore, such a monster frequently takes himself to be a brilliant and agreeable member of society; and as society generally

takes a man at his own valuation, we have the most fearful of social nuisances—the man who makes brilliant conversation of malice prepense. It is true that, according to an aphorism already noticed, no man can do a thing perfectly without giving his mind to it. A hasty interpretation of this truth would seem to countenance even the detestable heresy—which, if never avowed, is perhaps sometimes carried into practice—that a man should cram himself with anecdotes or witticisms beforehand. Such a doctrine is really true of after-dinner speaking. In the few cases where that anomalous practice survives, the speaker ought to produce upon every one the impression that he is giving an extempore performance, and should really be prepared, to a certain extent, beforehand. But to introduce this into general conversation is as erroneous as though a man should resolve to play a certain series of notes at a concert, whatever the rest of the performers might do. The mere attempt to work up to a particular story very frequently dislocates a conversation, and throws the whole party out of gear for the time. In short, the evil always makes itself felt when a man is talking with any set purpose, especially for the purpose of distinguishing himself instead of yielding to the spontaneous impulses of the moment. The only allowable art is that of the host, who should mix his company as carefully as his cook compounds his salads, and then, after placing them in the most favorable circumstances, trust to the natural consequences, as a farmer trusts that seed sown in fertile ground will spring up with an average share of sunshine and rain.

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#### THE EASTERN QUESTION.

Continued from page 283.

FROM the year 1845 to 1861 the Greek revenue increased sixty-eight per cent. During thirteen years, from 1844 to 1857, the exports increased from ten millions of drachms to twenty-two millions. During twenty-three years, from 1832 to 1861, the tonnage of the trading vessels increased from 85,000 to 300,000, that is at the rate of more than 350 per cent. There are 27,000 seamen, a number more than half as great again as our

own in proportion to population. One interesting feature of this growing mercantile navy is, that common sailors often unite their humble gains to build and work a small vessel on their own account, as a co-operative society, and in such cases they are never known to disagree about their respective shares of the expense and profits. Surely, a small nation starting in the race of life with such energy, after long and intolerable oppression, should meet with the sympathy of all her sisters.

British good-sense has at least hindered us from believing with Fallmerayer and some other Germans that the Greeks are not even descended from the heroes of Marathon and Plataea. The almost unerring evidence of language shows them to be the purer representatives of old Greece than the modern Italians are of old Rome. A race is never replaced by another without extermination or wholesale emigration. Of course they are not unmixed; there are Albanians at Salamis, Hydra, and in the mountains of Thessaly and Epirus; there are Wallachians in Thessaly; but the very fact that the intruders retain their languages and national characteristics proves that there has been no fusion upon a large scale. One or two forms of the verb constitute the only linguistic element borrowed by modern Greek from the Slavonian. There are some Venetian lineages both on the mainland and in the Ionian Isles, but not in number sufficient to have affected the language. The Greek is indestructible; he alone in the Old World resisted the ostrich-like power of assimilation possessed by Rome.

While the less taught nations upon the Danube regard the English as by temperament the enemies of human freedom, the Greeks understand our motives better. Hence the attempt to propitiate us by their nomination of Prince Alfred. The universal approbation with which the cession of the Ionian Isles was received by the British public shows that the keen Hellenes did not altogether miscalculate. There is growing up amongst us a respect for the political significance of race, and a preference for the natural division of states as distinguished from the artificial unions produced by conquest and maintained by

force. We perceive that it is a corollary from the doctrine of respect for individual men, that nations like men should be their own masters. We no longer hold the interests of England paramount over the rights of native populations, and are not finally decided against the idea that the recognition of the rights of all men may prove the best policy for our own and for general interests. Nay, grave doubts are occasionally suggested as to whether we should maintain the unity of the Ottoman Empire at the cost of all growth in Greece, Servia, and Moldo-Wallachia. The unquestionable rights of the Turks are somewhat akin to those of the Pope—right divine to govern wrong. In civilized society we are accustomed to forcible expropriation of individuals for the sake of general interests. Again, we feel that the right of the Red Indian to the soil he cannot or will not cultivate, is overridden by the common human right to take the most out of the surface of the earth. All these considerations tell against our traditional policy.

While feelings of this order are getting more and more prevalent among intelligent Englishmen, our rulers remain decidedly behind them; a debate on the affairs of Italy, in April, 1859, shows the method according to which English statesmen judge of foreign affairs, and we are afraid they have not yet got much beyond it during the eight or nine intervening years. We quote the discussion on the state of Europe, April 18th, of that year, as it was summed up in the *Times*, with an indispensable running commentary of our own.

Lord Malmesbury began by explaining that English sympathy for Austria arose from our being of the same Teutonic origin. A most philosophical utterance this; it is only to be regretted that of the thirty-seven millions of inhabitants then belonging to Austria, only eight were German, and that these eight millions are now not very certain of remaining Austrian.

His lordship continued: "No minister of this country, and I believe no subject of her Majesty, will deny the undoubted right of Austria to her Italian dominions. She possesses them by inheritance, by conquest, and by treaty; and I know no other titles by which her Gracious Maj-



esty holds, etc." We are afraid that a great many subjects of Queen Victoria were anything but orthodox about the right of Austria to her Italian dominions. There is even room to suspect that Lord Malmesbury himself became open to conviction on this matter a little later. We will also go so far as to say that Queen Victoria's principal title to the homage of her subjects is something higher and surer than conquest, treaty, or inheritance.

Lord Malmesbury proceeded to speak of the treaties of Vienna as of the greatest consequence to the security of the whole of Europe. Yes, that is our crime and our punishment; we sacrificed the repose of Europe to the interests of Austria.

His lordship went on to regret that Austria did not restrict herself to the management of her own affairs. But she could not. A government in a false position is obliged to add usurpation to usurpation, or else to break down altogether. There is a power, apparently unknown to our statesmen, called national spirit, and if Austria had not transgressed all bounds in order to anticipate and crush this spirit, it would have driven her out of Italy years earlier than she was driven. There are circumstances in which a resolute robber is obliged for his own security to murder his victim, and it is to no purpose that timorous accomplices regret his proceeding to such an extreme of violence.

Lord Malmesbury concluded by saying Sardinia "seems to have forgotten that military glory may be an appendage of constitutional government, but that it is not its object." Sardinia did not care for military glory; but Italy wanted existence and unity, and it has won them in defiance of all this pedantry, and none are more happy in the result than the noble lords and honorable members who said so many fine things to the contrary.

Lord Clarendon saw no "affinity between the Lombards and Piedmontese—not even that of language" (!). He held that if we sanction the violation of treaties in one instance, the process will not stop there. "If Europe is to be scrambled for," there will be nothing but endless confusion and strife.

Lord Derby: England has at heart

the cause of freedom; but the king of Sardinia should not have spoken at the opening of the Legislature, of the cry of anguish which burst from Italy. Wishes the Austrian treaties with the minor Italian States were abandoned.

This conversation took place in the House under the influence of an uneasy feeling, which soon after passed away. Our statesmen at that time wished to act as a drag upon the freedom of Italy. Their views have since so completely changed, as far as the Italian Peninsula is concerned, that they can hardly be expected to remember their speeches sufficiently to repudiate them. In fact, the principles then put forth have not been repudiated; a liberal instinct in behalf of Italy made itself felt as soon the prejudices roused by French intervention were lulled; but this is made an exceptional case, and our rulers continue to pursue in the East the policy that they were glad to abandon, and of which they applauded the discomfiture in Italy. There is the same tendency to see in the struggles of a people for existence, nothing but the ambition of princes; the same fear of touching anything in a system of forced and artificial order, lest the whole edifice should go to pieces; the same well-meaning but short-sighted efforts to obtain a reasonably good government, and some respect for elementary human rights, from Powers that only exist by usurpation and can only continue by tyranny; there is, in short, the same repugnance or else incapacity to go to the bottom of things.

Mr. Grant Duff went a little too far when he said in Parliament, June, 1863, that the Christians of Turkey had no enemy in England except Lord Palmerston. Would it were so; but assuredly the greatest enemy of these populations, and of our own character for liberality, justice, and mercy, is that ignorance of Eastern affairs which prevails among English constituencies, and even among their representatives. Englishmen leave the direction of the part to be played by their country in foreign affairs to statesmen who have to do with the rulers, not the people of other countries, who breathe only the conventional air of courts, living in constant contact and diplomatic intercourse, and discuss-

ing details of dynastic policy with men whose function it is to blind and cajole each other, and to stifle the popular voice. Our diplomatists abroad manifest conventional sympathies with liberty and progress, but have not the art of making British influence tell effectually in their favor. Doing a little at one time to fall in with our national sympathies for freedom and justice; trying a few months later to soothe the disquietude of despots; dreading the breaking up of an order of things supposed to be necessary; sick and uneasy at the follies and cruelties they cannot prevent,—the statesmen of the diplomatic school have managed to perpetuate a wavering, ill-defined, contradictory international policy, which, on the whole, lets despotism carry the day, inspiring the Liberals of Europe with angry distrust and the oppressed with bitter despair.

Some years ago in an article in *Fraser's Magazine*, Mr. Mill made a vigorous protest against the inconsecutive, happy-go-lucky nature of our foreign policy, considered as a whole. Neither the powers and the peoples with whom we are brought into contact, nor the English people itself, nor those that act for that people in its relations with the outer world, appear to know on any particular occasion what the real gist of the policy of England will be. The letter of this statement is less justified by our attitude in the East than it is elsewhere, for we may always be reckoned upon to do whatever may strengthen the hands of the Turks. But in doing so our representatives cannot altogether lay aside the instincts and traditions of Englishmen; there is the same practical vacillation as in other spheres; our policy is ineffectual to protect the Turks, and it is almost habitually the reverse of what it would be if we loved our neighbors enough to feel our responsibility and to take the trouble of becoming well informed. English statesmen are hardly ever found to discuss upon its own merits any topic connected with the East; their policy is one of expedients, and in every kind of human affairs mere expediency generally goes wrong.

Joseph le Maistre once wrote: "Observe the nations that are wisest and

best governed at home; you will see them lose their wisdom altogether, and be no longer like themselves, when they have to do with governing others." This saying hardly applies to the England of the present day, for when foreign races are brought under her direct and recognized administration, a sense of responsibility is really brought home to the public mind. But we do become unlike ourselves when we have indirectly to do with the fate of alien races, and our judgment is warped by prejudice. Our contemptuous indifference to being misunderstood by foreigners is culpable as well as impolitic, and it has contributed perhaps more than anything else to that character for selfish and narrow unscrupulousness so unjustly attributed to us by the continental masses.

To become just in their foreign relations, nations must learn to understand each other; and in this respect, from our character and our insular position, we are sadly backward, understanding others too little, and being ourselves understood still less. Now it was said with truth some years ago, by a writer in the *National Review* :—

"The diffused multitude of moderate men, whose opinions taken in the aggregate form public opinion, are just as likely to be tyrannical toward what they do not realize, inapprehensive of what is not argued out, thoughtless of what is not brought before them, as any other class can be. They will judge well of what they are made to understand; they will not be harsh to feelings that are brought home to their imagination; but the materials of a judgment must be given them, the necessary elements of imagination must be provided, otherwise the result is certain. A free government is the most stubbornly stupid of all governments to whatever is unheard by its deciding classes."

The writer was thinking of a different subject; but he unconsciously gives us the philosophy of our omissions and commissions in the East.

It is only to a part of the press that we can look to enlighten the public on these matters. That part which possesses so much undue power because its course is supposed to indicate what is likely to be the common opinion, makes itself the organ of popular prejudices instead of attempting to dissipate them. The *Times* is for this reason ever ready to repeat in new circumstances the same

series of errors and misstatements which have been already stultified by events in analogous circumstances; it refuses to credit disagreeable facts until their evidence is irresistible, and it becomes the advocate of truth and right only when the contrary prejudice has been overcome, and they no longer need its support. How blindly it swallowed the Austrian bulletins in 1859; the Austrian army had retreated behind the Adda, before the *Times* could bring itself to look upon the battle of Magenta as a French victory. It scoffed when the common councilmen of Milan carried the allegiance of their city to Victor Emanuel, as if Italy had any other way of giving herself to the monarch of her choice than by fragments. The *Times'* correspondent of Turin, in the number of March 17, 1859, was indignant at the fuss the Piedmontese made about resisting Austria, and treated as scamps, and as ordinary deserters, and men unfaithful to their salt, the Lombard nobles, who came at all risks to serve as common soldiers in the Piedmontese army. Of course it began to take the side of the Italians when they were winning; but even then bargained that there should be as little emancipation as possible.

If the events of Europe since 1815 teach us anything, it is the vitality of nationalities. Poland alone has been crushed under irresistible odds, but everywhere else the principle triumphs. We helped to put Austria in a position to illustrate this truth at her expense. "Enemy of the human race, and especially of her own allies," as De Maistre proclaimed her, she has been obliged to ruin her finances and trouble the world in the vain effort to keep down the peoples we had helped to give over to her iron arms. We thereby shared her iniquity, and if we pursue the same sort of policy too long and too consistently, we shall expiate our blindness by some national humiliation, for England can be wounded in the East.

It is well to observe that we live in an age in which national feeling grows in intensity from year to year, and, for aught we know, it may be on the eve of accomplishing greater miracles than we have seen. The great mistakes of Napoleon III. have consisted in under-

rating this feeling in Italy, in the United States, and in Germany. We equally underrate it in the East. This instinct is not an invariable force; the patriotic feeling in old Greece and Rome was that of civism rather than nationality. In the middle ages the feelings of caste and of common Christianity were much stronger than patriotism. In Spain, love of country and hatred of the infidel became confounded from circumstances. The resistance of the Scotch to English conquest, and the enthusiasm of the French under Joan of Arc, exhibit the dawning of modern patriotism; though in both cases there was evidence enough that the feeling was not universal. At the French Revolution this spirit was abroad as it had never been before; and when Napoleon had contrived to transform the first revolutionary energy into the mere spirit of military glory, the nations that rose up against him were filled in their turn with the patriotic inspiration. "I am going to set Germany free from demagoguery," said Napoleon, when he set out for Leipzig.

Patriotism is a feeling that will probably diminish in a future age, when every country will offer its natives the same free institutions, and when the prejudices and antagonisms now fostered by ignorance will have disappeared. He who said, "Whosoever shall do the will of My Father which is in heaven, the same is My brother, and sister, and mother," gives us a glimpse of ties stronger than those of nature and neighborhood, and which are to be one day universal. However that may be, it is certain that the desire to assert national rights is at the present moment one of the strongest of human impulses, and that it is increasing from year to year. A little liberty gives appetite for more; partial emancipation, or the spectacle of the emancipation of neighboring nations, makes patriotic aspiration all the more ardent and the more hopeful; it is only irritated, not discouraged, by obstacles, and kindles at defeat. The ambitious purposes of a monarch die out when they are resisted, or may be turned aside into new combinations; but the aspirations of a nation for political existence act with the untiring perseverance of natural agents.

If the strength of this feeling gives promise of the future emancipation of

the remainder of the Greeks, it weighs against their pretension to supremacy over the other Christian subjects of Turkey. You insult a Bulgarian to-day if you call him a Greek. He will indignantly reply that he is a Bulgarian of the orthodox faith; he hates the Hellenes. They can never more become an imperial race. Their vanity, venality, rapacity, and selfishness in every shape, have thoroughly alienated all the other Christians from them. The Greek bishops made themselves from the first the allies and instruments of the Turks, and their tyranny drove more converts into Islamism throughout the empire, than any other cause. Even at this moment the Greek clergy in Bosnia, Herzegovina, and Bulgaria, coöperate with the Turks in frustrating the ends of the *Hatt-i-humayoon*.

We read in a letter of November 4, 1865, from a clear-sighted and impartial observer at Constantinople:

"The different Christian communities would prefer to be governed by the Turks rather than by a rival Christian sect. The Armenians, for example, dislike the Turks, but they hate the Greeks; and the Greeks would much rather be governed by Turks than Armenians; they hate the Turks, but they despise the Armenians. Those who favor the restoration of a Greek empire, as an improvement upon a Mussulman government, know but little of the modern Greeks, and give but little heed to the events which are transpiring in the present kingdom of Greece. I can safely say that there are not two millions of people in this empire who would not rebel against a Greek government at Constantinople at once. The Greek people are hated, not by Armenians alone, but by at least three-fourths of the members of the Greek Church in Turkey. The overthrow of the present Government would, undoubtedly, be followed by long years of terrible anarchy."

The Albanians, whom M. Hahn has shown to be the descendants of the old Pelasgi, have more affinity with the Greeks than any of the Slavonian tribes. Albania Proper has about a million of inhabitants, nearly equally divided between Christianity and Islamism. The Albanians of Epirus are 400,000 in number, of whom four-fifths are Christians. There are 210,000 Albanians and 40,000 Wallachians within the limits of modern Greece, and this ethnological diversity

is not found to be a practical inconvenience.

We now come to the struggle in Crete, the immediate cause of there being at this moment an Eastern Question, and of our observations upon it. The population of this island were so disgusted with the rule of the Venetians, that the conquest by the Turks in 1699, became at first a matter of rejoicing. They were, however, soon undeceived, for their treatment by the conquerors was harsh and barbarous in the extreme, so that, choosing to become themselves oppressors rather than to be oppressed, a considerable part of the people embraced Islamism. These Cretan Mussulmans have always had a worse reputation in the Levant than any other converts; they were distinguished by the most horrible brutality and cruelty. The configuration of the island, combined with the innate Greek tendency to political isolation, had from the earliest times led to the establishment of a multitude of small independent States, ever at war with each other. This state of society contributed to make the Cretans from extreme antiquity a people of warriors, who hired themselves out as mercenaries to all the neighboring nations. Even in Judæa, a thousand years before Christ, King David had his body-guard of Cherethites. The traditions of mercenary military service demoralized the population, as has been the case in all countries where it was practised, and St. Paul himself endorsed this sentence, "The Cretans are always liars, evil beasts, slow bellies." It would really seem as if these national characteristics had been transmitted through all the intervening generations, and of course it was the least worthy and generous elements of the people that apostatized.

The atrocities perpetrated by the Cretan Mussulmans early in this century, were on such a scale, that the Porte determined to put an end to them after its own fashion. Hadji Osman, who was sent as governor in 1813, invited the chiefs of the Janissaries and leading Mahometans to a conference, at which he had them all seized and summarily executed, without the form of a trial. Encouraged by this weakening of their adversaries, and by the revolt of the Greeks on the mainland, the Christians



rose up in arms in 1821. There was a fierce and bloody struggle; but a large body of Egyptian troops, better armed and disciplined than the islanders, succeeded in crushing the rebellion in the central and eastern districts. The inhabitants of the White Mountains alone held out. This is the western extremity of the island; it contains lofty mountains, including one summit of ten thousand feet, and elevated plains, Askyphe and Kallikrati, only accessible through defiles of such a nature that a few determined men can defend them against any odds. It is, in short, a grand natural fortress, at once impregnable and capable of providing food for some thousand men. Its inhabitants, who were unmixed with Mussulmans, and had never yielded much more than a nominal allegiance to the Porte, continued the war in a more or less desultory way until 1830. The Great Powers then interfered; Candia was given back to the Ottoman Empire, but remained until 1840 in the hands of Mahomet Ali, as an indemnity for the services and expenses of the Egyptian army.

In 1841 there was a new insurrection, and the Cretans were persuaded that England coveted the sovereignty of this island, and would have sustained them if they had cast themselves upon her protection.

The European Powers guaranteed the promises of the Porte, that no tax should be imposed upon the Cretans except tithe, and the taxation for exemption from military service. Instead of this they were soon subjected to the most exorbitant and crushing taxation, which was made to fall upon some of the necessities of life; and the Powers who had induced the Cretans to lay down their arms, did not make so much as a feeble protest in order to save appearances. These facts should be noted, because part of the British press pretend that the Cretans prove the insincerity of their complaints by refusing to put up with assurances of municipal liberties, and improved administration, and so forth, with the guarantee of the protecting Powers. The Cretans know too well what our promises are worth. They are made to keep them quiet, and they are doubtless intended to be fulfilled by the statesmen who make them, but no promises of good

government to which Turks are a party can be kept.

It is also frequently asserted, the insurrection was merely the result of Russian and Greek intrigues. Now it is notorious all through the Levant, that a succession of bad crops made the previously existing grievances intolerable, and that the Cretans did not appeal to arms until they had exhausted all the resources of peaceable agitation. Early in 1866, a vast unarmed meeting adopted a petition for presentation to the Sultan, and formed a permanent committee of thirty persons to represent them and treat for them. The immediate occasion of the insurrection was the refusal of Ismail Pasha to guarantee the immunity of the members of this committee, and in this he was sustained by the English and French Consuls, who treated the demand as an insult to a civilized government.

We shall have recourse once more to the Oriental authority, in whose information and disinterestedness we have most confidence. One of the American missionaries at Constantinople writes on the 7th of November, 1866, three months after the breaking out of hostilities:

"When the story of this rebellion is published by the impartial witnesses who are now carefully recording what they see and know, the civilized world will be startled by the story. Such witnesses, then, are in Crete, and in due time such a history of this insurrection will be published as cannot be gained. It will be a story of horrors which will not be an honor to the seventh decade of the nineteenth century. The Cretans did not intend to appeal to arms when they sought, all through the first months of this year, to obtain redress from the Porte for the wrongs from which they were suffering. The Pasha, who ruled the island, was a brute, and he drove them to desperation. I do not know that the Porte desired to drive the Cretans to insurrection, nor do I know that the French Consul sympathized with such an idea; but I do know that, if this had been their wish, they could not have adopted surer means to secure it. Even up to the very last, the removal of Ismail Pasha and a respectful consideration of the claims of the people would have prevented an outbreak. The Porte was informed of this fact on authority which they ought to have received; but they persevered in their course, and the French approved. A little earlier than this Ismail Pasha himself might have quieted the people,

if he had been willing to conciliate them by treating them as men, but he refused to do so. In this he was encouraged by the French Consul, and, if I am not misinformed, by the English Consul also, in some measure.

"It seems to be true that the Cretans are getting discouraged. They had confidently hoped for at least moral aid from Christian Europe. They have not had even this. But even more than this disappointment, the horrible barbarities perpetrated by the Turks have discouraged the people, at the same time that they have rendered them almost desperate.

"The scenes of the Greek Revolution have been re-enacted in Crete. The Pasha in command is the same man who drowned the Revolution of 1841 in blood. He is more brutal now than he was then. No one who does not know the East can realize what it is to give full license to Turkish and Egyptian soldiers. He has done more than this. He has urged on his men; he has carefully destroyed the deserted villages; he has cut down the olive-groves upon which the people depend for their living; he has burned to death old men and women in caves and upon slow fires. Parties of soldiers, especially of the Moslem volunteers of Crete and the irregular troops from Albania, scour the country, murdering men and children, inflicting outrages of the worst kind upon women, and committing atrocities worthy of demons.

"In the midst of all these horrors, suffered by their own families, and with starvation staring them in the face, it is not strange that the hearts of these poor wretches sink within them, nor that some are inclined to give up everything in despair. They can hardly hold out much longer. Might not England have intervened to prevent these horrors, at least so far as to secure to the Cretans the rights which she had guaranteed to them herself not many years ago?"

Of course, no sooner had the insurrection begun than the Greeks of the mainland seized the opportunity with enthusiasm, and volunteers flocked in. The Turks on their side made the greatest efforts to crush the insurgents by overwhelming numbers, lest the success of the Cretans should encourage other malcontents and prove the beginning of the end, so that the war has been a most exhausting one for their resources, and even at an early period they were so dismayed by the energetic resistance they met with, that the project of making the island over to Egypt was seriously entertained, and it is understood to have been favored by French diplomatists.

It must have been disagreeable long

ago when one had been dining in company with a courteous and gentleman-like Jamaica planter, to learn next morning that while the company had been sitting over their walnuts and their wine, an unfortunate negress had been whipped to death by the overseer of the plantation. We can quite understand Lord Stanley's slowness to avow the information he had received about the atrocities committed in Crete, though, coming as it did from a gentleman who was himself partially to blame, and who was so placed as to see nothing and hear little of these outrages, it could not be supposed an adequate statement. Lord Stanley said both parties were equally cruel. Doubtless there has been the most implacable retaliation; that is in human nature, as our own remembrances of India in 1857 and 1858 might help us to understand; but, it should be remembered, the English Consul is so placed as to hear what the Mussulmans suffer from the Christians, and to be comparatively ignorant of the barbarities perpetrated on the opposite side.

We may make Abdul Medjid Knight of the Garter, and the Prussian Order of the Black Eagle may glitter on the breast of Foad Pasha; but, while his Ottoman Majesty was feasting in London, in Coblenz, and in Vienna, and awakening the enthusiasm of our newspaper writers, war was being carried on against the unhappy Cretans with all the means of destruction possessed by the most advanced civilization, and at the same time with all the passion and cruelty of the most barbarous times. Prisoners were hacked to pieces leisurely, paralytic old men mutilated in their beds, and then burnt. The fact that out of a population of 120,000 Christians, at least one-fourth, and perhaps more, old men, women, and children, have fled from the island, some of them crowding into small open boats, and some for that reason perishing at sea:—that simple fact is enough to suggest the horrors that caused such an exodus. Emigration now goes on as a means of delivering the insurgents from the difficulty of feeding non-combatants; but it was at first the refuge of despair.\*

\* We know not what to say of the candor or

Nor is the Sultan personally altogether guiltless of the deeds wrought in his name. There is a paper in Constantinople called the *Tasfri Efkiar*, which is semi-official, and edited by a young man in the employment of the Foreign Office. It is the favorite paper of the Turks. Some two months after the breaking out of the Cretan insurrection, a long article was published upon the subject in this paper. It declared that if the rebel Christians prolonged the struggle, there would be but one way of ending it. The Turks had tolerated these things long enough, and ought now to adopt a policy of extermination. Every Christian, man, woman, or child, should be put to the sword, and the island colonized with Moslems. It was a fierce, fanatical, but powerfully-written article, and it attracted the attention of the Sultan himself. He sent for the editor, and complimented him personally for it. The rank of the young man was raised at once, and he was decorated by imperial order, just as his master, some months later, was to be received into the ranks of our highest Christian chivalry. The Russian minister, hearing of this, had the article translated, and taking it in his hand, he demanded explanations of Ali Pasha. The Pasha replied that the decoration was not given as a reward for the sentiments expressed, but for the literary merit of the article, its pure and beautiful style!

The *Saturday Review* intimates that the numerous accounts of murders and atrocities, which filled the press as soon as hostilities began, should raise distrust instead of gaining credit; they were "so like old stories resuscitated." It seems that lust and cruelty must invent new and original methods of glutting themselves before the *Saturday Reviewers* can believe in their existence. In our eyes these are, indeed, very like the old stories of Turkish mansuetude, and for that reason all the more credible.

There cannot have been more than 20,000 men under arms at any time in the Cretan cause, even reckoning 5,000 volunteers from Continental Greece, and as they had to contend with considerably

superior armies, Turkish, Egyptian, and native Moslem, they were after a few months driven into the recesses of the White Mountains; but these are impregnable, and, as has been already observed, can even provide partially for the wants of the garrison; blockade runners can do the rest, so that with a little expense on the part of Greece, or of Russia, if Greek finances fail, the contest can be maintained interminably. With the consciousness of the strength of their position, the local provincial government peremptorily rejected the proposals of the Porte on the 10th of October last. We transcribe some passages from their answer, addressed to Redschid Pasha:—

"For fifteen months we have sustained, with arms in our hands, a struggle unequal, but legitimate, for we have armed ourselves definitively to shake off the horrible yoke which the Government of the Sultan has caused to weigh upon us for two centuries, and under which we have suffered the most terrible evils.

"... We have considered the sadness and misery of our position, thanks to the inertia of your administration; we have compared ourselves with other European peoples; we have asked ourselves what would be our future; we have not been able to discover any chance of progress for ourselves, nor of amelioration of our fate under the sovereignty of the Sultan; the *Tanzimat* and the *Hatt-i-Humayoon*, vain promises, of which a long experience has shown the inefficiency, were not of a nature to reassure us as to our future fate. No longer, then, hoping anything, we have taken up arms, and relying on the right of nationalities, we have boldly proclaimed the forfeiture of the Turkish domination, and, confident in our right, have voted our reunion to our mother country, Greece.

"A war of extermination has for several months continued its ravages over our beautiful island. The unbridled hordes of Asia and Africa, let loose upon our unhappy country to fight a people who are weak and not numerous, but courageous and tenacious, commit the most horrible outrages on women, children, the aged and defenceless, and by these abominations they have justly raised the indignation of all the peoples, both of the Old and the New World.

"After so many calamities and disasters, after such sacrifices on our part, how can your Excellency seriously propose to us to lay down our arms, and to have confidence in the amnesty granted by the Sultan in his magnanimity? How can you ask us to return to our dwellings to enjoy in safety the

else the sagacity of those English journals who treated it as a political manœuvre.

protection of the Imperial Government? Does not your Excellency, then, remember that, at the head of your ferocious militia, you have demolished our habitations; that everywhere on your passage you devastated and sacked our unfortunate country; that the blood of innocent victims unjustly shed has dug between you and us an abyss which nothing can fill up? No tie, absolutely, now unites us to you. Our religion, language, manners, customs, national traditions, are opposed to yours. The massacres committed by you in the present war, the profanation of our temples, the destruction of our villages, of our olive woods, of our vines—all these acts of vandalism have crowned the enmity between you and us, and it is henceforth impossible for us to live under the law of such cruel tyrants.

"Your Excellency's Government then deceives itself strangely, if it hopes to bring us again under its dominion by fallacious promises. Consequently, we boldly refuse the six weeks' truce which you grant us, reserving to ourselves the right to attack the Imperial troops when and where we think proper. Neither will we accept the authorization given us to emigrate with our families within the above-named time. You well know that up to this time thousands of families have quitted Crete without the authorization of your magnanimous government.

"Our families provisionally quit our wretched country to escape from the cowardly assassinations of Turkish women-killers, but we never had, and never shall have, the thoughts of abandoning for ever our dear country. Whilst we have a drop of blood in our veins, whilst we have strength enough left to carry a gun, we will not abandon the land where our ancestors and our fathers were born, the land watered by the blood of our wives and our children, the land that covers the bones of so many martyrs of liberty. We will, on the contrary, remain there, and with arms in our hands, we will everywhere and always deal death to our cruel and sanguinary tyrants, and will remain immovably faithful to the oath we have taken, to unite ourselves to Greece or die."

There may be a little wordiness, a little declamation, in this spirited declaration of independence, and the Fenians have so disgusted us with mock heroics of late, that we look askance upon everything that reminds us of their style. But when we remember that the men who drew up this paper were the cousins and brothers of those who a few months before had blown themselves up along with their besiegers in the monastery of Arkadion, we feel they have a right to speak as men who are in ear-

nest. They who are so ready for high deeds, may be forgiven their sonorous words. The self-devotion displayed in the Italian cause was not so great as theirs, nor was the misgovernment of Austria comparable to that of Turkey; then why have we different measures for these two nations who are both struggling for their birthright? The *Times* answers, it was policy, not sentiment, that prompted our joyful acquiescence in the emancipation of the Italian Peninsula. Well, let it be supposed for a moment that policy forbids the emancipation of the Greeks; then let us honestly confess that interest makes us take the ungenerous side; let us not try to save our good opinion of ourselves by inventing grievances against the victims of our policy. Let the lamb be given to the jaws of the wolf, if it must, but let us not accuse the lamb of troubling the water. There is more hope for the cynic than the hypocrite in politics as well as religion.

We now pass from the Turks, Greeks, and Albanians, to the long belt of Slavonic tribes, extending from the Adriatic to the Black Sea; of whom the Western, or Servian, and Croatian half, speak the purest Slavonic, ethnologists being in some doubt as to the original affiliation of the Bulgarians. Without reckoning the 900,000 Bulgarians, Christian or Moslem, who have pushed their way south of the Balkan, there are about six millions and a half speaking the two languages, of whom more than a million and a half have embraced Mahometanism. It is the case with 950,000 Bosnians, more than 200,000 Servians in Old Servia, and 450,000 Bulgarians. Montenegro is estimated at about 100,000 inhabitants. The free principality of Servia now contains 1,100,000, and the population is rapidly increasing. That of Bosnia, including Rascia, Turkish Croatia, and the Herzegovina, is reckoned to be 1,770,000; Old or Turkish Servia, 500,000; Bulgaria Proper, 3,100,000.

It is the misfortune of the Turks that all the races subject to them in Europe, have glorious remembrances which contribute to make them fret under the yoke. A French writer says, there are millions that daily ask, When will the Servian Empire come? We believe that they



should henceforth confine their aspirations to liberty, but, some centuries ago, the idea of a Servian Empire was very near becoming a reality. The dynasty founded by Stephen Nemanja in 1165, bid fair for some time to raise itself on the ruins of the *effete* Greeks, in which case a young and vigorous civilization would have confronted the Ottoman wave when it advanced upon Europe. The greatest of the Nemanitch princes was the celebrated Dûshan the strong, the Charlemagne of Servia, of whose existence Gibbon does not seem to have been aware (1336—1356). In twelve campaigns he wrested from the Cæsars the provinces of Thrace, Macedonia, Thessaly, Albania, and Acarnania, reducing the Greeks to the narrow triangle formed by Salonica, Constantinople, and Bourgaz. Bosnia was incorporated in his dominions; Bulgaria paid him tribute; Ragusa placed herself under his protection. He was inscribed in the Golden Book of Venice as Emperor of Rascia and Romania. He also twice defeated the Hungarians. His frequent wars did not hinder his issuing a code of laws most remarkable for that period, and he made the church of Servia independent of the Patriarch of Constantinople.

At last, in 1356, Dûshan determined to plant his banner, the double-headed eagle, with a crown suspended over each head and a lily in each claw, upon the walls of Constantinople itself. He thought, to use a Turkish simile, that there could no more be two emperors at a time, than two sabres in the same scabbard. The occasion seemed propitious. Menaced from Asia by the Turks, weakened by internal dissensions, beaten at sea by the Genoese, driven from the field by the victorious Servians, the Greeks of John Paleologus seemed incapable of resistance. Dûshan had marched at the head of eighty thousand men to within thirty miles of Constantinople, when he was seized with fever and died at the age of forty-five, full, it is said, of the most gloomy presentiments. The momentary greatness of Servia died with him, and the destinies of the East were changed.

In the anarchy that followed, Dûshan's conquests were soon lost. The independence of the Servians themselves per-

ished with their last prince, Lazarus, at the fatal battle of Cossovo in 1389. This defeat was owing to the desertion of Vouk Brancovitch, a Vaivode jealous of his master, who with twelve thousand men declared for the Turks in the midst of the battle. The victory of the Turks was nevertheless dearly bought; the Sultan Murad I. and the flower of his army mingled their blood with that of the vanquished. The remains of the unfortunate Lazarus were brought to the convent of Ravanitza, and thither the Servians are wont to go in pilgrimage on the anniversary of the battle of Cossovo. According to the *pesmas* or ballads of the peasantry, the popular hero after this great national disaster was Marco Kralievitch, the type of a valiant, but reckless and brutal soldier, a sort of Servian King Arthur, whose name is interwoven with a world of myths and remembrances. His submission to the crescent alternated with fits of savage and capricious independence, and he was killed fighting in the army of Sultan Bajazet against the Roumans. He is expected to reappear one day, mounted on his war-horse, Charutz.

According to popular tradition, the Servians also fought with the Turks against John Hunniades, because they imagined, whether truly or falsely, that the Magyars wanted to force them to become Roman Catholics. Scattered Heidukes, or robbers, like the Klephts in Greece, maintained a precarious individual independence among the forests and mountains. After the battle of Cossovo the flower of the Servian nobles took refuge in Ragusa. That city was ruined by an awful earthquake in 1667, and public instruction falling into the hands of the Jesuits, its literature was stifled. The members of the Servian aristocracy who remained at home refused to apostatize, and thereby lost all distinction from the mass of the people, but this has contributed to give the whole race a sense at once of equality and dignity. Every Servian considers himself a gentleman. They are a spirited and lively race, who call the Germans "the dumb," from their want of gaiety.

It was in 1804 that Kara (black) George, a man who did not know how to read, raised the standard of insurrec-

tion against the Turks in the wild forest district of Schumadia, and the Heidukes, coming out of their inaccessible retreats, gathered around him. He took Belgrade in 1806. In the plain of Wawarin, with only 3,000 men, he put to flight the army of Kurschid Pasha, ten times as numerous. At the battle of Michar, when the little Servian army of eight or nine thousand men was summoned by the Seraskier to lay down their arms, he answered, like Leonidas, of whom doubtless he had never heard, "Come and take them," and when the foe accepted the challenge, defeated them with slaughter. In 1810 the deliverance of Servia seemed accomplished, and the Sultan proposed to recognize Kara George as hospodar under the Russian guarantee, but the negotiations were protracted, intestine divisions began to prevail among the Christian chiefs, Russia concluded the peace of Bucharest without making conditions for Servia, and at the renewal of hostilities in 1813, Black George fled in despair to the Austrian territory, where he died. Servia became once more a Pashalik, and men who had submitted upon promises of amnesty, were shot and impaled by the infuriated Turks. Milosch Obrenovitch then became the leader of a new insurrection in 1815, and after many vicissitudes, by mingled bravery and policy, succeeded both in freeing his countrymen, and in establishing his own dynasty over them. Russian intrigues gave him at one time as much trouble as Turkish violence, and he was an exile from 1839 to 1860, for, since the successful revolt, Russia has always tried to pit the Servians against each other, and hinder them from forming a stable government. They are a pastoral people given to petty jealousies, and one of their accusations against Milosch was, that he could not bear to see any of his people with a larger herd of swine than himself!

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

Temple Bar Magazine.

#### TORNADOES AND LAND-STORMS.

BY RICHARD A. PROCTOR, B.A., F.R.A.S.,  
AUTHOR OF "SATURN AND ITS SYSTEM," ETC.

THE inhabitants of the earth are subjected to agencies which—beneficial, doubtless, in the long run, perhaps nec-

essary to the very existence of terrestrial races—appear, at first sight, energetically destructive. Such are—in order of destructiveness—the hurricane, the earthquake, the volcano, and the thunderstorm. When we read of earthquakes, such as those which overthrew Lisbon, Callao, and Riobamba, and learn that one hundred thousand persons fell victims in the great Sicilian earthquake in 1693, and probably three hundred thousand in the two earthquakes which assailed Antioch in the years 526 and 612, we are disposed to assign at once to this devastating phenomenon the foremost place among the agents of destruction. But this judgment must be reversed when we consider that earthquakes—though so fearfully and suddenly destructive both to life and property—yet occur but seldom compared with wind-storms, while the effects of a real hurricane are scarcely less destructive than those of the sharpest shocks of earthquake. After ordinary storms, long miles of the sea-coast are strewn with the wrecks of many once gallant ships, and with the bodies of their hapless crews. In the spring of 1866 there might be seen at a single view from the heights near Plymouth twenty-two shipwrecked vessels, and this after a storm, which, though severe, was but trifling compared with the hurricanes which sweep over the torrid zones, and thence, scarcely diminished in force, as far north sometimes as our own latitudes. It was in such a hurricane that the "Royal Charter" was wrecked, and hundreds of stout ships with her. In the great hurricane of 1780, which commenced at Barbadoes and swept across the whole breadth of the North Atlantic, fifty sail were driven ashore at the Bermudas, two line-of-battle ships went down at sea, and upward of twenty thousand persons lost their lives on the land. So tremendous was the force of this hurricane (Captain Maury tells us) that "the bark was blown from the trees, and the fruits of the earth destroyed; the very bottom and depths of the sea were uprooted—forts and castles were washed away, and their great guns carried in the air like chaff; houses were razed: ships wrecked; and the bodies of men and beasts lifted up in the air and dashed to pieces in the storm"—an account,

however, which (though doubtless faithfully rendered by Maury from the authorities he consulted) must perhaps be accepted *cum grano*, and especially with reference to the great guns carried in the air "like chaff." \*

In the gale of August, 1782, all the trophies of Lord Rodney's victory, except the "Ardent," were destroyed, two British ships-of-the-line foundered at sea, numbers of merchantmen under Admiral Graves' convoy were wrecked, and at sea alone three thousand lives were lost.

But, quite recently, a storm far more destructive than these swept over the Bay of Bengal. Most of our readers doubtless remember the great gale of October, 1864, in which all the ships in harbor at Calcutta were swept from their anchorage, and driven one upon another in inextricable confusion. Fearful as was the loss of life and property in Calcutta harbor, the destruction on land was greater. A vast wave swept for miles over the surrounding country, embankments were destroyed, and whole villages, with their inhabitants, swept away. Fifty thousand souls it is believed perished in this fearful hurricane.

The gale which has just ravaged the Gulf of Mexico adds another to the long list of disastrous hurricanes. As we write, the effects produced by this tornado are beginning to be made known. Already its destructiveness has become but too certainly evidenced.

The laws which appear to regulate the generation and the progress of cyclonic storms are well worthy of careful study.

The regions chiefly infested by hurricanes are the West Indies, the southern parts of the Indian Ocean, the Bay of Bengal, and the China seas. Each region has its special hurricane season.

In the West Indies, cyclones occur principally in August and September, when the south-east monsoons are at their height. At the same season the African south-westerly monsoons are blowing. Accordingly there are two sets of winds, both blowing heavily

and steadily from the Atlantic, disturbing the atmospheric equilibrium, and thus in all probability generating the great West Indian hurricanes. The storms thus arising show their force first at a distance of about six or seven hundred miles from the equator, and far to the east of the region in which they attain their greatest fury. They sweep with a north-westerly course to the Gulf of Mexico, pass thence northward, and so to the north-east, sweeping in a wide curve (resembling the letter U placed thus  $\sqsubset$ ) around the West Indian seas, and thence travelling across the Atlantic, generally expending their fury before they reach the shores of Western Europe. This course is the storm track (or storm- $\sqsubset$  as we shall call it). Of the behavior of the winds as they traverse this track, we shall have to speak when we come to consider the peculiarity from which these storms derive their names of "cyclones" and "tornadoes."

The hurricanes of the Indian Ocean occur at the "changing of the monsoons." "During the interregnum," writes Maury, "the fiends of the storm hold their terrific sway." Becalmed, often for a day or two, seamen hear moaning sounds in the air, forewarning them of the coming storm. Then, suddenly, the winds break loose from the forces which have for a while controlled them, and "seem to rage with a fury that would break up the fountains of the deep."

In the North Indian seas hurricanes rage at the same season as in the West Indies.

In the China seas occur those fearful gales known among sailors as "typhoons," or "white squalls." These take place at the changing of the monsoons. Generated, like the West Indian hurricanes, at a distance of some ten or twelve degrees from the equator, typhoons sweep in a curve similar to that followed by the Atlantic storms around the East Indian Archipelago, and the shores of China to the Japanese Islands.

There occur land-storms, also, of a cyclonic character in the valley of the Mississippi. "I have often observed the paths of such storms," says Maury, "through the forests of the Mississippi. There the track of these tornadoes is called a 'wind-road,' because they make

\* We remember to have read that in this hurricane guns which had long lain under water were washed up like mere drift upon the beach. Perhaps this circumstance grew gradually into the incredible story above recorded.

an avenue through the wood straight along, and as clear of trees as if the old denizens of the forest had been cleared with an axe. I have seen trees three or four feet in diameter torn up by the roots, and the top, with its limbs, lying next the hole whence the root came." Another writer, who was an eye-witness to the progress of one of these American land-storms, thus speaks of its destructive effects. "I saw, to my great astonishment, that the noblest trees of the forest were falling into pieces. A mass of branches, twigs, foliage, and dust moved through the air, whirled onward like a cloud of feathers, and passing, disclosed a wide space filled with broken trees, naked stumps, and heaps of shapeless ruins, which marked the path of the tempest."

If it appeared, on a careful comparison of observations made in different places, that these winds swept directly along those tracks which they appear to follow, a comparatively simple problem would be presented to the meteorologist. But this is not found to be the case. At one part of a hurricane's course the storm appears to be travelling with fearful fury along the true storm- $\sqsubset$ ; at another, less furiously directly across the storm-track; at another, but with yet diminished force, though still fiercely, in a direction exactly opposite to that of the storm-track.

All these motions appear to be fairly accounted for by the theory that the true path of the storm is a spiral—or rather, that while the centre of disturbance continually travels onward in a widely extended curve, the storm-wind sweeps continually around the centre of disturbance, as a whirlpool around its vortex.

And here a remarkable circumstance attracts our notice, the consideration of which points to the mode in which cyclones may be conceived to be generated. It is found, by a careful study of different observations made upon the same storm, that cyclones in the northern hemisphere *invariably* sweep round the onward travelling vortex of disturbance in *one* direction, and southern cyclones in the contrary direction. If we place a watch-face upward upon one of the northern cyclone regions in a Mercator's chart, then the motion of the

hands is *contrary* to the direction in which the cyclone whirls; when the watch is shifted to a southern cyclone region, the motion of the hands takes place in the same direction as the cyclone motion. This peculiarity is converted into the following rule-of-thumb for sailors who encounter a cyclone, and seek to escape from the region of fiercest storm:—*Facing the wind, the centre or vortex of the storm lies to the right in the northern, to the left in the southern, hemisphere.* Safety lies in flying from the centre in every case save one—that is, when the sailor lies in the direct track of the advancing vortex. In this case, to fly from the centre would be to keep in the storm-track; the proper course for the sailor when thus situated is to steer for the calmer side of the storm-track. This is always the outside of the  $\sqsubset$ , as will appear from a moment's consideration of the spiral curve traced out by a cyclone. Thus, if the seaman *scud before the wind*—in all other cases a dangerous expedient in a cyclone\*—he will probably escape unscathed. There is, however, this danger, that the storm-track may extend to or even slightly overlap the land, in which case scudding before the gale would bring the ship upon a lee-shore. And in this way many gallant ships have, doubtless, suffered wreck.

The danger of the sailor is obviously greater, however, when he is overtaken by the storm on the inner side of the storm- $\sqsubset$ . Here he has to encounter the double force of the cyclonic whirl and of the advancing storm-system, instead of the difference of the two motions, as on the outer side of the storm-track. His chance of escape will depend on his distance from the central path of the cyclone. If near to this, it is equally dangerous for him to attempt to scud to the safer side of the track, or to beat against the wind by the shorter course, which would lead him out of the storm- $\sqsubset$  on its inner side. It has been shown by Colonel Sir W. Reid that this is the quarter in which vessels have been most frequently lost.

\* A ship by scudding before the gale may—if the captain is not familiar with the laws of cyclones—go round and round without escaping. The ship "Charles Heddle" did this in the East Indies, going round no less than *five times*.



But even the danger of this most dangerous quarter admits of degrees. It is greatest where the storm is sweeping round the most curved part of its track, which happens in about latitude twenty-five or thirty degrees. In this case, a ship may pass twice through the vortex of the storm. Here hurricanes have worked their most destructive effects. And thus it happens that sailors dread, most of all, the part of the Atlantic near Florida and the Bahamas, and the region of the Indian Ocean which lies south of Bourbon and Mauritius.

To show how important it is that captains should understand the theory of cyclones in both hemispheres, we shall here relate the manner in which Captain J. V. Hall escaped from a typhoon of the China seas. About noon, when three days out from Macao, Captain Hall saw "a most wild and uncommon-looking halo round the sun." On the afternoon of the next day, the barometer had commenced to fall rapidly; and though, as yet, the weather was fine, orders were at once given to prepare for a heavy gale. Toward evening, a bank of cloud was seen in the south-east, but when night closed the weather was still calm and the water smooth, though the sky looked wild and a scud was coming on from the north-east. "I was much interested," says Captain Hall, "in watching for the commencement of the gale, which I now felt sure was coming. That bank to the south-east was the meteor (cyclone) approaching us, the north-east scud the outer north-west portion of it; and when at night a strong gale came on about north, or north-north-west, I felt certain we were on its western and south-western verge. It rapidly increased in violence; but I was pleased to see the wind veering to the north-west, as it convinced me that I had put the ship on the right track, namely on the starboard-tack, standing, of course, to the south-west. From ten A.M. to three P.M. it blew with great violence, but the ship being well prepared, rode comparatively easy. The barometer was now very low, the centre of the storm passing to the northward of us, to which we might have been very near had we in the first part put the ship on the larboard tack."

But the most remarkable point of

Captain Hall's account remains to be mentioned. He had gone out of his course to avoid the storm, but when the wind fell to a moderate gale he thought it a pity to lie so far from his proper course, and made sail to the north-west. "In less than two hours the barometer again began to fall and the storm to rage in heavy gusts. He bore again to the south-east, and the weather rapidly improved." There can be little doubt that but for Captain Hall's knowledge of the law of cyclones, his ship and crew would have been placed in serious jeopardy, since in the heart of a Chinese typhoon a ship has been known to be thrown on her beam-ends when not showing a yard of canvas.

If we consider the regions in which cyclones appear, the paths they follow, and the direction in which they whirl, we shall be able to form a guess at their origin. In the open Pacific Ocean (as its name, indeed, implies) storms are uncommon: they are unfrequent also in the South Atlantic and South Indian Oceans. Around Cape Horn and the Cape of Good Hope, heavy storms prevail, but they are not cyclonic, nor are they equal in fury and frequency, Maury tells us, to the true tornado. Along the equator, and for several degrees on either side of it, cyclones are also unknown. If we turn to a map in which ocean-currents are laid down, we shall see that in every "cyclone region" there is a strongly-marked current, and that each current follows closely the track which we have denominated the storm  $\curvearrowright$ . In the North Atlantic we have the great Gulf Stream, which sweeps from equatorial regions into the Gulf of Mexico, and thence across the Atlantic to the shores of Western Europe. In the South Indian Ocean there is the "south-equatorial current," which sweeps past Mauritius and Bourbon, and thence returns toward the east. In the Chinese Sea, there is the north equatorial current, which sweeps round the East Indian Archipelago, and then merges into the Japanese current. There is also the current in the Bay of Bengal, flowing through the region in which, as we have seen, cyclones are commonly met with. There are other sea-currents besides these which yet breed no cyclones. But we may notice two peculiarities in the


currents we have named. They all flow from equatorial to temperate regions, and, secondly, they are all "horseshoe currents." So far as we are aware, there is but one other current which presents both these peculiarities, namely—the great Australian current between New Zealand and the eastern shores of Australia. We have not yet met with any record of cyclones occurring over the Australian current, but heavy storms are known to prevail in that region, and we believe that when these storms have been studied as closely as the storms in better-known regions, they will be found to present the true cyclonic character.

Now, if we inquire why an ocean current travelling from the equator should be a "storm-breeder," we shall find a ready answer. Such a current, carrying the warmth of intertropical regions to the temperate zones, produces in the first place, by the mere difference of temperature, important atmospheric disturbances. The difference is so great, that Franklin suggested the use of the thermometer in the North Atlantic Ocean as a ready means of determining the longitude, since the position of the Gulf Stream at any given season is almost constant.

But the warmth of the stream itself is not the only cause of atmospheric disturbance. Over the warm water vapor is continually rising; and, as it rises, is continually condensed (like the steam from a locomotive) by the colder air round. "An observer on the moon," says Captain Maury, "would, on a winter's day, be able to trace out by the mist in the air, the path of the Gulf Stream through the sea." But what must happen when vapor is condensed? We know that to turn water into vapor is a process requiring—that is, *using up*—a large amount of heat; and, conversely, the return of vapor to the state of water *sets free* an equivalent quantity of heat. The amount of heat thus set free over the Gulf Stream is thousands of times greater than that which would be generated by the whole coal supply annually raised in Great Britain. Here, then, we have an efficient cause for the wildest hurricanes. For, along the whole of the Gulf Stream, from Bemini to the Grand Banks, there is a channel of heated—that is, *rarefied* air.

Into this channel the denser atmosphere on both sides is continually pouring, with greater or less strength, and when a storm begins in the Atlantic, it always makes for this channel, "and, reaching it, turns and follows it in its course, sometimes entirely across the Atlantic." "The southern points of America and Africa have won for themselves," says Maury, "the name of the 'stormy capes,' but there is not a storm-fiend in the wide ocean can out-top that which rages along the Atlantic coasts of North America. The China seas and the North Pacific may vie in the fury of their gales with this part of the Atlantic, but Cape Horn and the Cape of Good Hope cannot equal them, certainly in frequency, nor do I believe, in fury." We read of a West Indian storm so violent, that "it forced the Gulf Stream back to its sources, and piled up the water to a height of thirty feet in the Gulf of Mexico. The ship 'Ledbury Snow' attempted to ride out the storm. When it abated, she found herself high up on the dry land, and discovered that she had let go her anchor among the tree-tops on Elliott's Key."

By a like reasoning we can account for the cyclonic storms prevailing in the North Pacific Ocean. Nor do the tornadoes which rage in parts of the United States present any serious difficulty. The region along which these storms travel is the valley of the great Mississippi. This river at certain seasons is considerably warmer than the surrounding lands. From its surface, also, aqueous vapor is continually being raised. When the surrounding air is colder, this vapor is presently condensed, generating in the change a vast amount of heat. We have thus a channel of rarefied air over the Mississippi valley, and this channel becomes a storm-track like the corresponding channels over the warm ocean-currents. The extreme violence of land-storms is probably due to the narrowness of the track within which they are compelled to travel. For it has been noticed that the fury of a sea-cyclone increases as the range of the "whirl" diminishes, and *vice versa*.

There seems, however, no special reasons why cyclones should follow the storm- in one direction rather than in the other. We must, to understand this,

recall the fact that under the torrid zones the conditions necessary to the generation of storms prevail far more intensely than in temperate regions. Thus the probability is far greater that cyclones should be generated at the tropical than at the temperate end of the storm- $\curvearrowright$ . Still it is worthy of notice, that in the land-locked North Pacific Ocean, true typhoons *have* been known to follow the storm-track in a direction contrary to that commonly noticed.

The direction in which a true tornado *whirls* is *invariably* that we have mentioned. The explanation of this peculiarity would occupy more space than we can here afford. Those of our readers who may wish to understand the origin of the law of cyclonic rotation should study Herschel's interesting work on Meteorology.

The suddenness with which a true tornado works destruction is strikingly exemplified in the wreck of the steamship "San Francisco." She was assailed by an extra-tropical tornado when about 300 miles from Sandy Hook, on December 24, 1853. In a few moments she was a complete wreck! The wide range of a tornado's destructiveness is shown by this, that Colonel Reid examined one along whose track no less than 110 ships were wrecked, crippled, or dismantled.

Collins's New Monthly.

#### JEANETTE'S REVENGE—A TALE.

FROM THE DANISH OF CHRISTIAN WINTHER.

BY MRS. BUSHBY.

"WELL, young lady will you not go with me into the garden?"

It was a stout, portly dame, seemingly about forty years of age, with dark hair and a dark complexion, sparkling black eyes and pretty, regular features, who, as she was putting on a straw-colored silk bonnet, and adjusting her dress before the pier-glass in the garden-room, asked this question in a careless and rather sharp tone of voice.

The person to whom it was addressed was a young girl, who was standing in the recess of the window, against which leaned her small, graceful figure, while one arm supported her head, and the other hand, as if without thought, turned over the leaves of an open book. A

dark-brown silk dress, and a string of blood-red coral, made her white throat look still more dazzlingly fair. She lifted her head with its profusion of light hair, quickly, and merely replied "No!" whilst her blue eyes wandered with a keen glance round the elegant saloon.

Without speaking again to the young lady, the Baroness B. left the room, but not until she had examined her figure more than once to the right and to the left in the mirror, and had arranged her shawl in the most becoming manner. She then descended the stairs leading to the garden, where the Baron with exemplary patience, had long been waiting for her. She took the thin, little, sallow-faced gentleman's arm, which he ceremoniously offered her, and they both disappeared beneath the shades of an alley of chesnut-trees which, from the façade of the mansion, led down to a lake. They were scarcely out of sight, before the young lady, like one awaking from a dream, with a deep sigh closed the book, and raising to its full height her slender yet plump figure, she took a few steps up and down the room, and then stood still for a few seconds, apparently doubtful and undecided. Presently she turned, as if an inward struggle were over, and went with blushing cheeks and light footsteps hastily into an adjoining room. She looked cautiously round, then opened another door. With a searching glance before her, and scarcely drawing her breath, she approached a third apartment. She closed the door softly behind her, and proceeding slowly toward a large mahogany bureau, drew from her dress a key, and opened the bureau.

She pulled out one of the drawers, inlaid with mother-of-pearl, and looked attentively into its contents. There were valuable boxes, splendid rings, and other bijouterie in cases lined with colored satin. She put that drawer back and drew forth another. Here rouleau of gold came into her hands, a sight that appeared to be very uncommon, to her, and that seemed to awaken a very natural curiosity in her young mind. She took up a heavy rouleau of louis-d'ors, and weighed them thoughtfully in her hand, smiling, as if it pleased her

to hold in her little hand that mighty wheel, that enormous lever, which performs so many miracles. Suddenly she started.

"What are you doing here, Jeanette," asked a man's voice, pretty sharply, just behind her.

It was Joseph von B., the young baron, who spoke. From a door in the background, concealed by tapestry, he had entered the room unmarked; the early dinner seemed to have left a flaming tint upon his swarthy face; behind him stood his bearded huntsman with eyes wide open, and distended nostrils, and a stupid smile on his lips. The young baron turned to him, and said:

"Jorgen!"

"Yes, Herr Baron!"

"You will remember what you have seen?"

"Yes, Herr Baron!"

"Go, then!"

"Yes, Herr Baron!"

When the man was gone, the baron turned toward the young girl, who was standing there, with the gold in her hand, pale, and seemingly petrified; he buttoned partially up his hunting-coat, stuck both his thumbs into the arm-holes of his waistcoat, and surveyed the girl with—one might almost say—a ferocious expression in his eyes, whilst a disgusting smile was visible under his dark mustache.

"Aha! I like that, my pretty cousin!" he began, in an insolent tone. "So you have a fancy for my father's louis-d'ors? You wanted to provide yourself with a few of them? Is not this the truth? But do you know, also, what that would entail? Look here, I will soon have the horses put to; you must take a little drive to the magistrate's. But don't be afraid, you shall not travel alone; I will go with you, and Jorgen shall go also. We two have seen everything, and a couple of witnesses are quite enough to convict a thief!"

The young girl started at that word, but did not look up.

"How cleverly you must have managed after dinner to get possession of this key; how adroitly you must have separated it from the rest on the bunch, which my father, poor man, believes he has safely in his pocket! But I saw you! You are not so dexterous, after all!"

With a desperate exertion the young lady tried to replace the gold in the secrétaire, but the rouleau fell on the ground.

"Ah! as I said," continued the young huntsman; "you are not very dexterous yet, but you will become more versed in the art of stealing, no doubt!"

At this cruel scoffing the lady cast such a crushing look upon the heartless man, that it seemed in a moment to work a change in him. His countenance became serious, but the harshness and scorn had partly vanished from it, and the expression of his face and his manners assumed a milder character.

"Yes, I certainly ought," he said, in a quiet voice—"I certainly ought to denounce you. But," he added, with an insinuating smile and a tender tone, "I am not so hard-hearted as perhaps you think. I will be silent, my own little Jeanette! but my silence demands a reward. Delightful child! I will promise to be silent; be comforted and listen to me! I will make my stupid Jorgen fancy that the whole affair was a joke, and he will believe what I choose him to believe; and as to myself, you can close my mouth charmingly, if you will. Shall I tell you how? I promise you to be silent, and to forget everything," continued the baron, in a reassuring manner, as he attempted to throw his arm around the girl's slender waist; "but, so help me Heaven! only on one condition—that you, my sweet darling"—

His voice sank here to an almost inaudible whisper, as if he were ashamed himself to hear his own words.

But she heard them. She heard clearly and distinctly every single word, and understood their whole meaning; and they came upon her like a thunderbolt, like a sudden, raging hurricane. She heard, and her heart-strings vibrated convulsively, and the wild, fearful pulsation aroused her from the state of petrification into which she seemed to have been thrown as if by some wizard's magic power. Overwhelmed, lost apparently, she had hitherto stood; but the abomination which had approached so near to her produced, as it were, an electric effect upon her whole being. She raised her head proudly, her dark blue eyes were fixed with a cold yet earnest



gaze upon the young man, no color flushed her cheeks. The slender little Hebe stood at that moment as mighty and majestic as a Juno.

"Have the horses put to, Herr Baron," she said, in a firm voice; "give me up as a thief; destroy me in any other mode you choose. I am ready for everything; you have quite witnesses enough to condemn me, and I shall not deny the fact. But you—you do not yourself believe it? You know that you are wrong. I will now tell you for whose sake I undertook so equivocal a proceeding. It was on *your* account. But why and for what purpose, I shall not mention to you. But this you shall know—and I can now with the coldest indifference tell it—I have loved you! My whole soul was wrapped up in you! Secretly, as if within a mountain's deepest recesses, lay my love concealed! I have loved you, I say; for it is now as if it had never been. You start? My confession astonishes you? You are surprised to see me so calm?" added the young lady, while, against her will, she became impassioned. "Ah, you do not know me! Think not that I shall be frightened. Think not that I would beg for a cold, calculating, false admission of my innocence. I scorn it! for my soul is free of guilt, and my heart is warm and strong. Oh, you do not know—what was that you said?—Oh, for one hour ago, and you should not have presumed to call this a victory, any more than I call it a weakness on my part—not a sacrifice. Therein lies the strength of love. But now you have yourself extinguished that feeling in my heart forever! And I now only look down with contempt upon you! Have the horses put to, Herr Baron; I am ready to go with you and Jorgen. However," she exclaimed, after a moment's thoughtful pause, as if a sudden idea had occurred to her, and casting on the young man a threatening look, "however, do not engage in warfare with me! You will not conquer! I see clearly before me what I have to do; my plan is laid, and you shall live to remember this day! But I will first myself deliver this key to your father, and place it in his own hands."

So saying, in a quick and determined manner she locked up the secrétaire,

turned her back on the young baron, and left the room.

Under always increasing amazement, silent, and almost overwhelmed and subdued by the power of a superior mind, the baron heard with eyes staring and a brow becoming pale, the young girl's words. His usual audacity was paralyzed in his inner man, and he did not attempt to interrupt or contradict her. What he heard was so new to him, so wonderful, that it awakened a whole world of thoughts in his soul, a world in which he found himself a bewildered stranger. And now that she was gone he stood aghast, gazing on the door which she had shut after her. The blood rushed up to his head, his ears rang, he struck his doubled fist against his breast, as if to awaken something that was slumbering there, grasped his dark curly hair with both his hands, and, with a deep sigh, left the apartment by the way he had entered it. In the courtyard he called his huntsman, said a few short rough words to him, ordered him to bring a rifle, and whistling for a hound, betook himself alone to the forest.

It was evening. In the garden saloon an Argand lamp was burning on the large round table; the door to the garden was open, and the splashing waters of a fountain were heard in the silence of the hour, whenever the baron's lady, who in an adjacent room was seated at a piano-forte, made a pause in the exertions with which she labored to force her strong and shrill but thin voice to perform the sweet and beautiful passages in the Italian music before her. Far away from the door, in the darkest part of the garden saloon, sat the old baron, comfortably settled in a lounging chair, while on an embroidered stool at his feet sat Jeanette, with both her arms resting on his knee; the two carried on a conversation almost in a whisper, he holding one of the girl's hands in one of his, and letting the other glide gently over her fair hair.

"As I have told you, you have really done a very good deed in taking that paper, dear little Jeanette," said the baron in a low voice. "It was truly an excellent idea to remove that document, and still to leave it in my keeping. If it had got into his mother's—my wife's

—hands, it would have been all over with his future prosperity. Her brother has—God only knows how—obtained some knowledge of the existence of that paper, and is trying his utmost to get hold of it; and she—whether from extraordinary affection for her brother, or an inordinate fear of him, who has always tyrannized over her—or is it an unnatural feeling toward Joseph? Whatever may be the cause, she would not hesitate to sacrifice him. You know yourself how necessary it is for me to go quietly to work in so delicate a matter as this. I know of one only way to remove all inconvenience, and make everything straight, but——” The baron stopped, and smiled.

A shiver passed over the young girl's whole form.

“Yes, my dear child,” continued the baron, more seriously. “I have often thought over this thing, but have always rejected these means. However, I may say to you, it has occurred to me from your own expressions in the beginning of our conversation, if—permit me—if there was any real meaning in them, they could only point at one result; or perhaps I have misunderstood you?”

The young lady remained silent.

“As I have said in this matter I have had many doubts, and my greatest fear was that both of you would be adverse to this arrangement. Alas! I am not blind to Joseph's many faults, and could not blame you if you were averse to it; and as to him with his unruly temper, he may set himself against it, because, like a child, he may look upon it as a restraint, a curb upon his freedom. However, I promised my dying sister to make your life as even and happy as I possibly could. And marriage might be the best means of securing these advantages. Good Heavens!” whispered the baron, with a hasty glance toward the half-open door of the room from whence issued the shrill sounds. “But such a marriage!”

He remained silent after this exclamation; the young lady also remained silent for a long time, with her eyes fixed upon the floor. All at once she arose hurriedly, laid her arm upon the baron's shoulder, and whispered a few words into his ear.

“You will? Is it possible?” cried

the baron in amazement and joy. “Well, God be praised, if it may come to pass! But, alas! I fear for him.”

“If he consents,” said the young lady, in a low voice, “I will comply with your wish, but only on two unalterable conditions—that the time required for the arrangement of this marriage shall be very short; and that our behavior to each other shall in no way be changed, or assume any peculiar character.”

“I understand you, my dearest child! Have no fear; if I know my Joseph aright, he will himself wish to avoid all that indicates an engagement. Yes, I quite understand you. Be satisfied; all shall be as you wish, when I have spoken to her!”

And he went into the adjoining room to the baroness.

Jeanette approached the lamp, the full light from which fell upon her pale countenance. She stood there long, apparently in deep and serious reflection. If the wandering of her thoughts had been followed, one might have distinctly traced the way by which she had arrived at her determination.

“I will conquer, and I must do so!” Therein lay the cause of the resolute manner in which she betook herself to pacing up and down the room.

The family assembled at the evening meal. The face of the baroness was flushed, and her eyes bore traces of tears; but she was calm, and seemingly resigned. The baron looked round him with a pleased and proud air, like one who was glad to have witnesses to the victory he had won.

Joseph was also present. Quietly, and even more than usually wrapped up in himself, he sat, noticing no one at table. His mother looked at him with astonishment; the rough, noisy hilarity, which so often pleased and amused her in him, had disappeared. The old baron, however, after supper, took courage to impart to his son his plans.

To the great surprise of both his parents, Joseph heard without any joy, but at the same time without displeasure, what his father had to say, entered calmly into every proposition, and agreed to every arrangement.

Two months after that day, Joseph and Jeanette dwelt together in the house on an estate which had been assigned to them, and which the young wife had

had fitted up and furnished entirely according to her own taste. It might be said they *dwelled* there together, but they certainly did not *live* together. With a tact and decision that might not have cast discredit on any diplomatist, had the young baroness, from the first moment of her marriage, managed everything so, that all which is generally thought to help toward constituting an intimate connection was prevented between them. The disposition of their time, her apparent aversion to the young baron, the arrangements of their house—everything, in short—placed strong barriers between them, and hindered them from seeing each other alone. They met only in the society of others, but even then she never bestowed upon him a word or a look. From the moment that their father and mother on the wedding-day had left them, she had never opened her mouth to her husband; and on every attempt which he at first made to converse with her, she remained as mute as a statue.

While Joseph, who thought he understood the reason of her conduct, bore it with a sort of resignation which implied that he hoped for better times to come, and sought earnestly to atone for his past errors, Jeanette found pleasure in collecting around her a numerous circle of persons of genius, ladies as well as gentlemen; she showed herself in society like one who had learned the empty art of living in it, but she also took much interest in all that was beautiful and worthy of admiration in literature and the higher spheres of art. She painted well herself, and was a good musician, and she kept up an extensive correspondence with a variety of distinguished persons. She also conducted her household affairs with the greatest care, and with comfort to all around her, and her very judicious management in this respect alone might have made her remarkable. But to her husband she never spoke—no, not a single word; she was, as it were, dead to him. But to those who were intimate in the family, and were acquainted with its secrets, it was evident that everything she did was in reference to him, that he was always before her eyes, and that in the whole of her conduct she sought to attract his observation.

She bore his name, but that was all! How she had contrived to place herself in the position which she occupied, what was that secret, insurmountable power which had obtained for her perfect liberty, while without any struggle it had been able to confine her husband within the narrow bounds she chose to assign to him, and which he never ventured to overstep, was an unexplained mystery. But those who doubted the possibility of this state of things knew but little what a woman's will can carry out, and especially the will of so unbending, demoniacal, and iron a nature as Jeanette's.

Joseph was quite subdued; he seemed entirely transformed. His rough, fierce temper had calmed down into a sort of gloomy quiet; but under this apparent apathy there glowed the strongest passion, and a consuming fire was smouldering. He endured all the most bitter agonies of hopeless love, while jealous fury besieged his heart. When in society, she was the liveliest of the lively—almost childish in her gaiety; when she showed a striking preference to one or other among the notabilities who surrounded her, then he suffered the most exquisite torment; but he remained externally calm, and betrayed no emotion, for he had one thing to which he clung in the midst of his despair—and that was hope.

A year had passed in this manner. On the anniversary of their wedding-day Joseph entered, during the morning, his wife's boudoir, where before he had never set his foot. He was pale, and he contemplated with a desponding look the beautiful, blooming creature who stood before him. Slowly and timidly he approached her, and said with tears in his eyes, and a voice faltering with emotion, "Tell me, Jeanette, can I not atone for my fault?"

The young wife did not answer a word, but rose from the bergère in which she was sitting, and bent one single look on the baron. It was a look devoid of coldness and devoid of passion, without expressing anger or hatred; but there was a vacuity in it which showed total indifference, and caused an abyss of hopelessness to open in his heart, which chilled him when he glanced down into it.

She silently left the room.

Thus passed five years; and every

year, on the anniversary of their wedding-day, a similar scene took place. To the young baroness life seemed fraught with healthy and pleasurable excitement; her mind seemed quite at ease, and her spirits were always cheerful. The color had not faded from her cheeks, and the brightness of her eyes was not at all dimmed. The baron's appearance, on the contrary, was much changed; pale and thin, he seemed enfeebled and enervated, and only the restless anxiety he evinced to overcome her repugnance to him betrayed the strength he still possessed, and his dark eyes the fire that both agitated and consumed him.

The seventh anniversary of the wedding-day arrived. Jeanette was standing near the window in her boudoir, inhaling with pleasure the fresh morning air, and the perfume from a number of flowers which the gardener had just sent up to her. Suddenly the door was opened noisily; she turned round and beheld her husband rush, springing, into the room. He wore on his head a large thick wreath of oak-leaves, and in his hand he held a flute. He first knelt with ridiculous humility before the terrified young baroness, and recited a long Latin invocation to Pomona, and then betook himself to dancing with the most extraordinary jumps and absurd capers, while he drew from his flute the shrillest and most discordant tones.

Her work was suspended, or, we should rather say, her work was fully accomplished. Baron Joseph had become—a lunatic!

The only thing which for so long a time had occupied all her thoughts—namely, to revenge herself upon, and lord it over, one who had sought to disgrace and degrade her so deeply—this object, on which she had brought to bear all the powers of her soul, the secret strength, which, though it exhausted her at times, had enabled her to carry out her plan—this single object, on which her eyes had been so long bent, was now removed, gone, lost, vanished!

It seemed as if the sole foundation upon which the interest of her life, the energies of her whole being, rested, had been suddenly, and at once, dragged from beneath her feet.

She sank as if annihilated, and in an incredibly short time she was no more!

Temple Bar Magazine.

#### SKETCHES FROM NORWAY.

BY WELHAVEN.

THE rows of thickly-clustered islands\* which skirt the western coast of Norway, and must have been violently rent apart from the high mountain ranges of Bergen, form, as it were, a separate region with distinct natural features, and distinct habits and manners of its own. The narrow sounds and belts that cut it off from the mainland seem to have all the effect of great breadths of sea. The steep coast of the mainland is a mighty barrier; outside of it the sea-fog pitches its tent upon cliffs and billows, and the deep channels beyond it have charmed the islands into a little world by itself,—a world whose life has in many ways become as outlandish and peculiar as if it lay thrown far away amid the deserts of ocean.

Several of these islands are of considerable extent. Sartor, the Ask Isle, the Holsen Isle, and the Rad Isle, may be compared as to size with the Isle of Wight or Malta, and each of them represents a Norway on a small scale. Here we find stretches of mountain, dale, and moorland, with lakes and rivers, and deeply-furrowed inlets of the sea. Yet everything bears the stamp of peculiarity. Trees and plants shoot forth from deep, moist, mossy places, and a motly flora of lichens and fungi settles on the twisted branches; there are few wild flowers, however, and the grass is scanty. On the beach the rocky wall has often a broad border of gay colors, but within the isle itself the mountain rises blackish and sinister. Even on bright days a fine hazy veil floats over these places, and we see its moist glimmer upon the mountain side, whilst to the lower scenery it lends the illusion of dying off into the distance. It makes an indelible impression when, on ascending to some height of such an isle, we survey the tracts that lie beneath. On the first sight it seems all a chaotic mass of congealed wave ridges. Here is felt the horror of solitude, whilst misty forms

\* Along the shores in the Gulf of Finland between Cronstadt and Stockholm, are thirteen hundred islands. We counted thirty islands in ten minutes from the deck of the steamer as we sailed among them.—ED. ECLECTIC.



hang wavering between sky and sea, and whilst the chilly breeze sweeps along the heather. Hither are brought the saddest tones from the surge that booms in the distance, where the sea-bird flits around the rocks with a doleful cry. The storm sweeps smooth these mountain-ridges, and the eye has in its vicinity but a poor field to dwell upon. One seldom meets with a green bush on the leas; only the hardy foxglove starts gayly in the cliff's nook, breaking the dreary void with its lonely splendor. But when we have overcome the first faint-heartedness, and arranged the masses in distinct groups, we shall find something attractive even in this scenery. We are struck with the fine outlines of this desert, in which there are rarely wanting isolated rocks of grand forms standing out against the sky, and gazing out away over the sea like half-buried sphinxes. We begin to grow reconciled to the wild turfy moors and plains which occupy the lower tracts, for they afford some relief to the monotonous coloring and promise to lead us on to milder scenes. And how rich is that wide prospect over all heights, over all holms and rocks to the open sea, where we count the ships and follow their tracks, letting our thoughts fly with those white sails! On a sunny day when the beams play on the water, tingling everything with gold, the barren cliff-net may be preferred to any other place of rest. Soon we perceive the ships nearing the coast in distinct lines, and we call to mind the rejoicing of the olden singers over "the kingly war-galleys that swept along the shore with their gilded prows." Now on the verge of the sea we discern a single glittering sail, and now we see whole fleets arise, making for the deep fords.

The fertile tracts of these islands are for the most part not easily discernible from above; the valleys are so narrow and so broken. Their downward course is frequently marked by a chain of quiet black tarns with green shores. Clear rivulets rush babbling from one basin into another, and stream onward to the sea. Between the shores and the rocky walls is the valley-road, overhung with the mountain-ash; and the wild rose and the bird-cherry bend down toward the brooklet, as if they also would fain

reach the pure water which has nourished such a growth of leafy trees, the chief ornaments of the humble valley. Then one may see nooks of farm land, crossed- and recrossed with massive blocks of rough granite. Within these stone fences are fields about the size of a child's garden, and meadows not much bigger than the site of a dwelling-house. But strangest of all are the cottages. One may take them at first sight for large knolls or grass-grown boulders. Their weather-beaten walls are extremely low, and the roofs hang far down over them, with their outlines half lost in mosses, maidenhair, lichens, and rock-plants of every kind. But we detect them by the smoke rising from the vent-hole, and floating away among the quivering leaves of the aspen-trees.

Where the valley widens, or near the lake where there is meadow-ground between the mountains, lies the church, low and humble, but still reaching far above the other roofs. Here the huts crowd closer together, and rise somewhat higher from the earth, as if confiding in the shelter of the holy fane. The parsonage is seldom without a garden or plantation. Nay, in these favored situations one meets with gigantic ash-trees, whose stately crowns might serve as landmarks. Still the real glories of these isles must be sought for on the sea-shore. There, on the bare cliff, stands the well-timbered house of the wealthier fisherman. The fishing-net, his greatest treasure, makes a gallant show, as it lies spread over the smooth ledges of the rock; or it hangs in picturesque folds across the long light barks in the boat-house. There, too, springs the sea-vegetation in all its abundance. Layers of limpets encircle the base of the cliff, like bosses on a giant's buckler, and below them are deep thick fringes of yellow sea-weed, glittering and impenetrable.

It is well worth the trouble, on a calm day, to look down into the clear depths along shore. What a fabulous variety is there, of star-fish, and sea-anemones, and strange plants clinging to the root of the cliff. The long stalky weeds are there, interlaced in a thousand knots, with enormous leaves upon their slender stems. Ere long we perceive fishes emerging from their tangles, and pre-

senting quaint pictures that rival the grotesques of Pompeii and the Vatican.

The largest of the above-mentioned isles, Sartor, which is three Norwegian miles in length, has a mysterious inhabitant, of whom strange things are told by trustworthy people. There is on the isle a large water called the Kurele; it lies out of the way, with two farmsteads, far apart from each other, on its margin. People tell of the depth of that water, as of several Norwegian lakes, that it is in some places fathomless; but another thing they tell of it, too, which is far more remarkable. For during a long series of years, after various and uncertain intervals, there has been observed a monster, which raises its arched back above the dark lonely lake, and remains lying there like a holm. Its upward movement sends a circle of powerful waves toward the shore, but then it becomes quiet, and one sees only a kind of trembling round its sides, like as when the soft Medusa basks on the surface of the water. People have often tried to watch for the arrival of the monster, and have waited many days on the coast; but this being keeps no computation of time, and it may delay its coming for years. Once two men were pulling a little boat across the water—then suddenly the smooth holm lay there: the rowers had their backs toward it, and almost touched the animal with the oars. One may imagine their horror when they perceived it. They pulled back again with all their might, and saw from the shore the immense mass dive down into the depth. We never hear of any attempt to describe other parts of the monster, but just that arched back which always appears. They never heighten the wonder of this apparition with any fancy colors, but all the witnesses tell the same simple story. And this, at all events, is a favorable feature in the tradition, when compared with others about similar beings. What are we to believe? The tale is stranger than what is told of the sea-serpent and the Krake; for those have the wide ocean for their playground, whereas the leviathan of the Sartor Isle is confined within a prison, where the rocks stand around as sentinels.

## II.

There is a race called the Striles, and they inhabit the part of Bergen Stift called Strileland. These statements are as vague as those made about the German tribes by Tacitus, but it is difficult, indeed, to render them more clear and precise. There is something enigmatical in the very name of *Strile*. By one speaker it is applied to the whole extent of the west coast, as far as Stat; by another it is limited to the neighborhood of Bergen; yet each will allow that it sounds odd to himself, even in his own use of it. German authors seldom forget to mention the Striles when they are talking of the Far North. Old Hübner—who knows about everything—italicizes their name in his geography, and relates that they, as well as the "Vosses," have a national dress of their own. After all, however, we know very little, for certain, as to this strange race and its whereabouts. The good people of Bergen are pleased to fix it within the boundaries of Hordeland. But what then becomes of the tradition current in Eastern Norway, which makes the Strile race contain ninety-nine distinct tribes?

Strile, we have reason to believe, is a nickname; for the peasants to whom the term is applied do not much relish it; and it suggests the notion—not unsupported by old Norse analogy—of obstinacy and quarrelsomeness.

Tradition, too, will help to maintain these notions as long as the two riots of Bergen are remembered as the Strile wars. If we wish, however, to divide this tribe, then the readiest way will be to distinguish between land-Striles and sea-Striles. By the latter designation we refer to those who inhabit the islands lying near the coast.

The sea-Striles are a remarkable people, and Hübner is right when he calls their dress peculiar. The holidays' suit of the men consists of a black broad-brimmed felt hat, a blue round jacket, under which are an infinite number of waistcoats, and a pair of immensely wide trousers, fitting closely at the waist and knee; besides stockings and shoes. The women often wear hat and jacket exactly like the men's; but the skirt is the grand article of dress; it is black, fits smartly round the hips, and is laid in

small neat plaits. Thus they appear when going to church, or to merry-makings; but when the sea Strile is at his work, then he is wrapped from top to toe in brown leather, and looks as if he had been down on the bottom of the sea, and fetched himself a suit of the mighty sea-weed leaves. These islanders are generally short and thick-set, and the upper part of their bodies is disproportionally developed, but that is because they make most use of their arms and backs. One must see these fellows at the oar to know what rowing is. The Bergen folks have a most splendid regatta in their haven every Wednesday and Saturday, when the whole fleet of fishers runs in, each racing against the other for the best place on the market. Long troughs with live fish are towed after the narrow boats; men and women alike pull, at a slapping pace, and the sea becomes like a foaming river. On the ships at anchor stand lazy sailors laughing at them, and mimicking, but the fisher heeds them not; he wants to get onward only; there is steam-power in his muscles, he does two miles\* in the space of a single watch.

Arrived in the town, he becomes at once the picture of unshakable phlegm. People from the crowded, crying market-place bargain with him, and a hail-storm of the heaviest oaths and abuses whizzes about his ears. But the fish-nature of the man comes uppermost, and he is quite calm, only holding out his scoop to receive money every time a bargain has been struck. When, later in the day, he walks up into the town, new trials commence; for now there is a crowd of street-boys hooting after him—

"The Strile with his beard as long as his legs,  
Wherever he goes, he is laying eggs."

It matters not, he sees nothing, and hears nothing. In winter-time he has still more to undergo; the boys take his broad back for a mark, and make him a walking snow-giant; yet he walks on quietly. The sea-Strile is a curious being when on shore, he merely vegetates; for he does not enter into the excitements of dry land. But if you wish to see him excited, wait till you meet him out on the sea, and then make a see-saw motion at him with your hands, as if you were

chopping muscles up for bait. This worn-out joke seldom misses its aim. He will let slip his oars and fishing-line in a fit of shrewish fury, and then you will see him, like a clown, going through the most burlesque performances.

In a storm the sea-Strile is brilliant; for though his boat is no real sea-craft, and it is slender and pointed, and built expressly for rowing, yet it has often to weather a high sea. The man is then, as it were, grown to his vessel. He has a tanned sprit-sail of the most simple construction; with one hand he holds the rudder, with the other the sheet. Thus he rides away upon the rolling water mountains; he understands their play, he foresees their whims. His boat resembles a large blackish sea-bird, and flits unsteadily, dipping its wing-tips in the waves. During the hard winter months, when the herrings stand to the coast, the fisher is constantly out in that grand and dangerous dance; then his day's work lies between those rough surges of which a landsman can have but a faint idea. Often he has to sail for life or death, and yet think of nets and lines on which his welfare hangs swaying to and fro. On all sides he is surrounded by the wildest life. Dolphins and sturgeons roll and jump in his wake; the snorting whales cross the path before him; shoals of fishes are thronging underneath him, and swooping close around his head are clouds of shrieking sea-birds. When the blessings from the sea are to be brought to land, the fishers display in full earnest the strength of their amphibious nature. Far out in the sea they stand in rows, many a time up to the waist in water, dragging the net which seems ready to burst, without their ever getting tired. The nearest land is often merely a barren holm with one rickety hut on it, and there they put up at nightfall; the herrings outside are not packed more closely than the men within. One body supports another, and thus they sleep all night in their steaming sailor-clothes.

The sea-Strile, as one may fancy, makes but a poor farmer. The Roman and the English plough are to him equally good; for he uses neither of them. If he has a plot of land he roots it up now and then with a wretched spade, and throws out all sorts of fish-refuse upon it, but further

\* One Norwegian mile is about six miles English.

leaves nature to help herself. There are on these isles some inhabited places, which they have had the courage to call townships. They are very small in all their dimensions; a yeoman from Totn or Smaalehn would laugh at them; but the poor fisher, who lives beside the breakers, is also right when he considers them to be fair and blessed places.

In such a *township* farmyard-life is very peculiar; and we soon perceive how the sailor-element prevails everywhere and penetrates everything. Even the so-called land-animals submit to it and change their ways of living. They are all diminutive editions of their races, and they live here in much closer companionship than anywhere else. But the horse makes the funniest figure of them all. When we see him emerging from the stables, which are little larger than a common dog-kennel, we scarcely know to what race he belongs. He is short-legged and dumpy, and has often bristles like a bear; he pretty nearly leads the life of a swine, and seems also to have assumed much of the form of that animal. The cow is here easy to feed; she will eat herring-heads like a seal, and graze upon sea-weed; it is likely that a sea-calf might find her milk savory. The favorite animals of the sea-Strile are pigs and hens. To some extent, indeed, they are members of his household, for they pass a great part of their life in his room. The pig, however, is generally turned out when its nature has become quite developed, but the hens find a constant resort in the bosom of the family, and lead a snug in-doors life throughout the winter. The peasant knows how to settle the terms of this tender union, and at Christmas-time he makes a good interest out of the new-laid eggs.

We may guess that cleanliness is not the principal quality of these dwellings. None of the Norwegian peasants have so bad a repute for dirtiness as the sea-Striles. One may smell their places from far away. Their low huts are encircled with the trophies and insignia of their calling, such as split herrings and scraps of fishing-nets, which dangle from the roof and walls, and are festooned from pole to pole in front of the doorway. Enter and you will only find a single room, with an open hearth and a vent-hole for the smoke. You may well feel

amazed at the scanty size of it when you consider the number of its inmates. Many such one-roomed smoke-cabins are to be seen on the mainland; but there they are models of neatness. There the peasant takes a pride in his simple dwelling; he polishes his beams and rafters, and frequently chalks the panels with peculiar lace-pattern borders. But here, on the isles, the peasant seldom has any notion of smartening up his smoke-cabin, unless it is for some rare festivity, when the floor is scoured with sand. Here, too, the narrow space is still more narrowed by clumsy furniture and various odds and ends. On the benches along the walls you will hardly find sitting-room, what between the children's beds, the salt-cellar, and the tar-barrels. As you go up to the fireside you may be hindered by the wet sailor-clothes of the whole family; and you must mind your feet, or they may catch in some net which lies waiting to be mended. Yet you will own, if you are an artist, that the entire scene is strangely attractive; and yonder old sea-Strile, you will say, seated under the vent-hole, with the daylight streaming down upon his uncouth dress, and his long gray beard, is a figure unmatched in all the paintings of Rembrandt.

### III.

The visitor to these islands soon perceives that they are more barren than they need be. The productive powers of the soil, such as they are, lie almost unstirred by cultivation. The mild coast climate hovers over many a tract doomed to remain a desert, though nature has strewn it with her beauties, the wild apple, the winding creepers, and all the glistening berries of the moorland. Your out-and-out fisherman turns his back upon leaf and green-sod, and chooses a bare spot, where there is just a good landing-place, and some sort of shelter for his walls. As he gets better off he turns the smoke-cabin into a real house, with a fireplace and a window. He calls it his "Glass-room," meaning to convey a notion of solid comfort and dignity; and he never names it without a feeling of self-importance. His home is then an observatory, where the watcher keeps a sharp look-out upon sea and sky. When the fisherman with his short



clay-pipe stands behind the small panes he is no idle spectator. He looks into the cradle of the clouds, and foretells their growth; he takes infallible omens from the flight of birds; at the first day-break he reads already in the horizon the history of the coming day.

The sea is a store-house of thoughts and images for the sea-Strile. When he speaks of it his language gains unwonted force and fulness and he designates it by metaphors, which have sometimes a touch of playful familiarity. His pet name for it is the *Blue Moor*; it may well, indeed, be likened to a vast common, where his finny flocks and herds are roving. He knows their haunts; he can look through the waves like air, and beneath them he can mark the old boundary-stones of the ocean pastures. His eyes are never tired of turning toward the *Blue Moor*; but it is about the Twelfth-night season that he gazes at it with all his might and main. Then he is expecting the whale, and all his children are posted on the cliffs to watch for it; for the whale is the shepherd dog, which drives the straying herds nearer to his own precincts.

Lingering within this tribe we find many customs and manners of times that have long gone by; and there certainly are few of the Norwegian peasantry who cling so closely to whatever is old. It is evident that at some former period, when town manners were simpler and coarser, the influence of Bergen upon the neighboring islands must have been stronger than at present. For the rich sea-peasant still exhibits on state occasions many a feature of the town-life of the middle ages. Modern life, as one may well suppose, with its extravagant fashions, its rococo taste, and all its finikin notions, has gained no such hold upon him. It is partly owing to this cause, and partly to his natural unpliability, that the peculiarities, which are considered old-fashioned by the peasantry in general, are found remarkably strong and sharp in him.

Every one knows that the wedding-feast, among all the scenes of the Bergen peasant's life, is the most striking and sparkling. A peasant-girl who "stands bride" in her full dress is a being of fairy romance. She wears a massive crown of silver gilt, and set with

stones; and her hair is combed down her back. She is girt with a stomacher of outlandish coins and medals. Round her waist is a belt formed of squares of metal linked together; and this belt is hung with straps of leather, richly mounted. All this finery like the crown is silver gilt. Such a figure, there is no doubt, has its prototype in the days of long ago. Even so must Margrethe Fredkulle have looked when Magnus Barefoot presented her as his bride, and Norway's queen. Or, if we are not willing to go back so far, we know, at least, from the chapter-book of "Magister Absalon," that in some such bridal dress did young Mistress Brynhilde Benkestok appear at Bergen in 1565; for it is related that her hair was combed out in the Spanish fashion, and she was decked with a crown, and with gold chains that swept the ground.

This old-fashioned custom will continue to figure on the islands, no doubt, longer than elsewhere; and even now one must go out there to see these mumblings in all their native oddity. A stranger, meeting the bride-boat on its way, may be fairly puzzled by what he sees and hears: he may begin to think that war-whoops are being raised, or cries of distress, or clamorous spells against evil spirits. High on the prow stands a drummer with his instrument of noise, which he belabors with more than human perseverance. In the middle of the boat sits the fabulous bride, as stiff and glittering as a bedizened idol. Close beside her, betwixt the rolls of the drum, are heard the whining or jarring tones of the fiddle. But the most effective crash proceeds from the stern. A swaggering blade is posted there, who flourishes an old horse pistol, and keeps firing bullets over the heads of the whole party. The uproar of the train is outdone by that of the bridal house. The phlegm of the sea-Strile is now swept away by floods of beer and spirits; and he can caper in his heavy shoes in spite of the narrowness and closeness of the room. He begins with languid movements, hanging arms, and queer downcast looks; but by degrees the dance becomes animated. At last he seizes his partner, and tightly embracing they spin one another round in uniform whirls, keeping step to a nicety; and at this point

the dance of the sea-Strile has all the marked action and passionate fling of the Tarantella.

In the churchgoings and doings of some of these island parishes certain antiquated forms are maintained, which have already disappeared in the neighboring ones. Fjeld's church on Sartor is an ugly and shaky little house of God. All its fittings are poor and mean; and the colossal figures of saints upon its rough walls are rudely painted. The road from the shore to this house runs through a narrow dale; and here one may see the people pacing along as if on a pilgrimage, with church-staves made expressly for the occasion. When this congregation has crossed the holy threshold it falls plump down upon the floor, and lies there for some instants in a state of mumbling popish adoration; then it makes the sign of the cross, and gets up in order to chant its old-world psalms. But before entering the church each of them has driven his sharp iron-shod stave into the outer planking, till it resembles a monstrous hedgehog. Whoever has viewed the religious life of the sea-peasant in its entirety will feel that this strange picture is in keeping with the rest. Within doors there broods the shadow of a gloomy devotion; whilst the building itself stands bristling without, like some mystical fetish in the desolate dale.

Thus the islander lives much the same life as his forefathers, and he hopes that his last church-going may also be like theirs. Then some eight old women will sit around him in the death-boat, and, robed in black, with nun-like hoods of white, they will weep and wail as they glide over the water. They will shed real tears, for that is their trade; and their official grief will bring them good perquisites. These old crones have a traditional style of gesticulating and wringing their hands. They form a Christian choir of Choephore,\* that gives the burial scene a wild dramatic effect, and turns aside the gaze of the crowd

from the true or feigned sorrow of the household. This pomp, however, is a rarity; and people will long tell the tale of the happy departed, who had dirge-wives at his grave-side.

What we have just been describing is the crowning happiness of the wealthier sea-Strile. But this one expenditure has not swallowed up all his winnings. We are supposing the case of a man who has had a run of luck for years, and gained a large share of the blessings of the sea. He has added a fire-place and a window to his dwelling, but there are few other signs of substance about it. What hidden outlets has he found for the overflow of his wealth? He has long ago exhausted his ideas of comfort and luxury: but one object has been before him to the last. He has felt a keen desire for *property*—tangible goods, in the forms which they used to take in the ages of the Sagas. In short, his mind has been bent upon amassing treasures, and he has known of nothing in the world to be compared to silverwork. In yonder solid, gaily-painted chests he has gone on packing batch after batch of shining stores. Here are spoons and ladles, with round bowls and twisted stems; here are cans and tankards, curiously shaped and wrought, and hung with antique coins and all sorts of dingle-dangles: and last, and best of all, here is the bridal crown, which the owner could let out from time to time and nod at from his place in the church! Thus he can hardly be said to have played the *dog in the manger*, though he might not inaptly have been styled a *king in his kennel*. The greed of the sea-Strile somewhat differs from ordinary avarice. He is not so much a miser as a curiosity collector. He may never use his silver himself, and it may lie till it gets ever so dusty and tarnished; but, when it is called for, he will rub it up and show its splendors to every one, and exult in the general admiration of it. Looking at him as a whole, he is a strange isolated figure; but he will soon cease to be so. The present age is lighting up one creek and cranny after another, and we are bound to be glad of this, even though the picturesque outlines and shadows disappear from our border-lands. These islanders are now straggling in the rear of civilization, lingering upon those lower

\* The name of a tragedy by Æschylus, where there is a chorus of women, pouring libations on the tomb of Agamemnon. Our author has here, evidently by a slip of the pen, called them Eume-nides, the furies who howled after Orestes, and gave their name to another tragedy by Æschylus.

levels, which have been already passed by their immediate neighbors. Whenever they are carried into the stream of the onward movement, they will become less interesting; but, for all that, they will be gainers by the change.—*Translated by H. Ward and A. Plesner.*

♦♦♦  
The Saturday Review.

#### LITERARY LIONS.

THE writer who has done most in our time to preach the gospel of hero-worship has admitted that there is nobody so weak and mean as not to be made a hero of by somebody or other, so strong is the necessity for worship and reverence in the human breast. And it does not require much keenness of penetration to enable us to discern the truth of this. All through society we may behold poor creatures, without a single merit or point of worth, stuck on to lofty pedestals by creatures sometimes really poorer than themselves, but who more often only fancy an inferiority that is purely imaginary. The absurdest of asses may make sure of one worshipper, if he can only make up his mind to marry judiciously, and with a view to winning this special advantage. But domestic hero-worship is not a thing to be assailed. It is a husband's prerogative, and as it oils the sometimes rusty wheels of married life, one ought not to say a word that would induce a single wife to suspect the greatness of a stupid husband. To do so would be to rob them of perhaps the only solace that is left them in the face of this stupidity. For people who live in the neighborhood of a tallow-manufactory it is not a curse, but a blessing, to be bereft of the sense of smell; and, considering how many idiotic men there are in the world with whom good women have to live, it is a blessing to the good women that they should not be able to know an idiot when they see one. But besides this almost legitimate kind of worship, there is another most absurd kind—the worship, namely, of small celebrities, puny writers, pigmy fishers for notoriety, by people who, from their knowledge of the world and human nature, might reasonably be expected to know better. To reverence an undeniably big man who has really done something for mankind in art, in letters, in song,

in science, is the sign of a fine nature. Without the capacity for this, nobody can be worth very much. We have been taught that even the silly Boswell must have had some basis of rare quality, or else he would never have felt any inclination to seek the society of such a man as Johnson. And this is no doubt true. Reverence for greatness in other people redeems almost any quantity of weakness in oneself, and for the very intelligible reason that it is incompatible with the most corroding weakness of all—the conviction that one is the wisest and best person alive. To worship somebody else very sincerely and heartily is a guarantee that the universe is not concentrated in your own supreme personality.

But there is all the difference in the world between this reality and a flippant and simulated respect for people who are not big in any sense, and who have done nothing worth speaking of for the general good of men in any way. It is no reason why a man should not be asked out to dinner that he has not invented a new religion, or the electric telegraph; that he has not written a great history, or composed an immortal poem. But if you court a man's society, and load him with small attentions, not because he is your brother or your uncle, not because you particularly value his social qualities, not on the grounds of ancient and long-standing intimacy, but as the representative of art or letters, as having done something remarkable and worthy of admiration, why then it is manifestly of some concern for your own sake, if not for his, that the reason which thus exalts him to honor should be a decently good one. Nothing is more disgusting than to see some pigmy hero, who has done no more than write prurient verse or prurient prose, treated as though he were the very central figure of his time. Mistakes of this sort are natural among people who know nothing about the comparative merits of different kinds of literature, or of different men and different styles in any one kind. Such mistakes are the stamp of this special form of ignorance. There is something very curious about them, moreover. That people who despise literature or science should blunder in estimating merit in their professors would be highly probable. But the odd thing about these

patrons of small authors is, that they mean not to despise literature. So far from despising it, they rather affect it. It is considered just now, among even the most frivolous and irrational circles, a creditable thing to feign an interest in books and periodicals. To dip into a history of civilization, to skim lightly a large treatise on the origin of species or the origin of evil, to have on the table a heterodox book about the Bible—all this is nowadays perfectly good *ton*. If one comes to think of it, it is one of the most astounding things that the world has ever seen that so many people should profess to take an interest in literature, and yet should all the time be so profoundly incapable of forming any sort of judgment on any point in it. There is a mass of articulate-speaking beings, admitting the power of literature, quite ready to sympathize with the rather windy glorification of it that is prevalent all over the English world, and yet remaining in Egyptian darkness as to the very elements of criticism—in other words, as to the very elements of the object of their ignorant and silly admiration. One would suppose, if human nature were the same in the fashionable and so-called polished world as it is among people in whom polish has not overlain brains, that an esteem for literature would lead to its assiduous cultivation; that it would make people just ever so little inclined to study the differences between one branch of literature and another, between a good writer and a bad writer, between a writer of authority, research, and thought, and a writer with a very little knowledge and a great deal of pretence, with no real power but vast impudence. However, as this extraordinary and unparalleled devotion to literature in the abstract is accompanied by such an equally extraordinary ignorance of literature in any particular aspect or on any particular side, we have no right to be surprised at the blunders made by people of quality in choosing their literary pets. A hundred years ago they used to show the same sort of absurd temper in aesthetics. Where they now make a fuss about some third-rate literary man, they used to make a fuss about a grotesque bit of china. A pagan god, made out of a bit of pottery, was the predecessor of the literary lion.

They used to put the pottery god on their mantel-shelves, and invite their friends to go into raptures over the creature's delicious ugliness. They now put their god of flesh and blood at their tables, and explode with mirth over his vivacious sallies or vulgar familiarities. The porcelain deity and the gimerack author were alike in another point—their amazing fragility. The author wakes to find himself famous. With a shock that is not less startling, he by and by wakes to find himself out in the cold shade; if not infamous, still dropped. He is constantly apt to be outrivalled. His fame, resting on no secure or just base, either in his own achievements or in the judgment of his momentary admirers, he seldom lasts much over one or perhaps a couple of seasons. In old-fashioned times, the china god became instantly worthless if there appeared anything more grotesque, and the negro footboy ran a risk of being kicked out of doors if any other lady of quality found his superior in ugliness or in the playfulness of his antics. And it is the same, alas! with a pet writer. At any moment he may sink like the proverbial rocket-stick. Somebody may write a book that outdoes his own in pruriency or in sprightly wickedness. Who can tell? Of course there must be limits somewhere to the amount of pruriency or shallowness which will hit the fashionable taste. But it is difficult to know when these limits have been reached without trying. There are authors who seem to plain people to go pretty nearly as far as it is possible to go in the way of flagrant indecency in verse, and nasty suggestiveness in prose, and yet they do not seem to go by any means too far to meet with approval and a sort of countenance. This fact, therefore, must cause constant apprehension to the small lion. How does he know but that any day somebody may rise up and, by a yet nastier book than he in his weak modesty ventured upon, swiftly take all the pleasant wind out of his sails? Or a still worse source of calamity is possible. The wind might change its quarter. The frivolous patrons above and beyond all other things cry for excitement. They like their literary lion because he excites them. It does not much matter what the particular note and modulation



of his roar may be. He may be traveller, poet, naturalist, parson, even philosopher. In any of these or other guises the man who can excite them is welcome. The excitement is the point, not the accidental form which his pursuits may have taken, nor the kind of matter which it has been his business to give to the world. This being the case, two things are evident—first, that these poor souls need a change of intellectual air pretty frequently; and second, that the change is likely in a general way to be as violent a one as possible. After a prolonged run on pruriency, they are tolerably sure to take to divinity next, either heterodox or orthodox—the former more probably, as being a little more exciting. These periodical vicissitudes are very vexatious and trying to honest creatures who write books which they mean to be a bait for invitations to dinner-parties in high places, and sojourning in great houses. Who knows but when you have composed your semi-religious tractate, the wind may change, and a demand arise for a totally different description of article? Or, when you have written what you think will be not too nasty to lie on the drawing-room table, yet nasty enough to just tickle the palates of a parcel of lazy, over-fed people, they may, in an unreasonable moment, grow uneasy about their souls, and the book which was so delicately seasoned and daintily spiced with little naughtinesses is left on your hands.

It is not an agreeable thought, and yet it is not an impossible thing, that the quest for patrons, which we now think so disgraceful in the unfortunate men of letters a hundred years ago, may revive in a new shape. The author now likes to be patronized, not because it brings him five guineas sent by my lord's flunkey, but because it means a good deal of social festivity, which is not particularly jovial or genial in itself, yet still enables him to feel triumphant over the dull rascals who only write good books instead of tickling books, as well as to dazzle small fry in his own duck-pond. To a man with any sense of self-respect, excess of homage from incompetent and superficially sincere—that is to say, insincere—people ought to be profoundly distasteful, a thing to be sternly avoided, as the most unwhole-

some and demoralizing of all possible influences. However, authors are not the only persons who weakly prefer what is pleasant to what is good for them. Perhaps, after all, they are a shade less despicable than their patrons, who, because they know an author in the flesh, assume that this confers a kind of critical diploma upon them. Much better stick to guns and horses.

From MacMillan's.

#### LADY MACBETH.

BY FANNY KEMBLE.

IN a momentary absence of memory, a friend of mine once suggested to me the idea that Lady Macbeth's exclamation in the sleeping scene—"The Thane of Fife had a wife; where is she now?"—was a conscience-stricken reference to herself, and her own lost condition. Of course, the hypothesis was immediately abandoned on the recollection that Macbeth never had been Thane of Fife, and that it is Macduff's slaughtered mate Lady Macbeth is dreaming of,—the poor dame who, with all her pretty chickens, was destroyed at one fell swoop by Macbeth's murderous cruelty.

The conversation that ensued led me to reflect on this mistaken suggestion of my friend, as involving a much deeper mistake—an important psychological error. Not only the fact was not as suggested, but a fact of that nature—viz., an accusing return upon herself by Lady Macbeth—could not be. Lady Macbeth, even in her sleep, has no qualms of conscience; her remorse takes none of the tenderer forms akin to repentance, nor the weaker ones allied to fear, from the pursuit of which the tortured soul, seeking where to hide itself, not seldom escapes into the boundless wilderness of madness.

A very able article, published some years ago in the *National Review*, on the character of Lady Macbeth, insists much upon an opinion that she died of remorse, as some palliation of her crimes, and mitigation of our detestation of them. That she died of *wickedness* would be, I think, a juster verdict. Remorse is consciousness of guilt,—often, indeed, no more akin to saving contrition than the faith of devils, who tremble and

believe, is to saving faith,—but still consciousness of guilt: and that I think Lady Macbeth never had, though the *unrecognized* pressure of her great guilt killed her. I think her life was destroyed by sin as by a disease of which she was unconscious, and that she died of a broken heart, while the impenetrable resolution of her will remained unbowed. The spirit was willing, but the flesh was weak; the body can sin but so much, and survive; and other deadly passions besides those of violence and sensuality can wear away its fine tissues, and undermine its wonderful fabric. The woman's mortal frame succumbed to the tremendous weight of sin and suffering which her immortal soul had power to sustain; and, having destroyed its temporal house of earthly sojourn, that soul, unexhausted by its wickedness, went forth into its new abode of eternity.

The nature of Lady Macbeth, even when prostrated in sleep before the Supreme Avenger whom she keeps at bay during her conscious hours by the exercise of her indomitable will and resolute power of purpose, is incapable of any salutary spasm of moral anguish, or hopeful paroxysm of mental horror. The irreparable is still to her the *undeploable*—"What's done cannot be undone:"—and her slumbering eyes see no more ghosts than her watchful waking ones believe in: "I tell you yet again, Banquo is buried; he cannot come out of his grave." Never, even in her dreams, does any gracious sorrow smite from her stony heart the blessed brine of tears that wash away sin; never, even in her dreams, do the avenging furies lash her through purgatorial flames that burn away guilt; and the dreary but undismayed desolation in which her spirit abides forever is quite other than that darkness, however deep, which the soul acknowledges, and whence it may yet behold the breaking of a dawn shining far off from round the mercy-seat.

The nightmare of a butcher (could a butcher deserve to be so visited for the unhappy necessity of his calling) is more akin to the hauntings which beset the woman who has strangled conscience and all her brood of pleading angels, and deliberately armed her heart and mind against all those suggestions of beauty or

fear which succor the vacillating sense of right in the human soul with promptings less imperative than those of conscience, but of fine subtle power sometimes to supplement her law. Justly is she haunted by "blood," who in the hour of her atrocities exclaims to her partner, when his appalled imagination reddens the whole ocean with the bloody hand he seeks to cleanse, "A little water clears us of this deed!" Therefore blood—the feeling of blood, the sight of blood, the smell of blood—is the one ignoble hideous retribution which has dominion over her. Intruding a moral element of which she is conscious into Lady Macbeth's punishment is a capital error, because her punishment, in its very essence, consists in her infinite distance from all such influences. Macbeth, to the very end, may weep, and wring his hands, and tear his hair, and gnash his teeth, and bewail the lost estate of his soul, though with him too the dreadful process is one of gradual induration. For he retains the unutterable consciousness of a soul; he has a perception of having sinned, of being fallen, of having wandered, of being lost; and so he cries to his physician for a remedy for that "wounded spirit," heavier to bear than all other conceivable sorrow; and utters, in words bitterer than death, the doom of his own deserted, despised, dreaded, and detested old age. He may be visited to the end by those noble pangs which bear witness to the pre-eminent nobility of the nature he has desecrated, and suggest a re-ascension, even from the bottom of that dread abyss into which he has fallen, but from the depths of which he yet beholds the everlasting light which gives him consciousness of its darkness. But *she* may none of this: she may but feel, and see, and smell blood; and wonder at the unquenched stream that she still wades in—"Who would have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him?"—and fly, hunted through the nights by that "knocking at the door" which beats the wearied life at last out of her stony heart and seared impenetrable brain.

I once read a pamphlet that made a very strong impression upon me, on the subject of the possible annihilation of the human soul as the consequence of sin. The author, supposing goodness to

be nearness to God, and this to be the cause of vitality in the soul, suggested the idea of a gradual, voluntary departure from God, which should cause the gradual darkening and final utter extinction of the spirit. I confess that this theory of spiritual self-extinction through sin seemed to me a thousand times more appalling than the most terrific vision of everlasting torment.

Taking the view I do of Lady Macbeth's character, I cannot accept the idea (held, I believe, by her great representative, Mrs. Siddons) that in the banquet scene the ghost of Banquo, which appears to Macbeth, is seen at the same time by his wife, but that, in consequence of her greater command over herself, she not only exhibits no sign of perceiving the apparition, but can, with its hideous form and gesture within a few feet of her, rail at Macbeth in that language of scathing irony which, combined with his own terror, elicits from him the incoherent and yet too dangerously significant appeals with which he agonizes her and amazes the court.

To this supposition I must again object that Lady Macbeth is no ghost-seer. She is not of the temperament that admits of such impressions; she is incapable of supernatural terror in proportion as she is incapable of spiritual influences; devils do not visibly tempt, nor angels visibly minister to her; and, moreover, I hold that, as to have seen Banquo's ghost at the banqueting-table would have been contrary to *her* nature, to have done so and persisted in her fierce mocking of her husband's terror, would have been impossible to human nature. The hypothesis makes Lady Macbeth a monster, and there is no such thing in all Shakespeare's plays. That she is godless, and ruthless in the pursuit of the objects of her ambition, does not make her such. Many men have been so; and she is that unusual and unamiable (but not altogether unnatural) creature, a masculine woman, in the only real significance of that much misapplied epithet.

Lady Macbeth was this: she possessed the qualities which generally characterize men, and not women—energy, decision, daring, unscrupulousness; a deficiency of imagination, a great preponderance of the positive and practical mental elements; a powerful and rapid appreciation

of what each exigency of circumstance demanded, and the coolness and resolution necessary for its immediate execution. Lady Macbeth's character has more of the essential manly nature in it than that of Macbeth. The absence of imagination, together with a certain obtuseness of the nervous system, is the condition that goes to produce that rare quality—physical courage—which she possesses in a pre-eminent degree. This combination of deficiencies is seldom found in men, infinitely seldomer in women; and its invariable result is insensibility to many things—among others, insensibility to danger. Lady Macbeth was not so bloody as her husband, for she was by no means equally liable to fear; she would not have hesitated a moment to commit any crime that she considered necessary for her purposes, but she would always have known what were and what were not necessary crimes. We find it difficult to imagine that, if *she* had undertaken the murder of Banquo and Fleance, the latter would have been allowed to escape, and impossible to conceive that she would have ordered the useless and impolitic slaughter of Macduff's family and followers, after he had fled to England, from a mere rabid movement of impotent hatred and apprehension. She was never made savage by remorse, or cruel by terror.

There is nothing that seems to me more false than the common estimate of cruelty, as connected with the details of crime. Could the annals and statistics of murder be made to show the prevailing temper under which the most atrocious crimes have been committed, there is little doubt that those which present the most revolting circumstances of cruelty would be found to have been perpetrated by men of more, rather than less, nervous sensibility, or irritability, than the average; for it is precisely in such organizations that hatred, horror, fear, remorse, dismay, and a certain blind bloodthirsty rage, combine under evil excitement to produce that species of delirium under the influence of which, as of some infernal ecstasy, the most horrible atrocities are perpetrated.

Lady Macbeth was of far too powerful an organization to be liable to the frenzy of mingled emotions by which her

wretched husband is assailed; and when, in the very first hour of her miserable exaltation, she perceives that the ashes of the Dead Sea are to be henceforth her daily bread, when the crown is placed upon her brow, and she feels that the "golden round" is lined with red-hot iron, she accepts the dismal truth with one glance of steady recognition:—

"Like some bold seer in a trance,  
Beholding all her own mischance,  
Mute—with a glassy countenance."

She looks down the dreary vista of the coming years, and, having admitted that "naught's had, all's spent," dismisses her fate, without further comment, from consideration, and applies herself forthwith to encourage, cheer, and succor, with the support of her superior strength, the finer yet feebler spirit of her husband.

In denying to Lady Macbeth all the peculiar sensibilities of her sex (for they are all included in its pre-eminent characteristic—the maternal instinct—and there is no doubt that the illustration of the quality of her resolution by the assertion that she would have dashed her baby's brains out, if she had sworn to do it, is no mere figure of speech, but very certain earnest) Shakespeare has not divested her of natural feeling to the degree of placing her without the pale of our common humanity. Her husband shrank from the idea of her bearing *women* like herself, but not "males," of whom he thought her a fit mother; and she retains enough of the nature of mankind, if not of womankind, to bring her within the circle of our toleration, and make us accept her as *possible*. Thus the solitary positive instance of her sensibility has nothing especially feminine about it. Her momentary relenting in the act of stabbing Duncan, because he resembled her father as he slept, is a touch of human tenderness by which most men might be overcome, while the smearing her hands in the warm gore of the slaughtered old man is an act of physical insensibility which not one woman out of a thousand would have had nerve or stomach for.

That Shakespeare never imagined Banquo's ghost to be visible to Lady Macbeth in the banquet-hall seems to me abundantly proved (however inferen-

tially) by the mode in which he has represented such apparitions as affecting all the men who in his dramas are subjected to this supreme test of courage,—good men, whose minds are undisturbed by remorse; brave men, soldiers, prepared to face danger in every shape ("but that") in which they may be called upon to meet it. For instance, take the demeanor of Horatio, Marcellus, and Bernardo, throughout the scene so finely expressive of their terror and dismay at the appearance of the ghost, and in which the climax is their precipitating themselves together toward the object of their horror, striking at it with their partisans; a wonderful representation of the effect of fear upon creatures of a naturally courageous constitution, which Shakespeare has reproduced in the ecstasy of terror with which Macbeth himself finally rushes upon the terrible vision which unmans him, and drives it from before him with frantic outcries and despairing gestures.

It is no infrequent exhibition of fear in a courageous boy to fly at and strike the object of his dismay—a sort of instinctive method of ascertaining its nature, and so disarming its terrors; and these men are represented by Shakespeare as thus expressing the utmost impulse of a fear, to the intensity of which their words bear ample witness. Horatio says: "It harrows me with fear and wonder." Bernardo says to him: "How now, Horatio! you tremble and turn pale!" and Horatio, describing the vision and its effect upon himself and his companions, says to Hamlet—

"Thrice he walk'd  
By their oppress'd and fear-surprised eyes  
Within his truncheon's length, whilst they, *distill'd*  
*Almost to jelly with the act of fear,*" etc.

And it must be remembered that nothing in itself hideous, or revolting, appeared to these men—nothing but the image of the dead King of Denmark, familiar to them in the majestic sweetness of its countenance and bearing, and courteous and friendly in its gestures; and yet it fills them with unutterable terror. When the same vision appears to Hamlet—a young man with the noble spirit of a prince, a conscience void of all offence, and a heart yearning with aching tenderness toward the father whose beloved image stands before him precisely



as his eyes had looked upon and loved it in life—how does he accost it?—

"What may this mean?

That thou, dead *corse*, again in complete steel  
Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the moon,  
Making night hideous, and we fools of nature  
So horribly to shake our dispositions," etc.

The second time that Hamlet sees his father's ghost, when one might suppose that something of the horror attendant upon such a visitation would have been dispelled by the previous experience, his mother thus depicts the appearance that he presents to her—

"Forth at your eyes your spirits wildly peep;  
And, as the sleeping soldiers in the alarm,  
Your bedded hair, like life in excrements,  
Starts up and stands on end."

What a description of the mere physical revulsion with which living flesh and blood shrinks from the cold simulacrum of life—so like and so utterly unlike—so familiar and yet so horribly strange! The agony is physical—not of the soul; for

"What can it do to that,  
Being a thing immortal as itself?"

exclaims the undaunted spirit of the young man; and in the closet scene with his mother, passionate pity and tenderness for his father are the only emotions Hamlet expresses with his lips, while his eyes start from their sockets, and his hair rears itself on his scalp, with the terror inspired by the proximity of that "gracious figure."

In "Julius Cæsar," the emotion experienced by Brutus at the sight of Cæsar's ghost is, if possible, even more to the purpose. The spirit of the firm Roman, composed to peaceful meditation after his tender and sweet reconciliation with his friend, and his exquisite kindness to his sleepy young slave, is quietly directed to the subject of his study, when the ghost of Cæsar appears to him, darkening by its presence the light of the taper by which he reads, and to which Shakespeare, according to the superstition of his day, imparts this sensitiveness to the preternatural influence. Brutus, in questioning his awful visitor, loses none of his stoical steadfastness of soul, and yet speaks of his blood running cold, and his hair *staring* with the horror of the unearthly visitation.

Surely, having thus depicted the ef-

fect of such an experience on such men as Horatio, Hamlet, Brutus, and Macbeth, Shakespeare can never have represented a woman, even though that woman was the bravest of her sex, and almost of her kind, as subjected to a like ordeal and utterly unmoved by it. An argument which appears to me conclusive on the point, however, is, that in the sleeping scene Lady Macbeth divulges nothing of the kind; and, even if it were possible to conceive her intrepidity equal to absolute silence and self-command under the intense and mingled terrors of the banquet scene *with* a perception of Banquo's apparition, it is altogether impossible to imagine that the emotion she controlled then should not reveal itself in the hour of those unconscious confessions when she involuntarily strips bare the festering plagues of her bosom to the night and her appalled watchers, and in her ghastly slumbers, with the step and voice of some horrible automaton, moved by no human volition, but a dire compelling necessity, acts over again the mysteries of iniquity with which she has been familiar. But, on the contrary, while wringing from her hands the warm gore of the murdered Duncan, and dragging, with the impotent effort of her agonized nightmare, her husband away from the sound of the "knocking" which reverberates still in the distracted chambers of her brain, almost the last words she articulates are: "I tell you yet again, Banquo is buried; he cannot come out of his grave." Assuredly she never saw his ghost.

I am not inclined to agree, either, with the view which lends any special tenderness to Lady Macbeth's demeanor toward her husband after the achievement of their bad eminence. She is not a woman to waste words, any more than other means to ends; and, therefore, her refraining from all reproaches at the disastrous close of their great festival is perfectly consistent with the vehemence of her irony, so long as she could hope by its fierce stimulus to rouse Macbeth from the delirium of terror into which he is thrown by the sight of Banquo's ghost. While urging her husband to the King's murder, she uses, with all the power and weight she can give to it, the "valor of her tongue,"

which she foresaw in the first hour of receiving the written news of his advancement would be requisite, to "chastise" the irresolution of his spirit and the fluctuations of his purposes. She has her end to gain by talking, and she talks till she does gain it; and in those moments of mortal agony, when his terrors threaten with annihilation the fabric of their fortunes—that fearful fabric, based on such infinite depths of guilt, cemented with such costly blood—when she sees him rushing upon inevitable ruin, and losing every consciousness but that of his own crimes, she, like the rider whose horse, maddened with fear, is imperilling his own and that rider's existence, drives the rowels of her piercing irony into him, and with a hand of iron guides, and urges, and *lifts* him over the danger. But, except in those supreme instants, where her purpose is to lash and goad him past the obstruction of his own terrors, her habitual tone, from beginning to end, is of a sort of contemptuous compassion toward the husband whose moral superiority of nature she perceives and despises, as men not seldom put by the finer and truer view of duty of women, as too delicate for common use, a weapon of too fine a temper for worldly warfare.

Her analysis of his character while still holding in her hand his affectionate letter, her admonition to him that his face betrays the secret disturbance of his mind, her advice that he will commit the business of the king's murder to her management, her grave and almost kind solicitude at his moody, solitary brooding over the irretrievable past, and her compassionate suggestion at the close of the banquet scene,—

"You want the season of all natures—sleep,"

when she must have seen the utter hopelessness of long concealing crimes which the miserable murderer would himself inevitably reveal in some convulsion of ungovernable remorse, are all indications of her own sense of superior power over the man whose nature wants the "illness" with which hers is so terribly endowed, who would "holily" that which he would "highly," who would not "play false," and yet would "wrongly win."

Nothing, indeed, can be more won-

derfully perfect than Shakespeare's delineation of the evil nature of these two human souls—the evil strength of the one, and the evil weakness of the other.

The woman's wide-eyed, bold, collected leap into the abyss makes us gulp with terror; while we watch the man's blinking, shrinking, clinging, gradual slide into it, with a protracted agony akin to his own.

In admirable harmony with the conception of both characters is the absence in the case of Lady Macbeth of all the grotesquely terrible supernatural machinery by which the imagination of Macbeth is assailed and daunted. She reads of her husband's encounter with the witches, and the fulfilment of their first prophecy; and yet, while the men who encounter them (Banquo as much as Macbeth) are struck and fascinated by the wild quaintness of their weird figures—with the description of which it is evident Macbeth has opened his letter to her—her mind does not dwell for a moment on these "weak ministers" of the great power of evil. The metaphysical conception of the influence to which she dedicates herself is pure free-thinking compared with the superstitions of her times; and we cannot imagine her sweeping into the murky cavern, where the hellish juggleries of Hecate are played, and her phantasmagories revel round their filthy cauldron, without feeling that these petty devils would shrink appalled away from the presence of the awful woman who had made her bosom the throne of those "murdering ministers" who in their "sightless substance" attend on "nature's mischief."

Nor has Shakespeare failed to show how well, up to a certain point, the devil serves those who serve him well. The whole-hearted wickedness of Lady Macbeth buys that exemption from "present fears" and "horrible imaginings" which Macbeth's half allegiance to right cannot purchase for him. In one sense, good consciences—that is, tender ones—may be said to be the only bad ones: the very worst alone are those that hold their peace, and cease from clamoring. In sin, as in all other things, thoroughness has its reward; and the reward is blindness to

fear, deafness to remorse, hardness to good, and moral insensibility to moral torture—the deadly gangrene instead of the agony of cauterization; a degradation below shame, fear, and pain. This point Lady Macbeth reaches at once, while from the first scene of the play to the last the wounded soul of Macbeth writhes, and cries, and groans, over its own gradual deterioration. Incessant returns upon himself and his own condition betray a state of moral disquietude which is as ill-boding an omen of the spiritual state as the morbid feeling of his own pulse by a sickly self-observing invalid is of the physical condition; and, from the beginning to the end of his career, the several stages of his progress in guilt are marked by his own bitter consciousness of it. First, the startled misgiving as to his own motives:

"This supernatural soliciting  
Cannot be ill—cannot be good."

Then the admission of the necessity for the treacherous, cowardly assumption of friendly hospitality, from which the brave man's nature and soldier's alike revolt:

"False face must hide what the false heart doth know."

Then the panic-stricken horror of the insisting:

"But *why* could I not pronounce Amen?  
I had most need of blessing, and Amen  
Stuck in my throat."

The vertigo of inevitable retribution:

"Glamis doth murder sleep,  
And therefore Cawdor shall sleep no more.  
Macbeth shall sleep no more!"

The utter misery of the question:

"How is it with me when every noise appals me?"

The intolerable bitterness of the thought:

"For Banquo's issue have I *filed my breast*,  
And mine *eternal jewel* given;  
Given to the common enemy of mankind."

Later comes the consciousness of stony loss of fear and pity:

"The time has been  
My senses would have cooled to hear a night-shriek.

Direness, familiar to my slaughterous thoughts,  
Cannot once stir me!"

After this, the dreary wretchedness of his detested and despised old age confronts him:

"And that which should accompany old age,  
As honor, love, obedience, troops of friends,  
I must not look to have."

Most wonderful of all is it, after reviewing the successive steps of this dire declension of the man's moral nature, to turn back to his first acknowledgment of that Divine government, that Supreme Rule of Right, by which the deeds of men meet righteous retribution "*Here, even here*, upon this bank and shoal of Time;" that unhesitating confession of faith in the immutable justice and goodness of God with which he first opens the debate in his bosom, and contrasts it with the desperate blasphemy which he utters in the hour of his soul's final overthrow, when he proclaims life—man's life, the precious and mysterious object of God's moral government—

"A tale told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,  
*Signifying nothing!*"

The preservation of Macbeth's dignity in a degree sufficient to retain our sympathy, in spite of the preponderance of his wife's nature over his, depends on the two facts of his undoubted heroism in his relations with men, and his great tenderness for the woman whose evil will is made powerful over his partly by his affection for her. It is remarkable that hardly one scene passes where they are brought together in which he does not address to her some endearing appellation; and, from his first written words to her whom he calls his "Dearest partner of greatness," to his pathetic appeal to her physician for some alleviation of her moral plagues, a love of extreme strength and tenderness is constantly manifested in every address to, or mention of her that he makes. He seeks her sympathy alike in the season of his prosperous fortune and in the hour of his mental anguish:

"Oh, full of scorpions is my mind, dear wife!"

and in this same scene there is a touch of essentially manly reverence for the womanly nature of her who has so little of it, that deserves to be classed among Shakespeare's most exquisite inspirations:—his refusing to pollute his wife's mind with the bloody horror of Banquo's proposed murder.

"Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest chuck!"

is a conception full of the tenderest and deepest refinement, contrasting wonderfully with the hard, unhesitating cruelty of her immediate suggestion in reply to his:

"Thou know'st that Banquo and his Fleance live,  
But in them Nature's copy's not eterne;"

by which she clearly demonstrates that her own wickedness not only keeps pace with his, but has, indeed, as in the business of the King's murder, reached at a bound that goal toward which he has struggled by slow degrees.

At the end of the banquet scene he appeals to her for her opinion on the danger threatened by Macduff's contumacious refusal of their invitation, and from first to last he so completely leans on her for support and solace in their miserable partnership of guilt and woe, that when we hear the ominous words:

"My Lord, the Queen is dead!"

we see him stagger under the blow which strikes from him the prop of that undaunted spirit in whose valor he found the never-failing stimulus of his own.

In the final encounter between Macbeth and the appointed avenger of blood, it appears to me that the suggestion of his want of personal courage, put forward by some commentators on his character, is most triumphantly refuted. Until his sword crosses that of Macduff, and the latter, with his terrible defiance to the "*Angel*"\* whom Macbeth still has served, reveals to him the fact of his untimely birth, he has been like one drunk—maddened by the poisonous inspirations of the hellish oracles in which he has put his faith; and his furious excitement is the delirium of mingled doubt and dread with which he clings, in spite of the gradual revelation of its falsehood, to the juggling promise which pronounced him master of a charmed

life. But no sooner is the mist of this delusion swept from his mind, by the piercing blast of Macduff's interpretation of the promise, than the heroic nature of the man once more proclaims itself. The fire of his spirit flames above the "ashes of his chance;" the intrepid courage of the great chieftain leaps up again in one last blaze of desperate daring; and alone—deserted by his followers and betrayed by his infernal allies—he stands erect in the undaunted bravery of his nature, confronting the eyes of Death as they glare at him from Macduff's sockets, and exclaims, "Yet will I try the last!" One feeling only mingles with this expiring flash of resolute heroism, one most pathetic reference to the human detestation from which in that supreme hour he shrinks as much as from degradation—more than from death.

"I will not yield,

To kiss the ground before young Malcolm's foot,  
And to be baited by the rabble's curse."

It is the last cry of the human soul, cut off from the love and reverence of humanity; and with that he rushes out of the existence made intolerable by the hatred of his kind.

—♦♦♦—  
The Saturday Review.

#### PROFESSOR AGASSIZ AND BRAZIL.\*

IN the beginning of 1865, Professor Agassiz wished to visit Brazil, partly in consequence of disordered health, partly with a view to scientific investigations. He was doubtful as to the possibility of providing a sufficient force of assistants. A friend, Mr. Nathaniel Mayer, met him at this time, and after expressing an interest in his journey, said, "You wish, of course, to give it a scientific character; take six assistants with you; and I will be responsible for all their expenses, personal and scientific." This characteristic piece of American liberality enabled Professor Agassiz to set the expedition on foot. Its progress was assisted by numerous sympathizers, from the Emperor of Brazil to the fishermen on the Amazons. The Pacific Mail Steamship Company took his party to Rio; another Com-

\* Noteworthy, in no small degree, is this word "*Angel*," here used by Macduff. Who but Shakespeare would not have written "*Devil*?" But what a tremendous vision of terrible splendor the word evokes! What a visible presence of gloomy glory (even as of the great prince of pride, ambition, and rebellion) seems to rise in lurid majesty, and overshadow the figure of the baffled votary of evil!

\* *A Journey in Brazil.* By Prof. and Mrs. Louis Agassiz. London: Trübner & Co. 1868.



pany lent him a boat for a month on the Amazon; the Brazilian Government placed a small ship of war at his disposal; and, in short, there never was a scientific explorer so cordially welcomed and so warmly assisted on all hands. The results have apparently been commensurate with the means employed. Enormous collections illustrating the natural history, and especially the fishes, of Brazil have been stored in the Museum at Cambridge, Massachusetts. Professor Agassiz has begun a scientific work, founded upon these researches, the publication of which must, as he tells us, take many years. Meanwhile the present very agreeable volume contains a popular account of the journey, and its chief scientific results. It is for the most part in the form of a journal kept by Mrs. Agassiz, but with considerable contributions from the Professor. As the joint authors are unable to distinguish their own shares, we cannot affect to do it for them; we can only say that between them they have put together one of the pleasantest and most unaffected books of travel that it has lately been our fortune to read.

There is something specially delightful in reading about the Amazons in the dingy atmosphere of a London winter. The imagination is agreeably relieved by an escape from crowded and dismal streets to the glories of tropical scenery. Mrs. Agassiz does not indeed sit down deliberately to give us glowing descriptions, or to burst into rhapsodies of enthusiasm, but the plainest statements of the wonders of the valley of the Amazons are perhaps the most impressive. Nothing can be better adapted to heighten their effect than the contrast between the scenery to which Mrs. Agassiz takes us in the spirit, and that which we see with our bodily eyes. Look, for example, at that respectable but grimy rivulet which we call the Thames, strictly confined within his banks, and converted into a large open drain by civilized intelligence. Then think of the oceanic Amazons, rolling its waters for thousands of miles exactly as it pleases, forming new channels and deserting old ones according to its good will and pleasure, with an island half as big as Ireland in its mouth, and forming an interlacing network of huge water-courses, of which

the smallest would be a first-rate river elsewhere. Or look at the poor trees which struggle feebly for existence against the smoky atmosphere of a London park, and then turn in imagination to the exuberant tropical forest, an object of which the first sight impresses one as forcibly as the first sight of the ocean, of high mountains, or of a boundless plain. Or we might compare the crowds of toiling human beings in our streets with the lazy luxury of the scattered villagers who pick up an easy living amongst the forests without an attempt to struggle seriously against the gigantic forces of nature. How pleasant it must be to get everything that one can possibly want at the expense of a little shooting or fishing in the early morning, and then to lie down and smoke in one's hammock through the hot hours of the day! There is something luxurious about the very name of an "igarapé," or water-path—a natural canal through the depths of the forest, leading to lakes alive with waterfowl, to pools shaded by such impenetrable foliage that they are cold even under a tropical sun, and with an occasional herd of capybaras lazily tumbling into the stream, or a sloth hanging to a branch, "the very picture of indolence, with its head sunk between its arms." It is tantalizing to think that one may get to this paradise of lotus-eaters on board of an excellent steamboat, with comfortable state-rooms and bath-rooms, and find numbers of hospitable people only too glad to entertain a stranger for any length of time, and to help him to shoot toucans or catch porpoises, or discover endless varieties of fish and insects unknown to naturalists, or indulge in any other sport of the country. Mrs. Agassiz, it is true, speaks once or twice of the melancholy which is at times produced by the scenery. The vast impenetrable forest solitudes, and the sight of man picking up a precarious existence like a petty insect rather than a subduer of nature, is no doubt oppressive after a time; but a poor cockney, who on the whole has abundant opportunities of familiarity with his own race, feels his mouth water for a moment, and has a temporary misgiving as to the advantages of civilization. He is conscious of a half desire to pack up his portman-

teau and be off, to sling his hammock in the midst of the forests and beside the inexhaustible streams of the mightiest river on earth. Some day or other the trees will be turned into lumber and the rivers embanked, and the sloths and the toucans will have a bad time of it. The human race may be better in some respects, but they will lose a kind of enchanted garden of which the bare description is soothing to the inhabitant of cities.

It is true that the natives of this delightful region are not of a very attractive order. In spite of a laudable desire to find something to praise in people who have treated them with so much kindness, neither the Professor nor Mrs. Agassiz succeed in giving us a very favorable idea of their hospitable entertainers. The Brazilian Government, they tell us, is enlightened, and endeavors to do what it can for science. Still this intelligent Government has a pleasant way of recruiting its armies. It sends out a press-gang which catches unlucky Indians, totally ignorant of Portuguese, and not having a notion of the cause of their arrest; it chains them together two and two, like criminals, and marches them to the towns, or has their legs passed through heavy blocks of wood, and sends them on board its steamboats. They are sent off to the war, and the province from which they are taken boasts of its large contribution to the national forces. Again, the emancipation question is treated in a far more moderate spirit than has been the case in the United States; slavery is gradually dying down under a reasonable system, emancipation is frequent, and slave-labor is by degrees being limited to agricultural purposes. On the other hand, the mixture of races seems to be producing the worst effects. According to Professor Agassiz, the amalgamation of the white, negro, and Indian races is producing a "mongrel nondescript type, deficient in mental and physical energy," and without the good qualities of any of its progenitors. It is remarkable that in these cross-breeds the tendency seems to be to revert to the Indian type, with a gradual obliteration both of white and negro characteristics. The absence of any strong prejudices against race is marked by the election of a negro as

Professor of Latin, in preference to candidates of other races; but, if M. Agassiz is correct, the absence of social distinction produces anything but a healthy effect upon the physical character of the race. The whites themselves come in for some severe criticism. The women, we are told, are scarcely educated at all; the priests have the merit of patriotism, but seem to be ignorant, immoral, and indolent; and the towns along the river are for the most part in a state of decay. It is only fair to add that M. Agassiz discovers many more promising symptoms in various directions, and expresses a "deep-rooted belief in the future progress and prosperity of Brazil, and sincere personal gratitude toward her." But we cannot say that a perusal of the journal tends to confirm this impression in his readers. We are struck by the hospitality and kindness of the people, and even by the sympathy felt by many of them in the author's scientific pursuits; but, on the whole, we receive an impression of general indolence and apathy on the part of the majority of the civilized inhabitants. Mrs. Agassiz tells us that the flowers of the Amazonian forests always remind her of hot-house plants—that there comes "a warm breath from the depths of the wood, laden with moisture and perfume, like the air from the open door of a conservatory;" and we seem to perceive that the Brazilians themselves have suffered not a little from the hot-house atmosphere in which they live. The children, we are told, have a generally unhealthy appearance; and the population as well as the products of the country seem to be rendered languid by the everlasting vapor-bath in which they pass their days.

The Professor and his little band of companions do not seem to have given way to the depressing influences of the climate. If there is anything disagreeable about the narrative, it arises from a certain fishy flavor which almost impregnates the pages. Wherever the party go, their interest seems to be concentrated upon fish. They go out fishing at morning and evening. Whenever they reach a village or a house, the inhabitants, having been duly warned, are watching for them with endless tubfuls of fish. All the intervals of their time, from morning to night, are occupied

with putting fish into alcohol, or making drawings of them whilst yet alive. The decks of the steamboat seem to have been covered with innumerable vessels, all adapted for the permanent or temporary reception of fish. It would have reminded us, we fancy, of some of the fishing villages at the height of the herring season, when the lanes are paved with fish scales, and the very air has a flavor of fish. Professor Agassiz naturally turned his attention to that part of the creation upon which he is one of the greatest authorities. He seems to have reaped a fish harvest which surpassed his fondest expectations. He discovered, as he tells us, from 1,800 to 2,000 species of fish; twice as many as are to be found in the Mediterranean, and more than are known to exist in the whole Atlantic ocean. It is no wonder if for the time he became almost fish-mad. His principal interest was in the discovery that each of these species for the most part inhabited a very narrow district, so that, as he ascended or descended a single section of the river under apparently identical circumstances, he came across entirely different fish populations. This circumstance, in his opinion, tells very much against the Darwinian hypothesis, of which he is an ardent opponent. It is, indeed, the only objection to be raised against his scientific zeal, that he seems to have gone out with a preconceived determination to find evidence against Mr. Darwin's theories. The question, however, is only touched very slightly in the present book; when he has got his army of potted fish into order, he will be able to draw such morals as he chooses for the benefit of the scientific world. The most remarkable result which he puts forward in this volume bears upon another field of inquiry in which he is already distinguished. He extends the theory of a previous glacial period to an extent which will startle some of its boldest supporters. Not only has he discovered distinct traces of former glaciers upon some of the lower ranges in the neighborhood of the coast, but he declares his belief in a gigantic glacier which formerly filled the whole valley of the Amazons. When a glacier thousands of miles in length existed under the tropics, the world must have been a pleasant place of residence. We

can here say nothing of the evidence by which this bold theory is supported, but we will repeat his invitation to members of the Alpine Club to trace the outlines of glaciers on the mountains of Ceará. A steamboat will take them easily from Liverpool to Pernambuco, and thence it is only two days to Ceará. Now that Swiss glaciers are worked out, it may be a melancholy satisfaction to members of that enterprising fraternity to investigate the few remains of a period when an Alpine Club—if such had existed—might have found a whole continent for the scene of congenial labors.

#### A STRANGE STORY.

##### PART I.

It was a bright, clear morning. The sun sparkled on a thousand emerald buds, and the morning breeze wafted in a strong scent of violets. As I stood on the door-step of my home in Devonshire, I looked on as fair a scene of flowers and sunshine as ever was given in these British isles to Valentine's Day. Such brilliant blossoms—wind-flowers, hepaticas, and crocuses—blue, purple, white, and cloth of gold. It was a thoroughly spring-like morning, and as I stood loitering on the step a youth of fifteen bounded through the hall, seized me by the arm, and cried, "I ought to be your Valentine, but I can't. A man may not marry his grandmother, nor his maiden aunt! Oh dear me, what a pity! But never mind, Grace; come along; we will go forth for adventures, and you shall meet your Valentine, if such a being exists." I told Master Bertrand that he was a saucy schoolboy, but I started with him on a walk to the lodge, nevertheless.

And now I must explain a little.

I was at Combe Minor, which had been my home from my birth. My father had died seven years before last Valentine's day, and left my mother, with a daughter by her first husband just ten years my senior, and myself. Seven years ago from last Valentine's day I was sixteen years of age, and Julia Moore, my step-sister, was six-and-twenty. But my father had a son by an earlier marriage, and when this son came to take possession of Combe Minor, he came as a widower, bringing Bertrand,

Oliver, and Jack with him. A year after our father's death my half-brother married Julia Moore; and a year before the day when I stood, as I have said, on the doorstep of Combe Minor, my mother had married her third husband, Sir Godfrey Selby, and they were keeping St. Valentine's Day in Northumberland, amid wind and snow. No wonder that, on every account, I preferred the soft Devonshire air and the sweet flowers of our sunny home. So I was twenty-three, and Bertrand was fifteen, and not my Valentine, because he was my nephew: and so we started on our early walk. There was a winding drive by the edge of a wood, where rock cropped out, and holly glittered, and the willow had begun to show golden buds. This drive led by the moss well, and the old quarry, so picturesquely planted with larch, to the north lodge; and Bertie and I trod the way gayly, our steps making crisp echoing sounds in the clear frosty air, and the birds singing in the sun that set all Nature sparkling.

The old fancy, that the first man we met was to be my Valentine for the ensuing year, made fun for Bertie, who, being a very merry-hearted, and also a very clever boy, kept me laughing, in spite of the mock indignation with which I had to meet some of his most daring imaginations.

"You'll never be married this year. Oh, Gracey! 'Nobody coming to marry me, nobody coming to woo!'—Eh! who's that?"

We had just caught sight of the lodge, and we saw a stranger standing, as if irresolute. The stranger then knocked at the lodge door, and walked in.

"Now, fair play, dear, good, unfortunate Aunt Gracey. It won't do unless he comes out, and walks on, and meets us honestly. The first you meet, not see. You are out of luck—you are—no!"

And here the stranger reappeared, and walked towards us quite as unwaveringly, and with as much intention as could be expected of any Valentine under any circumstances throughout the whole "West Country."

"All right!" said Bertie, in a low voice; "don't flinch. Bear up bravely, Gracey. I'll stand by you. It will be all over in a moment. Look him in the face, that you may know him again."

I could have beaten the boy for the drollery he threw into his small imperfections, for I could not keep my face grave, and the stranger was a fine, tall, handsome-looking man, walking straight in the middle of the road, and inspecting us with very evident attention.

"Hold your tongue, Bertie!"

"Don't be agitated—keep your self-possession. Trust in me—guide, philosopher, and friend!"

Here we were brought to a stand suddenly, by the stranger stopping close before us, and saying, "Bertrand Lawrence! I know your name. I asked at the lodge." Then he took off his hat to me.

My Valentine looked five-and-thirty years of age, with a face a good deal bronzed, and very dark hair. He had a mustache, but no whisker nor beard;—he was what anybody might call handsome, and he had an indescribable look of power about him. I don't mean bodily strength, though he had that too. But he had a certain sweetness of expression on his somewhat massive face, as if he was gentle with the gentleness of one who could play with life because he had tamed it into submission to him. All this struck me as he lifted his hat, and said, "Miss Lawrence." Then he went on speaking to Bertie. "Is your father at home? I am called Deverel—James Deverel. Do you know my name?"

"Major Deverel is expected on a visit to my father next week."

"Yes. I wrote and said I would come. I was then engaged this week to the Robertsons, near Torquay. But they telegraphed to me at Lord Marston's to say they had illness in the house, and had been put in quarantine—couldn't have me. So I came here straight. It will be an early 'morning call' if you can't take me in. I have left my luggage at the station."

By this time Major Deverel was walking with us towards the house. He soon said, "Do you always walk as early as this, Miss Lawrence?"

I could not help stammering; but Bertie spoke honestly. "It's the best joke in the world. We made an engagement last night to walk out together to-day early. Valentine's Day, you know. The first man Aunt Gracey met was to be her Valentine. We west-country people believe all kinds of superstitions, and that



is one. We promised to tell the truth to Oliver and Jack, which was but fair, as we had refused their company. Now we shall carry you back as proof positive; the Valentine not only seen, but captured and brought home. You are Grace's Valentine, Major Deverel, and I hope you will do your year's service properly."

Major Deverel stood still. He looked at Bertie, and he looked at me. "I had never thought of it!" he said. "Valentine's Day! Well, so it is! Valentine's Day—never thought of it once, even."

His manner was very strange. I saw that it was provocative of Bertie's mirth, so I began to talk to Major Deverel of Devonshire customs, and the odd fancies that we kept in remembrance in our old-fashioned place.

Major Deverel got as good a welcome as any man could have desired. He and my brother had been at school together. My brother had gone to Cambridge, then to the bar, and had been going the Western Circuit when his friend, Frank Deverel, had been through hard fighting in India. They had seen each other but seldom, but had corresponded without intermission; and now it was pleasant to see my brother of forty years of age and his friend, a few years younger, standing with grasped hands, looking in each other's faces, recalling old memories, both very happy in the old friendship so faithfully cherished, and so suddenly gratified by this pleasant appearance on Valentine's Day.

We had breakfast; and after breakfast I heard Major Deverel say how strangely fast my brother had seemed to run through life—only forty, and twice married; with three boys, and an eldest son shooting up into manhood. "Why, *my* life," he said, "has got to begin—my *home* life, I mean; at least, I hope so. After all," he said, "the great struggle of youth carried into battle-fields full of danger, fuller of thought, and a responsibility that shuts *self* out of one's mind, is not the life that a man looks forward to. The patriarchal vine-and-fig-tree life advances upon one in a sort of vision, and claims one's sympathy. Yes," he added, thoughtfully, "and comes in some of men's best moments, I think." I felt quite touched. I confessed that my Valentine entertained some most ad-

mirable sentiments. "But I should not have liked to begin so early, though," he said, with an honesty of tone and manner that made me hate him. In fact, before luncheon time Major Deverel had greatly puzzled me, and I had said to myself, "There is something odd about him." He kept on betraying the drolliest sort of interest in this Valentine's Day, and once, in the most unaccountable manner, wondered what would happen before the end of it.

"Nothing more extraordinary than an assemblage of friends in the evening," said Julia, with her pretty, quiet, captivating smile. I was pleased to see that Major Deverel admired her.

"Oh!" he exclaimed, "a party of friends; would you tell me all about them?"

And then he sat down by Julia's work-table, and cut open the leaves of a book in a peculiarly careful and knowing way, which made me, once more, entertain a good opinion of my Valentine. He heard about Lawsons and Robertses, Colvilles, Drakes, and Markingtons; and asked questions as to sex, age, family, fortune—once more he was growing unaccountably odd; and once more he wondered out loud that it should be Valentine's Day. "Valentine's Day! Never thought of it!" and when he ended by saying with every mark of astonishment—"And eighteen hundred and sixty-six, too," I really thought him crazy.

Before dinner I had been both charmed and bewildered by our new guest several times. I liked, I disliked, I wondered; but with all I think I admired.

When we had assembled for dinner in our smart clothes I thought Major Deverel the finest-looking man I had ever seen—my Valentine was a man to be proud of. We ladies left the dinner-table early, for we had some little arrangements to make for the entertainment of the guests who were expected in the evening. We had not been many minutes out of the dining-room when the three boys rushed out, and joined us in the morning-room where our friends were to have tea on their arrival.

"Oh, Grace, he is the best fellow going. He will do anything—everything—we will have charades!"

I asked, "Did Major Deverel propose charades?"

"Oh, no; you can't get him to propose anything. I go with the stream on Valentine's Day," he said.

Our boys were very fond of acting, and with very little help from others, they and I had got up several successful charades that winter. They were all *impromptu* characters. We fixed on our word and how the syllables should be expressed, and then left all the acting and the dialogue to the inspiration of the moment. I knew the boys wished for charades, and of course I knew they would have all their wishes as far as possible fulfilled. They had been brought up on the very (not over) indulgent principle and were not the least spoilt by it. So charades we were to have, and Major Deverel was to act with us.

"Had he ever acted?" "Hundreds of times, no doubt." "Had he ever acted *impromptu* charades?" "Nobody knows. But no matter. He agrees to everything—says he would not advise, nor contradict, nor suggest, nor refuse, nor doubt, nor run away—can you want more than that? Don't be afraid, Gracey. Let us fix on a word."

But I was afraid. Our friends were arriving; a dozen people were in the drawing-room already. I had no idea of making an exhibition of myself with my Valentine, who had several times treated this Valentine's Day as being a serious epoch in his life, and as something to be endured with vague wonderings, and an odd anxiety which he tried to hide with gay words; but which was something quite real, and as it seemed to me, very plain to see, and altogether impossible to account for.

More carriages, more bell ringing, more greetings, more ten! My battle with Bertie was lost. I was defeated. We were to have charades; and the first word to be acted was to be *Fearful*, out of compliment to me. "You are in that unreasonable state of agitation, that you will scarcely need to act anything, Gracey." I could only sit and smile; I was beaten, and very amiable under my misfortune.

Now the room in which we acted was a long drawing-room. Standing at the top of this room, if you looked down its length of over thirty-three feet, you saw two doors; one was at the end of the room on the right hand and led into a

library, the other at the side, as far down as could be, and led into the hall. Our only preparation for our favorite pastime was to bring into the room two large screens. They were so placed as to divide off the end of the room which was to be our stage, and to hide the two doors by which we came on, and went off. The middle space between the screens was marked off by a row of wax lights on the floor, and a fence made by long, low, wire guards which had been contrived for the purpose. The only peculiarity of this drawing-room arose from the fact of its having been made by throwing two rooms together, by which means there were two fire-places. One was at the end opposite our stage, the other in the centre of the left-hand side, and opposite the windows. They had grates and chimney-pieces exactly alike, and each had a looking-glass which reached up to the cornice of the room. The glass over the side chimney-piece could be seen perfectly by the actors, and when at the further end of the stage our "situations" were reflected in it.

Before the charade began I spoke to Major Deverel. "The syllable *fear* is to be a scene with banditti, you know; you are to be just entering the stage from the library. I, and my friends, and our maid are to come on the stage in a state of terror, the banditti having robbed us, and turned us out of our carriage. I rush up to you to save us—and you,"—he was listening with the drollest half-smile on his attentive face. I know I looked alarmed for the success of any acting that he might be concerned in, and he read my thoughts exactly.

"Don't be frightened before the time," he said. "I won't arrange anything. Whatever you may do, I shall do exactly as I ought to do. I mean, as I should do if so placed in real life. Now go—Bertie is making signs for you."

What outrageous, silly confidence! And yet he spoke so pleasantly that I could not scold.

Bertie was in full power; a blazing interest in the work to be begun instantly glowed in his handsome face, and he said, "Oh, Major, have you pistols? Ah, you have changed your coat." I then saw that he had a cloak on, and pistols strapped round him. "Your father dressed me," he said. "I have not done

anything myself. I go with the stream this Valentine's Day, and make the best of the place on which the stream may land me, that is all I am going to do."

I can only add to this record of our conversation that I was more puzzled than ever by Major Deverel's words and manner, and found myself on the stage informing my audience by means of a talk with my friends, that we had left our travelling carriage for the luxury of an afternoon walk while proceeding towards Naples on an October day.

Off we went, and on came the banditti by the library door behind us. Their evil intentions were announced in the same fashion, and they passed off as we had. The stage was then occupied by Major Deverel, supposed to be on a walking expedition. From the cries of alarm—the clash of weapons—we women rushed back to the stage. The maid on her knees in a paroxysm of fright, the friend, fainting on the top of the maid, and I rushing up to Major Deverel crying "Save us!"

Then in a moment a grand tableau was formed. I found myself within the Major's strong left arm; and I confess I struggled, for I had not intended my rush to end in such harborage. But I was a mere feather compared to his strength. With a power which I don't forget he drew me closer to him, and held me caged within the bend of his iron arm. I glanced up to his face. What a face it was! His right arm was stretched out, and the pistol in his hand cowed the chief of the banditti, Master Bertie, who looked mesmerized under the earnest, glowing face, and steady, triumphant eye. No one ever saw a more real thing than Major Deverel's attitude and expression; the curtain dropped amidst immense applause, and I was released with a quiet smile. He put his pistol into his belt, and said, as if to himself, "The queerest thing in the world. I'm glad it's over, though!"

"What is queer, and what is over?" I said—we were rearranging ourselves in the library now. He answered, "By and by—by and by."

The word "*full*" was acted by a busy postman delivering valentines to a crowd who met him, and from whose full bags, they filled pockets, baskets, brown paper parcels. It was made a very merry

scene by the boys and all the young friends, who made the gathering crowd till the stage was full, and the curtain dropped again.

The whole word was a recounting of the banditti danger to a nervous lady excellently acted by Mary Drake, who really worked herself up to a very fearful state while I told the story as well as her nerves allowed and the perpetual interruptions, caused by the remedies she so constantly called for, permitted.

There were two more charades, but the Major's acting—the force, the interest, the expression he had put into his part—formed the topic of the night. Everybody had "felt it so!" That was the general experience; it found expression in many words, and the Major's praises reached him of course. All the answer he made was, "I never acted in my life—never took part in any charade before."

## PART II.

### MY VALENTINE'S STORY.

When all our friends had gone, and we were alone, standing about in the supper-room, my brother told Major Deverel again that he had never seen such acting as in that first charade, adding "I am very glad we had you to do it."

"So am I," was the brief answer. "But to me it was not acting. For one moment, I saw, reflected in the great glass over your side fireplace, the whole scene. It was in every particular the counterpart of something I had seen before. I dare say I looked in earnest. I never felt more solemnly stirred. I never wanted all the courage I could command more than at that moment, when you all clapped and praised us. When the curtain dropped, by Jove! how glad I was!"

"Well, now I am sure he *is* mad," was my whisper, as I refreshed myself with a glass of wine offered gallantly by Bertie; but Julia seemed to think differently.

"How strange!" she exclaimed. "May we not know all about it? Won't you tell us? You have no idea how real that moment seemed. Do tell us—tell us now."

"If you please," Major Deverel said. So we sat down, and he began.

"It is a very strange story, and I am not going to try to account for it. I

shall leave you to do that if you choose to try. I shall tell facts in few words—so here I begin. Some years ago I was at Constantinople. I was with a party of friends, and others joined us. We were all “on leave” of one sort or other, and ready to enjoy ourselves; and we all messed together at a French tavern in the suburb called Pera, where we lived, and enjoyed ourselves greatly. We were a party of nine, as nearly as I can recollect; English, French, Irish, and Scotch; I was the only Englishman, I know.

“One day, I remarked that a very intelligent Scotchman was silent, and apparently distressed, at our dinner; and afterwards, I was told by a French friend of his with whom I was walking on the height that overlooks the magnificent harbor, and the Golden Horn, that the Scotchman had done a foolish thing,—perhaps worse, a wrong thing, explained the Frenchman—he had been in a spirit of fun to ask about his future of a Turk who practised necromancy, and he had come away sad, silent, and puzzled. It was said that this sorcerer, if he was one, could show in a sort of vision, any moment of your future life that you liked to ask for. But if you fixed on a moment in the future beyond the term of your life, you beheld only a hideous blank—I say hideous, because the blank had an effect of the most desolating description on all who beheld it. There was only darkness and nothingness. The end of the room seemed to be gone, and all things gone with it; and some strong men had been said to have fainted when this revelation of utter loss had been made to them. Such a revelation had been suffered by our Scotch friend. He had asked to see what that moment would be on that day two years, and had been answered by the awful darkness I have mentioned. After a day or two, I determined to go to this sorcerer myself. I told my French friend, who tried, but in vain, to dissuade me. I would not listen. He refused to go with me, so I took an Irishman, a general favorite, with me. He was called O’Neil. I don’t know why I went. I think I felt it would do Patterson, the Scotchman, good, if a few of us were in a similar predicament with himself. I know I had no belief what-

ever in these prophetic visions being true. O’Neil and I paid our visit to the ‘Wise Man’ on Valentine’s Day. It was at night—or rather in the evening—in fact just before nine o’clock. No difficulty of any kind was made. I put down gold—half a sovereign, for I was going to do it as cheaply as I could. He said, ‘Double that; you will require more than one vision.’ I said shortly that I only wanted one; and that O’Neil would be with me. He told me to take back the gold, for to have O’Neil with me was impossible. I agreed then to go by myself, and we went up-stairs. The man lived in such a house as the more opulent Turks inhabit—built round a court, where a fountain played very lazily. I remember that the drip of the water seemed to add to the strange silence in this man’s dwelling rather than to disturb it. Every drop was heard so perfectly, telling of the unnatural quiet, as the ticking of a clock tells of the silent passage of time. We went through the court together, up a great marble staircase, and through a passage where the walls were painted, and inlaid in places with ivory, jasper, and mother-o’-pearl, in the most tasteless, ignorant way. We got at last into a great room like a gallery, perfectly dark except for a circle of small lamps that burnt about two feet from the floor in the centre of the room, as nearly as I could guess. In a moment I got accustomed to the dim light, and then I saw that the ‘Wise Man’ was standing at the very farthest end, and holding out his arm to me. He had before told me only to speak when he spoke to me. Presently he said, ‘Ask for the moment you wish to see.’ I said, ‘This time next year.’ I felt the room grow warmer. I perceived a highly fragrant scent as of some sweet wood burning, then the end of the room grew brighter and brighter, something as you may see at sunrise, though the light was less glowing, and then, by degrees, like a thing being revealed out of the wavy light and the receding darkness, I saw a distinct scene—a scene, which, but for its perfect stillness, no one could have distinguished from real life. There were two men on the ground; one was dead—I had never seen him then—the other was myself, apparently dying. An Indian was on his knees trying to stanch



the blood that flowed from a wound which I could not see. I looked at it steadily. I took in every particular—more people appeared in the hazy outlines, and a horse—then the minute was over, and the whole was gone. The man was at my side before I knew that he had left the place where I had last seen him, and he spoke: 'You wish for another?' I said, 'I don't know—wait.' 'Don't speak till you are spoken to. I will ask you again soon.'

"In this silent interval I wondered with myself what it was wisest to do. The question, 'Did I die?'—or 'Shall I die?' I suppose I ought to say—was so strong within me that I felt it would be best, at all risks, to answer it. If the next sight gave me the dismal blank, I should know what I feared—if not, I should fear no more. It was best to know. So when I was asked, 'Will you see more?' I said, 'Yes.' 'What moment shall it be?' The voice came again from the farthest corner. I said, 'This time five years.' And it came."

"What came?" asked my brother.

"Why this night—the moment when I held her in with my left arm, and pointed my pistol at Bertie."

"Did you see Bertie?"

"I saw only myself, and a woman, just as she was. I knew the cloak when you put it on me. As I covered the lad with the pistol I caught the flash of the lock in the looking-glass, and one glance gave me the scene complete, myself with my pistol pointed, and your sister in my arms. When I had seen this scene, too, fade away, the sorcerer said, 'You will see another?' But I answered, 'No. I shall carve out my life for myself in spite of you,' and I came away."

"And is this night the very night—the fifth anniversary?"

"Yes, it is. I never thought of it till I met you to-day in the drive, and Bertie said it was Valentine's Day."

"And what of the first scene—did that come to pass?" asked Julia.

"Yes, that very day year, at the same hour. I was stationed at Quebec. We had been out on a hunting excursion with some friendly Indians. A hostile tribe knew of us, and some of them on horseback came upon us. One man was killed, and the flow of blood from withdrawing an arrow with which I had

been wounded made me so faint that, till an Indian stanchd it by making a tourniquet with a handkerchief, I could not be moved. You will not wonder now at my having betrayed my interest in all that to-day might bring to me, and in my saying I would do nothing—that I would go with the stream. I really do believe that, in unbelieving nations, some sort of 'black art' is practised still."

Here this strange story ended, and we went to bed, and some of us dreamt of it.

The next morning, which was as bright as the preceding one, I met Major Deverel in the hall. It was my office to make breakfast. He stood by me. The clock struck nine.

"About this hour yesterday I met you in the drive. It struck nine when I was making inquiries at the lodge."

There was something odd in his manner, I thought. I said, "My sister and brother are late this morning."

"Tired with my long story?" he said.

"Not very long, but very strange."

"Let's make it as long as we can," he said—"till death us do part?"

And his pleasant, promising eyes were upon me.

"Oh, Major Deverel, it is only *twenty-four hours!* 'A soldier's wooing—'"

"I should like nothing so much in the world!" said a voice—not mine. My brother had come in, and hearing the last words had answered them.

And certainly, before twelve o'clock, I had said a sort of "Yes," but balanced by as many "ifs" as I craftily thought would serve to make it "No" whenever I pleased. And now, as I think of it, I remember that my husband did not pay as much attention to those "ifs" as I intended. He afterwards even denied that he had heard them at all.

G. F.

From the Saturday Review.

ÆSTHETIC WOMAN.

It is the peculiar triumph of woman in this nineteenth century that she has made the conquest of Art. Our grandmothers lived in the kitchen, and debased their finer faculties to the creation of puddings and pies. They span, they

knitted, they mended, they darned, they kept the accounts of the household, and scolded the maids. From this underground existence of barbaric ages woman has at last come forth into the full sunshine of artistic day; she has mounted from the kitchen to the studio, the sketching-desk has superseded the pudding-board, sonatas have banished the knitting-needle, poetry has exterminated weekly accounts. Woman, in a word, has realized her mission; it is her characteristic, she tells us through a chorus of musical voices, to represent the artistic element of the world, to be preëminently the æsthetic creature. Nature educates her, as Wordsworth sang long ago, into a being of her own, sensitive above all to beauty of thought and color, and sound and form. Delicate perceptions of evanescent shades and tones, lost to the coarser eye and ear of man, exquisite refinements of spiritual appreciation, subtle powers of detecting latent harmonies between the outer and the inner worlds of nature and the soul, blend themselves like the colors of the prism in the pure white light of woman's organization. And so the host of Woman, as it marches to the conquest of the world, flaunts over its legions the banner of art.

In one of the occasional passages of real poetic power with which Walt Whitman now and then condescends to break the full tide of rhapsody over the eternities and the last patent drill, he describes himself as seeing two armies in succession go forth to the civil war. First passed the legions of Grant and McClellan, flushed with patriotic enthusiasm and hope of victory, and cheered onward by the shouts of adoring multitudes. Behind, silent and innumerable, marched the army of the dead. Something, we must own, of the same contrast strikes us as we stand humbly aside to watch the æsthetic progress of woman. It is impossible not to feel a certain glow of enthusiastic sympathy as the vanguard passes by—women earnest in aim and effort, artists, nursing-sisters, poetesses, doctors, wives, musicians, novelists, mathematicians, political economists, in somewhat motley uniform and ill-dressed ranks, but full of resolve, independence, and self-sacrifice. If we were fighting folk we confess we should be half inclined to shout for the rights

of woman, and to fall manfully into rank. As it is, we wait patiently for the army behind, for the main body—woman herself. Woman fronts us as noisy, demonstrative, exacting in her æsthetic claims. Nothing can surpass the adroitness with which she uses her bluer sisters on ahead to clear the way for her gayer legions; nothing, at any rate, but the contempt with which she dismisses them when their work is done. Their office is to level the stubborn incredulity, to set straight the crooked criticisms, of sceptical man, and then to disappear. Woman herself takes their place. Art is everywhere throughout her host—for music, the highest of arts, is the art of all. The singers go before, the minstrels follow after, in the midst are the damsels playing on the timbrels. The sister Arts have their own representatives within the mass. Sketching boasts its thousands, and poetry its tens of thousands. A demure band of maidens blend piety with art around the standard of Church decoration. Perhaps it is his very regard for the first host—for its earnestness, for its real womanhood—that makes the critic so cynical over the second; perhaps it is his very love for art that turns to quiet bitterness as he sees art dragged at the heels of foolish virgins. For art is dragged at their heels. Woman will have man love her for her own sake; but she loves art for the sake of man. Very truly, if with an almost sublime effrontery, she rechristens for her own special purposes the great studies that fired Raffaele or Beethoven. She pursues them, she pays for them, not as arts, but as accomplishments. Their cultivation is the last touch added at her finishing school ere she makes her bow to the world. She orders her new duet as she orders her new bonnet, and the two purchases have precisely the same significance. She drops her piano and her paint-brush, as she drops coquetry and flirtations, when the fish is landed and she can throw the bait away. Or, what is worse, she keeps them alive as little social enjoyments, as reliefs to the tedium of domestic life, as something which fills up the weary hours when she is fated to the boredom of rural existence. A woman of business is counted a strange and remarkable being, we hardly know why. Looking coolly at the matter, it seems

to us that all women are women of business; that their life is spent over the counter; that there is nothing in earth or heaven too sacred for their traffic and their barter. Love, youth, beauty, a British mother reckons them up on her fingers, and tells you to a fraction their value in the market. And the pale sentimental being at her side, after flooring one big fellow with a bit of Chopin, and another with a highly unintelligible verse of Robert Browning, poses herself shyly and asks through appealing eyes, "Am I not an æsthetic creature?"

The answer to this question is best read perhaps in the musical aspect of woman. Bold as the assumption sounds, it is quietly assumed that every woman is naturally musical. Music is the great accomplishment, and the logic of her schools proves to demonstration that every girl has fingers and an ear. In a wonderful number of cases the same logic proves that girls have a voice. Anyhow, the assumption moulds the very course of female existence. The morning is spent in practising, and the evening in airing the results of the practice. There are country-houses where one only rushes away from the elaborate Thalberg of midnight to be roused up at dawn by the Battle of Prague on the piano in the school-room overhead. Still we all reconcile ourselves to this perpetual rattle, because we know that a musical being has to be educated into existence, and that a woman is necessarily a musical being. A glance, indeed, at what we may call the life of the piano explains the necessity. Music is preëminently the social art; no art draws people so conveniently together, no art so lends itself to conversation, no art is in a maidenly sense at once so agreeable, so easy to acquire, and so eminently useful. A flirtation is never conducted under greater advantages than amid the deafening thunders of a grand finale; the victim doomed to the bondage of turning over is chained to the fascination of fine arms and delicate hands. Talk, too, may be conducted without much trouble over music on the usual principles of female criticism. "Pretty" and "exquisite" go a great way with the Italian and the Romantic schools; "sublime" does pretty universally for the German. The Opera is, of course, the crown and sum

of things, the most charming of social lounges, the readiest of conversational topics. It must be a very heavy Guardsman indeed who cannot kindle over the Flower-song or the Jewel scene. And it is at the Opera that woman is supreme. The strange mingling of eye and ear, the confused appeal to every sensuous faculty, the littleness as well as the greatness of it all, echo the confusion within woman herself. Moreover, there is no boredom — no absolute appeal to thought or deeper feeling. It is in good taste to drop in after the first act, and to leave before the last. It is true that an opera is supposed to be the great creation of a great artist, and an artist's work is presumed to have a certain order and unity of its own; but woman is the Queen of Art, and it is hard if she may not display her royalty by docking the *Fidelio* of its head and its tail. But if woman is obliged to content herself with mutilating art in the opera or the concert-room, she is able to create art itself over her piano. A host of *Claribels* and *Rosalies* exist simply because woman is a musical creature. We turn over the heap of rubbish on the piano with a sense of wonder, and ask, without hope of an answer, why nine-tenths of our modern songs are written at all, or why, being written, they can find a publisher. But the answer is a simple one, after all; it is merely that æsthetic creatures, that queens of art and of song, cannot play good music and can play bad. There is not a publisher in London who would not tell us that the patronage of musical woman is simply a patronage of trash. The fact is that woman is a very practical being, and she has learned by experience that trash pays better than good music for her own special purposes; and when these purposes are attained she throws good music and bad music aside with a perfect impartiality. It is with a certain feeling of equity, as well as of content, that the betrothed one resigns her sway over the keys. She has played and won, and now she holds it hardly fair that she should interfere with other people's game. So she lounges into a corner, and leaves her Broadwood to those who have practical work to do. Her rôle in life has no need of accomplishments, and as for the serious study of music as an art,

as to any love of it or loyalty to it, that is the business of "professional people," and not of British mothers. Only she would have her girls remember that nothing is in better taste than for young people to show themselves artistic.

Music only displays on the grand scale the laws which in less obtrusive form govern the whole æsthetic life of woman. Painting, for instance, dwindles in her hands into the "sketch;" the brown sands in the foreground, the blue wash of the sea, and the dab of rock behind. Not a very lofty or amusing thing, one would say at first sight; but, if one thinks of it, an eminently practical thing, rapid and easy of execution, not mewing the artist up in solitary studio, but lending itself gracefully to picnics and groups of a picturesque sort on cliff and boulder, and whispered criticism from faces peeping over one's shoulder. Serious painting woman can leave comfortably to Academicians and rough-bearded creatures of the Philip Firman type, though even here she feels, as she glances round the walls of the Academy, that she is creating art as she is creating music. She dwells complacently on the home tendencies of modern painting, on the wonderful succession of squares of domestic canvas, on the nursemaid carrying children up-stairs in one picture, on the nursemaid carrying children down-stairs in the next. She has her little crow of triumph over the great artist who started with a lofty ideal, and has come down to painting the red stockings of little girls in green-baize pews, or the wonderful counterpanes and marvellous bed-curtains of sleeping innocents. She knows that the men who are forced to paint these things growl contempt over their own creations, but the very growl is a tribute to woman's supremacy. It is a great thing when woman can wring from an artist a hundred "pot-boilers," while man can only give him an order for a single "Light of the World." One field of art, indeed, woman claims for her own. Man may build churches as long as he leaves woman to decorate them. A crowning demonstration of her æsthetic faculties meets us on every festival in wreath and text and monogram, in exquisitely moulded pillars turned into

grotesque corkscrews, in tracery broken by strips of greenery, in paper flowers and every variety of gilt gingerbread. But it may be questioned whether art is the sole aim of the ecclesiastical picnic out of which decorations spring. The chatty groups dotted over the aisle, the constant appeals to the curate, the dainty little screams and giggles as the ladder shakes beneath those artistic feet, the criticism of cousins who have looked in quite accidentally for a peep, the half-consecrated flirtations in the vestry, ally art even here to those practical purposes which æsthetic woman never forgets. Were she, indeed, once to forget them, she might become a Dr. Mary Walker; she might even become a George Sand. In other words, she might find herself an artist, loving and studying art for its own sake, solitary, despised, eccentric, and blue. From such a destiny æsthetic woman turns scornfully away.

Chambers's Journal.

#### DIAMONDS AND PRECIOUS STONES.

AMONG the "soulless things which adorn life," and which we prize, not only for their acknowledged value and beauty, but, it may be, from an unanalyzed sense of their changelessness and durability, there are none more interesting or more suggestive, than precious stones. Their value is not exclusively in their price; their attraction is not only in their beauty. They are full of associations, half unconscious, indeed, but readily recognized and explained when the chord is struck. They are a portion of the mystery of the earth—more beautiful and wonderful as little by little it is revealed. They have historical significance, and poetical meaning in their relation to the ancient chronicles, and the dim and distant superstitions of the East—the land of gems. They speak a grand and royal language of their own, and have lent their gorgeous beauty to the aid of the most majestic forms of symbolism. In hieroglyphs of gems, the names of the tribes blazed upon the breast of the High-Priest of Israel, and they alone have been found worthy to illustrate the vague splendors of the Apocalyptic Vision.

The pomp of royalty is aided by the



lustre of precious stones, and its wealth and magnificence are indicated by their value. There are histories in the mere phrase "Crown Jewels;" splendid, romantic, guilty, melancholy histories; some of them summoning a crowd of memories, incidents, and personages; others calling up a solitary figure, or perhaps two, to stand forth in the lonely light of their greatness and their sorrow. Who thinks of Charles the Bold without his dazzling sword-hilt, and the diamonds lost at Grandson—to reappear after centuries, and adorn an imperial breast. Are the wit and the profligacy of Marguerite de Valois more characteristic of the image which arises in our fancy, than the famous pear-shaped pearls which she wore when La Mole first beheld her fatal beauty? Anne Boleyn and her coif "of curious fret-work of pure gold, and cunning device in pearls;" her royal daughter with her pearl-embroidered gown of cloth-of-gold, and quaint breast-pin, a frog with diamond eyes—subtle compliment to the courtship of Alençon; Mary Stuart's coveted pearls, the gift of her boy-bridegroom, bought by proxy, by Elizabeth, when the captive's poverty consented to their sale; her solemnly silly son, and his string of balass rubies—from incident to incident, and from personage to personage, along the track of the merest surface recollections of history, we may trace the association.

In the romantic episode of the Spanish Match, jewels play a distinguished part; and even the English Solomon never wrote himself down an ass more emphatically than in his letters to Buckingham concerning the second-rate gems which alone he could be induced to give for the propitiation of the Spanish courtiers, and the advance of back-stairs interest. It is a goodly catalogue which sets forth the jewels with which Charles adorned the beautiful bride he ultimately succeeded in winning; and those which the royal daughter of Henri Quatre brought to her adopted country, which she never could in truth adopt. She took but few with her when she returned to France, to wait, in terror and suffering, the tidings of her widowhood, and receive, as the last token of her husband's love, the jewelled George, removed from his neck to make way for

the axe of the headsman. Were any of the diamonds of that relic among those which the daughter of the Bourbon and the Medici sold, that the daughter of the Stuart might be fed and warmed in the palace of her forefathers, that her life might be preserved, to be terminated by poison under the complacent superintendence of Philippe d'Orleans? And the gay and gallant, the brave and splendid Buckingham!—his very name is like a flash of light on a scene of courtly splendor. The plumes wave, the silken and velvet robes rustle, the perfumed love-locks fall upon the point-lace collars, as the throng of gorgeous ghosts flit by. Where is the pure diamond, rippling with a stream of light as the great duke doffed the plumed hat for the last time to his duchess, when she left the banqueting-hall, which was wont to fasten the graceful feather? Where is the collar of rubies? What has become of the "little diamonds" and the larger pearls which George Villiers scattered like dust in the palace halls whose fair neglected queen was his royal love? Where are the black pearls which Catharine of Braganza wore at Whitehall, "in compliment to her complexion," as was said by the worst and wittiest of her rivals, long out-lived by the contented and comfortable queen, who, after the fashion of Anne of Cleves, her remote predecessor in the perilous honor of consortship with a conscienceless monarch, contrived to make the best of a decidedly unpleasant position? Who has the Este jewels, the delicate, intricate, quaint Florentine armlets, the cordelières, the gemmed rings, the old historic stones of price, which Mary of Modena brought from her ancient house to the inhospitable land which always looked upon her coldly, and finally insulted her, so that she fled from it, even before the storm broke? On what fair neck and bosom, on what round white arms, are the gems flashing now, steady, deathless in their radiance, which once, it may be, lent their lustre to the beauty of the enigmatical daughter of the Borgias, the dangerous bride of Alfonso d'Este, Duke of Ferrara? Mary of Modena may have worn them; fancy is free to weave her fabric of association where facts lend so much material.

The gems that princes have worn, the gems that they have given in recognition of state services, or in guerdon of the offices of kindness, of private friendship, are rich in association; but there are some unworn, unconferred, which have histories too. Is there no story in that assortment of "fine stones" given out from the king's jewel wardrobe, to be set in the velvet cap, which, crossed with the heraldic closing bars of his rank, was to be worn by the Lord Edward, at the grand ceremonial, for which Henry VIII. drew up the programme with his own right hand, soon to do no more wickedness, and to moulder in the dust with its victims? The Lord Edward was never created Prince of Wales, and the "fine stones" were replaced in the jewel wardrobe, while the artificers wrought at the construction of a small imperial crown for the boyish head, which carried its weight so well, but laid it down so early. What story can surpass in ghastly effect, in pathos, with the grotesque insanity of the royal Spaniard tinging it throughout, that of the coronation of the dead woman, raised from the tomb of years, to share the splendor that could never lighten the gloom of her lover's broken heart? Had not the diamonds and the emeralds that glittered in the crown which encircled the fleshless skull and incrustated the sceptre of Castile, round which closed the skeleton fingers, an awful meaning in their pitiless brightness?

Where are the diamonds now which formed the "Queen's Necklace"—the diamonds which never were worn by the woman whose ruin they wrought in part—the most famous of all the jewels that sparkle in the pages of history—the diamonds which should have had a drop of crimson blood in the heart of each? Whither have they been dispersed, which, when gem was linked to gem, were daintily touched by Marie Antoinette's fingers, and coveted, just a little, spite of her renunciation, by her from whom all the glories of state were soon to fall away? They were destined to be held in the proud Austrian's remembrance, to rankle there, with the torture of wounded pride, of outraged delicacy. They, the gorgeous jewels, the like of which are symbols to princes of the love and loyalty of peoples, had

an inverted meaning to the queen of France. To her they signified a nation's prejudice and dislike, growing into hatred (*Ille me tuent, Christine*, she wrote to her sister), and the first touch of that sense of powerlessness, so bitter to those born in the purple. Low intrigue, from which her station could not secure her; insolent presumption, from which her dignity could not shield her; maligners whom she could not silence, enemies whom she could not punish, the triumph of a lie—these were the associations which the famous diamond necklace had for the Widow Capet, when she looked back from her prison, with the scaffold in the distance, to the palace and the throne. Had the fabled basilisk been robbed of its eyes for that necklace, or had some evil sprite cursed the gems in his discontented keeping, as they lay, yet harmless, in the depths of the mine?

Again, a famous diamond necklace appears, in high and historic places. What will the future have to tell, what associations to evoke in connection with the magnificent gift which the Czar is preparing for his wife? The story of this necklace is to commence now, with the collection of the gems. It is to have no antecedents; the diamonds, to be worthy of the imperial wearer, are to be all new, cut, polished, set for the purpose for which they are designed. The present time is assisting at the birth of one of the most magnificent heirlooms the world has ever seen. For the future is its history. Will it be as various, as eventful, as mysterious as that of the Mountain of Light? laden with the immemorial traditions of oriental greatness, the boast of a conquering dynasty, the pride of a superb sovereignty, the spoil of war, the trophy of successful traders, the gift of British subjects to their queen.

Jewels, which are a portion of the spoil of war, are associated with its rewards. They gleam upon the breast of the great general, and stud the marshal's *bâton*. They are symbolical of many kinds of fame, and have a greater personality than any other symbol. The unforgotten great have worn them, and they remain. The rôles of state moulder into dust, lie neglected in receptacles of rubbish, or ultimately find their way to

most undignified and uncongenial endings, in old-clothes shops, or theatrical wardrobes. But the jewelled insignia of rank among statesmen, nobles, and warriors, remain always, bright, beautiful, and precious, as should be the memory of the dead.

If we turn away from the narrower, the more individual sentiment which endows jewels with rich charms of association, to the wider and more abstract theme, of their connection in the human mind with its aspirations toward the supernatural, the divine, we shall find that connection existing from the beginning. The Egyptian god looked "o'er the desolate sand-desert" out of diamond eyes, and the idols of the Assyrian worship blazed with precious stones. The subtle and luxurious Egyptian, the learned and sensuous Greek, the elect and god-governed Jew, the warlike and practical Roman, the barbarous Goth and "dwarfish Hun," the chivalrous Frank and the devastating Tartar, are all alike in this—that they paid homage to their gods and to their kings in tribute of precious stones; the spoils of the treasure-house of the earth, the product of their most difficult toil, and the result of their most skilled labor. We have but to glance from the temples of Thebes to the Ephesian shrines, and the gorgeous Pantheon at Rome; from the Tabernacle in the wilderness to the camp-altar of St. Louis in the Syrian sands; from the clasp of Charlemagne's royal mantle to the leopard-skin tent of Theodoric, and the barbaric splendor of Attila's hair; from the Temple and the throne of Solomon to the diamond-shod hoofs of Mohammed's charger, and the sacred tresses of his mane, twined with pearls of Ormuz and rubies of Samarcand. Historical facts, and the fables which are their fanciful reflection, multiply as we think of them, and swell the tide of association with tributary riches; true as the mitre of the High-Priest; fabulous as the jewelled throne of Timour or the seal of Solomon, as the gem-lighted caverns of the King of the Sea, or the treasures of the valley whence the roc bore Sindbad away, with his turbanful of diamonds.

Heirlooms of the future are hidden in the earth, in the burning torrid zone, and in the barren ranges of mountains in the West; toiling feet tread over their buried

riches, weary eyes are turned to the dim distance in whose recesses they lie. From the most desolate regions they are brought, to lend the finishing-touch of grace and splendor to the fabric of civilized society; wrested from the earth by the poorest and the most abased, they are the prize of the wealthiest, and the adornment of the proudest and most refined. They are among the secrets of the sea; they lie in the bosom of the deep, and do not suffer change or destruction. The terrible spoils of the ocean, the ghastly trophies of its victory over man's skill and courage, which make of the depths a sepulchre, are mingled with jewels, which would not have lost their beauty and value if they were brought to the light of day after a thousand years.

Art has borrowed their aid in its grandest productions, and science has applied itself to their investigation, seeking the secret of their lustre and their properties, and assigning them their places in the great catalogue of creation. But there is one which yet defies science, which sets it at naught when it would define the cause of the hardness, and the origin of the lustre which give it sovereignty over the kingdom of precious stones. Supreme in beauty and in value, rarest and most difficult of access, richest in meaning, and royal in rank, the Diamond holds the mystery of its being in its translucent heart.

The prominence of the place held by jewels in the history of the kingdoms of the earth, of their kings, and their great men, is also to be traced, on a reduced scale, among families and individuals. They have associations which no other articles of value, however great their price or remarkable their beauty, can possess. They have an individuality which connects them with the history of human beings, and invests them with an almost sacred character. They are frequently gifts, symbolical or commemorative of anniversaries sacred in the chronology of domestic life, memorials of successful endeavor, changeless remembrancers of all that changes and passes away, sacred mementoes of the dead, and symbols of mourning—such are jewels, alone among the lifeless things which surround us, but have no power of sympathetic meaning. The proudest

of all heirlooms, they are bright links between the wearers in the present and the dead whom they once adorned, and they have meanings as such which no other hereditary possessions can boast. The park, the mansion, the picture-gallery, the sculpture-hall, the silver and gold decked banqueting-room, are vague and impersonal in their significance, though they count their existence by centuries of heirship. They are but halls of lost footsteps. Dead-and-gone men and women have walked, and lived, and feasted in them; eyes sealed long ago in the dust have gazed upon the art-treasures, and shone the brighter with the deceptive sense of possession; but they have been apart, they have been abstract, they have not been of them. But what of the heirlooms in the strong-boxes and the strong-rooms? What of the gems which actually touched the soft warm flesh of the women whose portraits hang upon the walls of the picture-gallery—which bound their perfumed hair, and decked their slender fingers? the very same jewels which the lord of all this wealth has given to his bride, whose son shall in his turn tell a fair young wife how well they became the matronly grace and dignity of his mother. The history of the race is best read with the commentary of these precious heirlooms, which but acquire dignity with old fashion, and never are touched with the grotesqueness which attaches to by-gone costume. They are the memorials of the best and dearest sentiments of family life. The herald's art proclaims the pride and dignity of descent, the portrait-gallery keeps up the tradition of beauty, the armory has its records of the warlike deeds of a famous ancestry, the rent-roll records wealth, and titles tell of honor. But the jewel caskets reveal more than splendor undimmed by time; they tell how the dead loved and wooed the women whose beauty their precious contents adorned; they show here a date, there an initial, now a motto, then a "posy," anon an emblematic combination of gems; everywhere a hint of the past, and with their solemn memorial of death, a beautiful commemoration of love.

If we look from splendid homes to humbler dwellings, it is still the same; perhaps, indeed, though not so extensive, association is stronger with possessions

of the simpler and less costly kind. Such are almost invariably gifts, and of great significance for the giver and receiver. Where there is no question of *parure*, where the demands of "society" are unheard and unheeded, jewels acquire intensified meaning, and the simplest trinket is a household poem.

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The Saturday Review.

#### THE FRENCH GOVERNMENT AND POLITICAL EXILES.

THE Ninth Article of the new French Law upon the press is an instance of the malignity with which a successful man looks back occasionally, in after life, on those whom he has supplanted. It might have been supposed that Napoleon III. could have afforded to forgive the exiled Royal families of France. They have not done him much harm since their expulsion. None of the younger members of either branch have borrowed money from their friends to go down to fly tame eagles at Strasbourg or Boulogne. There have been no conspiracies, except a harmless conspiracy in the Faubourg St. Germain not to dine with his Ministers, nor to go to his balls, nor to enjoy the golden finery of the Empire. There have been no risings, no foolish attempts to whip French provinces into an excitement which they do not feel. And if the Bourbonists and Orleanists have done nothing else, they have been prudently inert. To say that the "old parties" have learnt the final lesson which Bourbonists and Orleanists may perhaps one day have to learn from the teaching of events—that they have no hopes, or even that their friends are slow in watching over their interests, and keep up no anxious correspondence with local allies—would be to give them credit for virtues which only ideal characters possess; but, after all, such weaknesses as these are the excusable errors of exiles. Their hearts always flutter to the last. Who ever heard of a refugee or an exile that was not living on the eve of a revolution that would restore him to his country? Even the Poles, after the last revolution, are still hopeful. They have always an intense faith that something must happen before long—a dreary creed which is the lasting consolation of the unfortunate in politics.



The old parties in France, for example, have known for years and years, on the best authority, that the Emperor was dying rapidly of a mortal disease which sixteen years ago must inevitably carry him off before another winter. Every mental preparation was made for his obsequies. But, though the Emperor has lived on as stoutly and as vigorously as if he had been a rich uncle, still the "old parties" have believed that every New Year must be "*le commencement de la fin.*" All this naturally has gone on, under the Napoleons, as it would have done under anybody else; but beyond this the Bourbonists or Orleanists have done him no harm. The extraordinary ferocity which, in return, Imperialists expend on "old parties" amounts almost to a mania. Exiles in future, who are banished from France, are never to write to the journals or periodicals. In case of contravention of this regulation, "a fine of from 1,000 francs to 5,000 francs is imposed on the editors and managers of the said journal or periodical."

The fear entertained, by the Second Empire, of the press is aptly illustrated by this tyrannical provision. There are three penalties inflicted by the mild wisdom of Napoleon III. on the prominent members of the old parties—banishment, confiscation, silence. In English eyes, the first may be a necessity, but the second was a cruelty, and the third is puerile. Do the French Emperor's Ministers, his Rouhers and his Baroches, positively believe that it is worth while to prevent, by the paltry fine of from 40*l.* to 150*l.*, a foreign prince or a foreign refugee signing a letter to a Paris journal with his name? It is not, of course, a question of a great manifesto or proclamation, nor even of an article which could offend the susceptible patriotism of a French police-officer. All these things can be punished by the law already. The argument offered in the Corps Législatif by the Ministerial apologists of this Ninth Article, to the effect that persons must not be allowed to write in French papers who have given no hostages to the law, is insane. Under the new law, the hostages given to the law by publisher and proprietor are so enormous that—the Bill once passed—the Emperor may safely take the muzzle

off every political epigrammatist, whether he lives in the Rue Rivoli or in Leicester Square. A system of self-acting checks has been devised, so powerful that even M. Prevost-Paradol will probably be beaten by it. If the writer offends, ruin the printer. Let each *bon mot* cost the proprietor of the paper his means of livelihood. For every epigram confiscate, not the spirit and humor of the author, which is intangible, but the personal property of the individual whose capital is embarked in his literary enterprise. To conquer Galileo, prohibit telescopes and stop the manufacture of glass. This is the Imperial plan. This is, in effect, Charles Lamb's Chinese recipe for roasting pigs. Burn down the house about the pig, and the pig will be roasted to a turn. The system will succeed, however, and the Empire will be able to sigh a sigh of satisfaction at final freedom from even the most delicate innuendo.

But one thing is evident. Under such a system it is ridiculous to pretend to be anxious lest writers at home or abroad should not have given enough pledges to public order. They have been forced to give the best of all pledges, the pockets of their employers; and the Emperor's Ministers know it. The true reason, if France only could be told the truth, is that, absurd and comical as it appears, the Second Empire is sensitive to a fault about all that can possibly appeal to French imagination. It sees danger even in the whisper of a historic name. An old association, whether it be of the drawing-room or the barricade, makes it tremble like a leaf. The one thing needed is for France to connect no political or romantic idea with anything in the past except the First Empire. If there are tears, or fluttered sensibilities, they ought to be kept for St. Helena. The Imperial school wishes to train up the generation under it almost to forget the sound of any name or title that recalls a train of memory, or a romantic recollection of youth. We do not feel certain that the Empire is not right. Who knows the French nation except the one man who has conquered it in a single night? It was by dint of imaginative effect that Napoleon III. succeeded, and his advisers wish no one to work the charm except themselves. And yet the

danger must be remote. The twenty years that have passed since 1848 have destroyed political illusions about dynasties, if they existed in France at all. The next time the French choose a new and amended form of government, it will be from political conviction, not from sentimental fancy; from a desire to have liberty at last, rather than to indulge themselves in crowning a mere name.

It is true that Napoleon III. himself suffered something under the reign of those whom he now seeks to silence. He was a prisoner, and spent a dreary time of it in his fortress in the North of France. Yet calm consideration might suggest to the captive of Ham that it was not till he had definitely assumed the part of a political disturber of the peace that those on the throne of France decided upon caging him. In favor of political imprisonments of the sort we have not much to say. They are not usually of any service to the party which inflicts them, while they raise the sufferer from the rank of a fanatic to that of a martyr. Louis Napoleon, however, had done too much to be able with justice to insinuate that he was the victim of a dynastic persecution. It was at the hands of the law that he really suffered, as indeed he admitted some years back when he revisited as Emperor the spots where he had languished as a disappointed adventurer. To turn round on those into whose place he has risen by a bold nocturnal exploit, and to proscribe, as far as he can, their very name, is a poor piece of revenge. What it means is not exactly that the world can be held back from listening if the Count of Paris has anything to say that is worth hearing, be the subject Germany or be it France. The intellect of the Continent is, fortunately, not tethered to the few square inches of stubble and weeds which Parisian political literature provides for it. There are plenty of German and Belgian papers which are still free, and which are acquiring daily over the intelligent part of town populations in France the influence which the literary poverty of French journalism surrenders to alien pens. The Emperor cannot stop Europe thinking. All that it is possible for him to do is to keep French peasants from hearing that one Royal personage is a

statesman, or that another is a learned scholar and man of science. We are a little astonished that the Second Empire is so nervous; that, like Macbeth, it is always seeing in every shadow Banquo's ghost, and other spectres of the past. Surely corruption in politics is too deeply seated in Paris to be so easily shaken, at least during the Emperor's own life. And it is the most surprising thing of all, that Napoleon III. does not perceive that the real enemy with which his son will have to contend is a new, but this time a sobered and chastened, Republic.

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Dublin Monthly Magazine.

#### REVERIES.

COMPARED with eternity, the duration of the existence of the Systems of Space—their mighty suns and circulating worlds—not to speak of special planetary, still less of national civilizations—is as transient and trifling as that of the innumerable circles formed by the drops of rain in a river. Conceive the solitary soul of man fronting those long drifts of universes in the milky way—how fleeting, how minutely limited his life and knowledge amid that panorama of infinity, a few of whose island systems, only the most powerful telescope can discover. How strange, contemplating the scene, to think that each of those silent, shining particles may be a heaven or a hell, filled with beings destined to think, act, and suffer for a moment, and then give place to other lives, equally transient and tumultuous. What is man's object in creation? what that of yonder endless myriad spheres of matter and life? Man, limited by his faculties and place in creation, awaking for a moment's thought on this starry atom, lost in space, between the two eternities of the past and future—man can know as little of his object except through revelation and faith, as an animalcule, living in a drop of blood circulating in his hand or foot, can understand of his daily purposes and of the thoughts which pass through his brain.

It is difficult to realize what Newton meant by space with its universes, being the "Sensorium" of Deity; still more so his idea that this power was the creator of space as well as matter.

Deity means a supreme, conscious intelligent cause ; but space must have existed externally therewith, and Deity been contained therein. A Sensorium is a centre of sensation. If the worlds were created out of matter the Supreme Power must have had a being, either external to, or consubstantial with, matter. In the latter case, Deity would exist in distinct and separate regions ; each system or planet would be a god. In the other case, it is difficult to suppose a single Supreme Power filling infinite space, yet only manifesting a conscious existence in those points of space occupied by the universes, its sensoriums ; except through the conception that there may be universes of invisible imponderable matter external to the visible, through which, as through a nervous structure, Deity may be *en rapport* with itself throughout all the systems of infinity. From our structure we are only capable of successions of single sensations and ideas each particular second ; hence the impossibility of conceiving a Supreme intelligence whose consciousness extends through myriads of planetary sensoriums, whose innumerable impressions, material, vital, and intellectual, are constantly and instantaneously embraced by that intelligence. To suppose, however, the universes to be the sole sensoriums of Deity, is to realize pantheism ; for if God is thus connected with matter, and conscious through it, he cannot be independent of it ; and consequently all its manifestations must be integral phenomena of his existence. This is the Chinese Taoist and modern German idea ; but on the other hand we have the more sublime revealed theologic conception of a Supreme Being, independent of matter, yet sensible to planetary impressions ; and according to this all the universes of space may be analogous to the cells of an infinite brain, in which the power acting is an element or being as different from matter as our mind from visible cerebral substance. Thus, the suns of the manifold systems, with their worlds, may be respectively great and small centres of sensation, each endowed with some special attributes, functions, and relations to the existence of the universal Power, in whose infinite substance each stellar aggregation may be but as minute drops

of blood. Higher beings, in older planets, who have mastered the means of interchanging intelligence, may have attained some glimpse of the physiology of the infinite substance of Deity. But to man, occupying a place on an atom on the skirt of one little organ, or drop of circulating matter, on the edge of one system, even Newton's law of gravitation is but the observation of an animalcule in a disk of blood, who perceives its revolution and that of a few circumfluent relational particles, but who remains ignorant of powers of the Being in some extremity of whose substance he lives, or of the nature or power which, sensationally influenced by many system-centres, exhibits in some remote universal sensorium, the manifestations of an inconceivable intelligence.

Regarding the stellar systems as particles in the substance of a Supreme Being, gives rise to curious speculations connected with some of the suggestions of science. Both Newton, La Place, and other astronomers have demonstrated, that were the medium of space through which the planets move 360,000 millions of times more rare than that of our atmosphere, through the resistance thus opposed, their velocity must gradually diminish, and they must consequently, in time, be drawn toward and absorbed into the sun ; that by the heat thus produced, nebulous matter will be again evolved in connection with mechanical laws ; that worlds will again be projected, and that the system of forces thus producing creations, restorations of matter to centres, and creations again, is being perpetuated throughout space, in which (such is one of the illustrations) suns or fixed stars have been observed to become extinct, and others to flame out in other regions hitherto void. Enormous changes, however, such as those in the condition of matter, which astonish and appal the imagination, may in the substance of an infinite, eternal Being be of no more importance to Him, than the consumption and reconstruction of the molecules of tissue which are constantly taking place in our ephemeral frames. Thus the dark worlds discovered by Professor Bessel—planetary systems whose suns have become extinct, may be merely particles of wasted substance in the universal matter,

which will yet be attracted, absorbed, and revived, in the eternal process of Deitific life.

From, however, the progress from inert matter to life recognized on this planet, we may conjecture that the planetary systems are but the substratum for others formed of imponderable substance—spheres of independent Spiritual Being. No analogy can be more in accordance with reason than that which leads us to infer, from the indestructibility of visible matter, that of life and mind. Development throughout both regions is clearly the law of Deity; and thus assured of immortality, nature and intellect become strengthened and glorified, and imagination exults in the prospect of an infinite series of ascending existences and rests in felicitous security—in transcendent contemplation of the future of the soul, destined by the inevitable tendency of universal laws to attain—passing from life to life as the ages roll—to Deitific being, amid the remote summers of time—amid the civilizations of Eternity.

#### AMONG THE PACIFIC ISLANDERS.

IN ordinary weather, it is a month's sail from the Golden Gates to the group of islands called Marquesas, and indicated by a tiny mark on the map of Oceania, or the Pacific Ocean, on whose vast expanse are innumerable atoms of land, rich in wonderful natural beauty, and inhabited by strange specimens of the genus Man. When Mr. Lamont\* made the voyage, because trade was dull at California, with the intention of doing a stroke of business among the "natives" during the winter, and getting back for "the season," he little anticipated that a long detention among the savages (it seems a harsh term when applied to these gentle creatures) awaited him. Few men have ever fallen into a milder form of captivity, however, and been able to extract such "sweet uses" from the temporary "adversity," in the way of addition to the scanty general stock of information respecting our congeners of the Southern Seas. Mr. Lamont had the ill-fortune to

experience considerable ill-usage, and some very detestable treachery, at the hands of his civilized friends and associates in connection with this expedition, who cut figures in the narrative of which the most unsophisticated savages might be ashamed; but the story of his involuntary sojourn among the strange people who tenant that portion of the world's surface which most nearly resembles the Paradise of the poets, and the "Afternoon-land" of the Lotus-eaters, is singularly devoid of painful or repulsive features. Surely the gentlest and least pitiable of the wild men are these South Pacific Islanders, concerning whom we have generally but vague notions, compounded of the incongruous images of cannibalism and Captain Cook.

A slow but delightful voyage, with glorious skies and glittering seas, with a constant escort of tumbling porpoises and beautiful swift sea-birds, and when "land" was sighted, numerous blue pinnacles, of nature's architecture, standing out clear against the tropical sky in all its morning magnificence. As the sun climbed higher, and they sailed along the coast of Dominica, that tiny mark upon the map, that little speck upon the ocean, the blazing light poured itself over numerous bays, and deep valleys rich in such vegetation as the temperate zones have never dreamed of. The little island has its gallant, mighty mountain-guard too, and splendid bluffs which meet the measured, voluminous shock of the Pacific. As lonely as beautiful, the description of the scene might stand for that of Paradise before Man came there, for they saw no human beings as they sailed close in-shore, and went on their way some seventy miles further, landing at Typee Head by the aid of a whale-boat, and a pilot who had once been an officer in the British navy. In his crew, Mr. Lamont first saw South Sea Islanders. These were fine manly fellows, with a proud bearing, an easy carriage, and splendidly tattooed. The process of tattooing communicates to them a fierceness of expression, in which their faces are naturally as deficient as their characters, which are generally gentle and timid, but not without cunning.

Dominica is under French rule; and the sale of arms and spirits to the na-

*Wild Life among the Pacific Islanders.* By R. H. Lamont, Esq. London: Hurst & Blackett.



tives is strictly prohibited. The political history of the beautiful island is thus briefly told: "A single company of soldiers and the man-o'-war in the bay are found sufficient to overawe the Marquesan savages, some thousands in number. The soldiers and sailors, with a few missionary clergy and some servants, comprise the French settlement. In the fort, there were at this time also two or three of the revolutionary chiefs of France, doomed to pass their exile in solitary confinement." Who are they? One would like to know the names of those who have exchanged the stir, the passion, the action, of the vehement political life of France in troublous times, for the awful apathy of a prison in the Pacific. There was no trading to be done there, and the foreign element interfered with the place from the picturesque point of view, which was fully attained at the island of Roahuga, famous for a profuse growth of the perfumed and precious sandal-wood.

In all this narrative there is nothing coarse or horrible—nothing like the stories which Grant, Speke, Baker, and Boyle tell of the African and Bornean tribes. The often-made, but usually inappropriate comparison of savages to children may be made with considerable correctness in the case of Mr. Lamont's South Sea friends; while the beauty of the scenery, the climate, the extraordinary resources existing in the utter absence of anything like what we call civilization, lend the narrative a kind of fairy pantomime air of mingled picturesqueness and grotesqueness. Morals, as morals are understood in Europe, these island folk have none, but they differ from other savages by being very happy without them. A wonderful absence of suffering of every kind is peculiarly noticeable among them, and their warfare is the funniest make-believe possible. The women are handsome, with a lazy, harmonious kind of beauty, and they have delicately formed hands and feet. The queen of Roahuga came on board the strangers' ship, and must have impressed them very favorably, for a savage. She wore a sheet of white tapa, or native cloth, which, leaving her right arm bare, was cast over her left shoulder, and completely covered her form to the ankles. Her hair, raised entirely up

round her head, was folded on one side into a kind of pinnacle, which was swathed in a roll of very fine tapa-like muslin. Her ears were perforated, and ornamented with curiously cut bones or ivory; and around her neck were some strings of scented nuts and wreaths of flowers. The naked arm was tattooed elaborately, from the finger-ends to near the shoulder, with a deep blue tinge, which was not unbecoming; and her feet and ankles seemed to be covered with beautifully worked blue stockings; while blue lines were traced vertically on the lips, and an ornamented scroll decorated the ears. This dainty savage queen was attended by a bevy of damsels as picturesque as herself, and more beautiful, who were attired in court costume; but the visitors to the ship of humbler rank dispensed altogether with clothing, and boasted no other adornment than wreaths of fresh flowers around their necks. The prettiest of the bevy promptly made Mr. Lamont a proposal of marriage, in the simplest possible style. She laid one hand on his arm, the other on her own bosom, and said: "Me, you!" On receiving an acquiescent nod, she scampered off to tell her companions the good news, which they received with shouts of delight.

The women delight in bathing and swimming, tumbling about for hours in the warm bright waves, and then washing off the sea-water, which they consider injurious to their skin, in the crystal-clear basins formed by the numerous cascades. The description of the islands and the tenants reminds one of a landscape of Calypso's Isle by Turner, but Etty should have painted the nymphs. Nature is lavish of her purest and simplest productions, and art lends her next to no aid. The bread-fruit and the cocoa-nut are among the most precious and plentiful of her gifts, the king's table, to which Mr. Lamont was bidden, was spread as that of the first *covvies* may have been. A broad banana-leaf served for the table-cloth; a roasted bread-fruit, like a large white loaf, smoking hot; delicious fish called "bonita," cooked in leaves, formed the staple of the feast; the dessert consisted of bananas, fayeas, and roasted taro; and the beverage was the cool and delicious water from the young green cocoa-nuts.

This, under a tropical sky, in a hut of bamboo, cunningly contrived to combine perfect shade and thorough ventilation, in the company of the gentlest and cleanest of savages, was an event certainly not deficient in the poetic element. After a good deal of cruising, with but little variety, among the comparatively known islands, Mr. Lamont and his very uncongenial associates steered for Aitutaké, taking *en route* Harvey Island, concerning which exquisitely beautiful little spot, he relates the following extraordinary story, characteristic of a phase of human nature by no means confined to the Pacific Islands: "At the time of our visit, one white man, his two native wives, and some children, were the only occupants. He had formerly a companion in his exile, but, instead of being friendly to each other, these two men became deadly enemies. He first departed with his wife to the opposite island, where they lived for some years in a state of hostility, till the second retired from the place, leaving the other in undisputed possession. The island grows cocoa-nuts, sweet potatoes, and bananas in profusion. It has some stately forest trees, and the Cape Jessamine and other flowers deliciously perfume the air. George, the occupant of the island, with whom we did some trading, seemed perfectly contented with his lot. Fish, the eggs of sea-birds, and the young sea-fowl themselves, are excellent food; and with these, and with pig occasionally, together with bread, flour, and other necessities purchased from the passing ships, he lived an easy and comfortable life."

The arrival of the Californian ship at Aitutaké caused the natives great joy; they regarded it as the commencement of a new trade. The traders' object was the purchase of a cargo of oranges, and they bought the fruit at one of three markets, each being gravely presided over by a king, who kept a sharp look-out for any attempts at cheating. Surely a sight unequalled in the world since Ferdinand of the two Sicilies, the "Naso" of his loving lazzaroni, presided at the fish-auctions at Naples, and vociferously proclaimed the "lots."

Having seen enough to satisfy his curiosity, and avoided the dull season, Mr. Lamont decided on returning to

California, and set sail with a pleasant breeze. But, on the 6th January 1853, the ship struck on the Penrhyn Islands, mistaken for a cloud by the look-out; and the voyagers found themselves wrecked on an unknown shore, and surrounded, at earliest daybreak, by a crowd of yelling savages, who only yelled, however, and plundered, but did them no bodily harm, and, indeed, on the contrary, helped them ashore through the surf. A strange life began then for the white men, thus thrown on this hardly known, uncivilized coast; and strangest of all for Mr. Lamont, whose difficulties with the islanders seem always to have been exceeded by his difficulties with his own companions. Briton-like, he decided on impressing the savages at once with a due sense of the superiority of the intruders; and advised his partner and the crew to do the same; a suggestion which was carried out with immediate and striking advantage. There must be a good deal of general similarity between all stories of shipwreck and sojourn in savage countries; the sufferers must be put to the same kind of shifts, and suffer similar hardships, varying in degree only with climate and the means of subsistence; but in this instance the shipwrecked men had to endure the terror of the supposed cannibalism of the unknown "natives" among whom they found themselves; and naturally imagined, when they were given food and shelter, that, like Sindbad and his companions, they were being fattened up for some festive occasion. Their fears, which proved wholly unfounded—there is not a trace of cannibalism to be found in the narrative; and Mr. Lamont does not take the trouble to entertain the question—were increased by their discovery of a gloomy space, enclosed in trees, containing curious stones, like a miniature Stonehenge, and eminently suggestive of human sacrifices.

There was no cordiality of feeling between Mr. Lamont and his companions; and in all that concerns them, his narrative is so confused that one really knows nothing about them, does not exactly make out what became of them, and certainly does not care. The interest of the story centres in this one man, who, for an indefinite time—he

does not give the date of his rescue—lived among the island people, going about from islet to islet, adopted by each tribe in succession, finding fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters, and especially aunts—the number of these relatives is extraordinary everywhere. He found a good many wives also, it must be acknowledged, and had some trouble with them also, particularly in the case of one very handsome young person, who could not be deterred from hunting vermin in the heads of her tribe. But this, though disgusting to travellers who have not graduated for savage lands by a sojourn in Spain, is almost the only personal enormity these harmless beings indulge in. In several of the islands, their funeral rites are peculiar and simple, consisting of sewing the dead body up in matting, and suspending it from the ceiling—a practice which resulted on one occasion in Mr. Lamont's knocking his head violently against one of his aunts, of whose decease he had not heard; but they are delightful savages, for savages, for all that, and extraordinarily cleanly. They accepted Mr. Lamont at once as a prince, and he received deputations from all the islets, just as Elijah Pogram did, and probably to much the same purpose. They danced horrible dances for his delight, and cut themselves with sharp shells in their enthusiasm of allegiance. They held extraordinary festivals called *maras*, and strange councils called *pehus*, and they testified extreme anxiety that he should always have a great deal to eat of the innocent food of those regions, and a touching interest in the state of his appetite. Of course, the different tribes which inhabit the several islands fight with each other, but it is harmless warfare. They discharge showers of spears at one another from behind the safe shelter of trees, make horrid noises, terrific faces, and derisive gestures; and when they chance to come to close quarters, they tear quantities of hair from each other's heads. Trophies of this kind being triumphantly displayed after such battles, the women are in the habit of cutting their hair before going out to fight.

Mr. Lamont relates a story which singularly illustrates the gentle nature of these islanders. In one of his journeys with some native boys in search of

"foodland," they came upon a waste place where all the trees were dead. "I endeavored," he says, "to learn how the place through which we were passing became a desert, and why not a single tree bore a sheltering branch. The boys evidently understood my question, but said nothing; and it was not until long afterward the mystery was solved. About twelve years previously, a solitary white man had landed on the island—the first and only one before our appearance on it—and had swum ashore near this spot from some ship or boat. The savage appearance of the first natives he saw so frightened him, that at their approach he again plunged into the sea for refuge, but was speared and slain. Some time after this the cocoa-nut trees in the neighborhood died off, most likely from old age, but, as the natives believe, to punish them for their merciless destruction of the white man." On the beach near this place, Mr. Lamont beheld a spectacle which naturalists will envy; this was none other than land-crabs a foot long, so tame that they disputed the path with him, viciously spreading out their great claws—and lobster, orange, blue, green, and scarlet, of which strange creatures he says: "On the approach of an enemy, they hurriedly retreat, stern foremost, pulling themselves back by their tails, and pushing at the same time with their enormous claws. If molested, they will start up a tree in this manner, their retreating motion, when ascending, having a most absurd appearance." Either there are very few animals in these islands, or Mr. Lamont takes no interest in them: no information respecting the fauna is to be gained from this book. The natives have some notion of another life; and, vague as are the author's statements, it may be gathered from them that their religious ideas are not impressed with the gloomy ferocity and fear which characterize those of the African and Bornean. It is chiefly from the ceremonies gone through on the occasion of death that a notion of their ideas can be obtained, as their religion does not appear to have any formal development, either dogmatic or moral. They have no laws, though custom restricts the inhabitants of the islands from wandering, except on formal occasions of feud

or friendship, and no government, and do admirably without it; and, their household relations appear to be tenderly and honorably maintained. There is neither wealth nor poverty among them; nature gives them all enough; and the climate they live in is health and wealth combined.

The cocoa-nut and fish diet tried Mr. Lamont severely for a time, but he grew accustomed to it. All the tribes loved him, all the children particularly, and he soon learned to make himself intelligible to them. The island dialects are soft, and the voices, especially the women's, *trainantes*, and the gentle manners of the people, undemonstrative, except in grief, which they express with frantic energy. The "great chief," Mahanta, who had been very kind to Lamont, died, and he went to visit Ocura, his widow, who had been his favorite wife. The story of the visit is very touching—of course it is very savage. "When I spoke of Mahanta's goodness and friendship for me, she burst into a paroxysm of grief; and with piercing shrieks, ran toward her own house, from which we afterward heard moaning and wailing, and occasional bursts of grief; and at last some wilder screams mingled with several severe blows; then suddenly all was still. Even the loquacious natives, who had gathered round me, were silent for once. On entering the house, we found the graceful form of the wretched Ocura stretched senseless beside a cocoa-nut log, the blood disfiguring her deathlike features. She had beaten her head against the fallen tree until she had dropped senseless beside it, and it was with much difficulty that she was restored." The friendly and family relations which Mr. Lamont formed with the islanders made his captivity endurable; but his state of mind was extremely painful, notwithstanding; and occasionally a maddening tide of recollections would surge up, and he would feel his life almost impossible to bear. Still, he hoped, and he drove despondency away by active occupation.

The native fishing-parties interested him, and he joined them frequently. Immense excitement prevails on these occasions. The scene of operations is the lagoons; the implements, bamboo branches and bag-nets. "With their

long hair streaming, and their eyes gleaming with excitement, I saw them diving into the hollow curve of the breakers, soon to appear again some distance off beyond the force of the waves. Men, women, and children alike fearlessly plunged beneath the foam, seemingly as much at home as on land. The multitude in the sea, at first scattered over a considerable extent, now began to concentrate toward a point, not only keeping up an incessant noise with the voice, but jumping half-way out of the water, and as they descended, striking their elbows to their sides, and clapping their hands, producing a report like a pistol-shot. I now observed shoals of flying fish skimming the water in terror in every direction, often rising beyond the nets of the circle of men, who raised their arms to catch them, and often escaping in their flight the baskets of the outer guard of women and children. These flying fish are about the size of herrings. A certain quantity is laid aside as a sacrifice to the spirit, who, however, does not appear to claim it. It is then divided among the men, women not being permitted to touch the sacred food. Only of this ideal kind is the oppression practised toward women among the islanders. In this respect, as in almost every other, they contrast favorably with all the savages whose acquaintance we have had the pleasure of making so extensively of late years.

When at length a ship, the *John Appleton*, whaler, of New Bedford, came in sight of the beautiful cluster of islands, and the hour of Mr. Lamont's deliverance was come, the natives opposed his departure clamorously, even menacingly. They could not comprehend why he should wish to leave them; all the ties which were but wearisome shams to him, were dear realities to the simple creatures. It is painful to think that he left them at the last the memory of threats and violence.

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Leisure Hours.

ELEPHANT HUNTING IN SOUTH AFRICA.

BY T. BAINES, F.R.G.S.

THE graphic reports in the newspapers lately, of the Duke of Edinburgh's sport in South Africa, have re-



called my own humble experiences on the same field. Some points relating to the elephant in South Africa may interest naturalists as well as sportsmen.

The elephant, once common in South Africa, down to the mountains of the Cape, has since the commencement of the colony been gradually driven backward before the deadly fire-arms of the European hunters; till—except in a few localities, where it may not be hunted without special permission—it is no longer to be met with in sufficient numbers to repay the cost of a hunting trip, unless sought farther and farther every year in the interior. The native methods of hunting, whether by pitfall, by the chase of single animals, or even by battue, unless fire is used, seem not much to alarm the survivors; nor would the European, chasing them fairly with horse and rifle, soon drive the elephant from its favorite haunts. But when the hunter can no longer repay the cost of his outfit in this manner, and is obliged to waylay the animals by night at their drinking-places, the sense of insecurity comes over them, which in a short time makes them retire to more distant and less persecuted districts.

The hunter with his wagons equipped for the season's journey, like ships for a long voyage, with oxen numerous enough to supply the place of those killed by the tsetse, or poisonous fly, and as many horses as he can afford, to allow for losses by sickness, or casualties, or exhaustion in the chase, and with, generally, articles of barter, to fill up his cargo by purchase from the natives, reaches the country he has chosen for his hunting ground, and, having secured the friendship of the Chief, or the confidence of the scattered natives, who flock readily to his wagons as soon as the object of his journey is made known, commences operations.

Scouts are sent out on all sides, and reports of spoor, or tracks, or of the most probable localities, are brought to him. Choosing those of the males as bearing the largest ivory, he follows, tracking them patiently for hours, sometimes for days, until he comes up with them and gives chase. The bull with the finest tusks is, if possible, selected, and by persevering efforts chased out and separated from the herd, each horse-

man, if there be more than one, choosing in turn his own victim, and not interfering with his comrades, unless it may be necessary to give them help.

Sometimes the successful shot is soon obtained. The after part of the lower lobe of the immense ear marks the death-spot, in which, if the ball strikes fairly, it either breaks the bones of the shoulder, or, missing them, passes into the heart or other vital organs. If possible the fire should be delivered when the fore leg of the elephant is thrown forward, as the skin is then more tightly stretched, and the thinner parts behind the shoulder more exposed. An experienced hunter will know at once whether the wound is sufficient to kill or disable the animal. Without loss of time he will chase and kill another, or perhaps a third—as one of my friend McCabe's hunters, Christian Harmse, has, I believe, frequently done—coming back again to take up the spoor and kill the first, if not already dead.

Sometimes the chase is long and arduous, and continues till the tired elephant resorts to the last expedient, of inserting his trunk into his mouth and drawing water from his stomach to refresh himself by throwing it over his skin; when, if the horse be not equally exhausted, his pursuer knows the chase is near its hoped-for termination. Sometimes, instead of fleeing, the elephant turns upon its persecutor, and, with shrill and angry scream, uplifted trunk, and wide-extended ears, charges furiously. If the horse be already in motion, the hunter may urge him on yet more swiftly, and escape; but if not, terror may seize him at that dreadful scream, and, paralyzed in every limb, he may stand trembling and unable even to make an effort for his safety. Perhaps the rider, throwing himself off, may escape by flight, or he may even shoot the furious animal while it wreaks its vengeance on the helpless steed. Sometimes, before this happens, a daring comrade may ride between him and the elephant, and draw the pursuit upon himself, trusting to the imperilled hunter to recover the command of his horse, and come as soon as possible to his aid; or there is a chance, although a small one when such fury is excited, that the elephant may swerve and pass to either side.

Sometimes the hunter has to try the

endurance of his horse in a fair full flight; and many are the tales I have heard of hair-breadth escapes when the pursuing elephant, determined upon vengeance, has put forth his utmost speed, and the fugitive has at last gained ground enough to dismount and shoot his pursuer as he came up, or was fortunate enough to lead him past a comrade, ready with deliberate aim to bring him down. Sometimes, from loss of horses or the retreat of the herds into the "fly country," they must be followed on foot, and this is weary work. McCabe told me that once he and half-a-dozen friends had followed spoor all day, and had brought down their elephant by a running fusillade. Unable to move another step, the exhausted hunters leaned against the carcass, and thrust their fingers into the bullet-holes to ascertain by the size of the orifice whose gun had given the fatal wound. While thus engaged the elephant planted one huge foot upon the earth and raised himself suddenly in their midst. Their activity was restored marvellously. They radiated in all directions, some catching up the guns which they had been too wearied even to reload; only one was ready to fire, when McCabe noticed that the elephant's eyes were closing, and that he was beginning again to sink in death.

Many persons hearing of the number of animals killed by hunters in Africa, are apt to imagine them guilty of cold-blooded and useless slaughter. This is at times too true; but it may be taken as a general rule that comparatively few animals are killed wastefully by Europeans. The professional hunter shoots for the ivory, and will not, except in cases of need, kill anything but a "tusker," lest the natives who follow him should content themselves with the flesh and neglect to lead him to the animals he seeks. Sometimes he shoots more than they can consume, and finds them too indolent to cut it up and dry it; but more frequently it is a work of labor to keep the supply of meat up to the demand. The remote colonist, or the emigrant Dutch boer of the interior, knows too well the value of ammunition to throw it away wastefully. He goes out to supply his homestead; every animal he is able to shoot is carefully brought home, and the "huisvrou"

exults in the prowess of her "man" if she can point to nine or ten "wilde beestes" or "bles boks" hanging in her larder. The true sportsman, who, like Captain Harris, and many others, is a naturalist, a geographer, and an artist, has surely an object in view sufficient to justify him in rejoicing in his victory, when, after an arduous chase or exciting conflict, some mighty animal, seen perhaps for the first time, lies prostrate at his feet. Even where the higher qualifications I have named are wanting, the risk incurred is made the pretext to give the chase the character of fair play, and redeem it from the imputation of anything like cold-blooded slaughter. With the wasteful shooting of numbers, for the mere purpose of making a bag, I have no sympathy whatever.

In countries where elephants are less plentiful, low walls of stone are built by the water, or pits, to conceal the hunters; or trenches ten feet long are dug, the middle being covered with stout logs that an elephant may pass over without breaking, and, well concealed by earth thrown over them, the ends are left open. Here the hunters watch or sleep by turn, each with one or more spare rifles lying beside him, till the animals approach to drink; when, from a few yards, or it may be only a few feet of distance, the deadly streak of fire flashes upward from the earth, and the creature falls either upon the spot, or retires to die at a short distance. By these or other modes of hunting, or by purchase from natives who have learned the use of fire-arms, the cargo of ivory is at length completed, and the hunter turns homeward to realize in Graham's Town, or other frontier markets, or in the Cape itself, the hard-earned reward of his labor.

#### SKETCH OF MICHAEL FARADAY.

As an embellishment of this number of the *ECLECTIC MAGAZINE*, our readers will find a fine portrait of an eminent man of science. He was great in the department of science. He was a good man. His name will long live among men of renown in the fields of science. For the particulars in the life of Professor Faraday, we beg to point our readers to the January number of the *ECLECTIC*, 1868, p. 61, for an account of his personal history and labors.

## POETRY.

## UNDER THE SNOW.

THE Tantany\* bells swing to and fro,  
Heavily with the wind they go,  
Keenly the bitter blast doth blow,  
Deep in the valley lies the snow:  
But a still small voice is sweetly singing,  
Singing in accents soft and low,  
"Under the snow the corn is springing!"

Spring comes, although the sky still lowers,  
With violets, Love's favored flowers,  
And April brings his genial showers,  
And roses blossom in the bowers;  
But then the voice says, sad and slow,  
"Gather them gently, count your hours,  
After the harvest comes the snow!"

And gloomy winter came again,  
But burning love had caught me then—  
Mine was a soul of fire, my brain  
Grew 'neath her tears like flowers in rain;  
And then the voice was sweetly singing,  
Knowing that I did sue in vain,  
"Under the snow the corn is springing!"

Summer again, my bride was won,  
A life all new I had begun,  
The world shone with another sun,  
My bride, my wife, my loved one!  
But then the voice said, sad and low,  
"Winter is coming, harvest's done,  
The sweetest flowers will soon be gone,  
After the summer comes the snow!"

Summer and winter, ever so,  
Yet the sweet voice I welcome now,  
For much my mistress I owe;  
Oh! when at last they lay me low,  
With her from whom I sorrow now,  
Sweet in my ears may it be ringing,  
Deep in my heart the angel singing,  
Singing in accents soft and low,  
"Under the snow the corn is springing!"

M. I. T.

## THE RAINBOW.

How high a gate of gorgeous light,  
With film of gold and violet bright,  
A wonderful and magic sight,  
Is swiftly built,  
And instantly the purpled height  
Of mountain gilt!

The glory scarce begins to climb,  
As rapid as the wings of Time,  
When Earth beholds its finished prime,  
And hushed admirers,  
As if to stir would be a crime  
Till it expires.

\* Tantany, a corruption of tintinnabulum. The spire of Lichfield Cathedral, which contains the bells, is called the Tantany Tower.

Up springs the lark, in haste to soar,  
His little bosom trembling o'er  
With sudden wild tumultuous store  
Of melody,  
And loud and sweet the carols pour  
From field and sky.

And now the hues on azure turn  
So spirit-faint that sight doth yearn,  
And scarce in front of heaven discern  
Its tinted porch;  
But on the dark-blue wave they burn,  
A glowing torch.

O seraph track, that dost incline  
Thy sudden path for steps divine,  
Of life thou art the loveliest sign  
Through all the years,  
While Hope's ethereal colors shine  
In human tears!

Thou com'st between the rain's black wall  
And Evening's sunset-opened hall;  
Upon the golden radiance fall,  
Like priceless gems,  
The countless drops outsparkling all  
Earth's diadems.

And even while the cloud is driven,  
A vanished joy again is given;  
Thy phantom bow of splendors seven  
Returns as bright,  
The glorious arch that arches heaven,  
A world's delight!

## WHAT SAYS THE SEA?

WHAT are the bright waves saying,  
As they dance along the sand,  
With a murmur like mingled voices  
Breathed from a far-off strand?  
Woo they the passing breezes,  
That o'er them softly stray?  
With their murmuring, lulling music,  
What do the bright waves say?

They tell of the sea-girt islands,  
Like gems on its heaving breast,  
Where the flow of the rippling waters  
Soothes the waking wind to rest—  
Of the waves when softly creeping  
O'er sands of dazzling white,  
Where pearls are unheeded glistening,  
In the cold and calm moonlight.

What are the billows saying,  
As they foam, and rush, and roar,  
With a sound like the bursting thunder  
To dash on the rocky shore?  
Chide they the tempest howling,  
As they rock beneath its sway?  
With their harsh and thund'ring voices,  
What do the billows say?

They speak of the storm-worn barriers—  
Of the dark and dismal caves,  
Where the loud waves meet the echoes,  
And the wild wind wilder raves—  
Of the hurricane madly sweeping  
O'er the ocean swelling dark,  
And striking down with his rushing wing  
The pride of the struggling bark.

Of its thousand voices, mocking  
And drowning the words of prayer—  
While they mingle the shriek of anguish  
With the curse of wild despair.  
But it speaks of Him who setteth  
To the mighty deep its bound,  
And who with a zone of waters,  
Hath girdled the earth around.

Go, when the tempest swelleth,  
When the billows rush, and roar:  
Bid them yield to thee, their monarch,  
Then bow, and His might adore.  
They speak in their calm, quiet beauty,  
Of Him whom the waves obey'd—  
Whose voice hush'd the winds to silence,  
When trembling disciples pray'd.

#### SACRED VOWS.

I STAND alone by the river's way,  
And I hear its silver tone,  
And my thoughts, with its pleasant voice,  
Go flowing up and down.

In dreams I stand in a shady place,  
Where ferns and violets grow,  
Where the nodding trees are whispering  
In murmurs soft and low.

In dreams I look on an angel face,  
And a pleasant hand I feel,  
While the bluebells and anemones  
Ring out a wedding peal.

And together there, in the quiet dusk,  
'Neath a dome of heaven's blue,  
We make our vows, like sacred vows,  
To be patient, fond, and true.

The place is like a holy place,  
As the old-world chapel halls,  
And the perfume of the flower-bells  
Like the odor of incense falls.

And I kiss her hand with a reverent love,  
As the Catholics of old  
Have kissed the holy relics laid  
On altars, rich with gold.

And I make a vow, in my earnest love,  
That so dear she is to me,  
That I will love no other love  
Through all eternity.

She never stands by the river, now,  
Beneath the fields of blue,  
And I know no more her tender love,  
So patient, fond, and true.

For I stand alone in that shady place,  
And her hand no more I feel,  
And the bluebells and anemones  
Have hushed their merry peal.

For the gentle face that I looked upon,  
And the voice that softly fell,  
Have passed away through the summer lands,  
To the place where angels dwell.

But the vows which I made in that holy place  
Are sacred vows to me,  
For I will love no other love  
Through all eternity.

U. L. A.

ASK me not with simple grace,  
Pearls of thought to string for thee;  
For upon thy smiling face,  
Perfect gems I see—  
In thine eyes of beauty trace  
Lights that fadeless be.

Bid me not from Memory's land,  
Cull fair flowers of rich perfume;  
Love will shew with trembling hand,  
Where far fairer bloom—  
Clustering on thy cheek they stand,  
Blushing deep—for whom?

Bid me not with fancy's gale  
Wake the music of a sigh;  
From thy breath a sweeter tale,  
Silver-winged, floats by;  
Melodies that never fail,  
Heard when thou art nigh!

Ask me not—yet, oh! for thee  
Dearer thoughts my bosom fill,  
Dimmed with tears I cannot see  
To do thy gracious will:  
Take, then, my prayer—In heaven may we  
Behold thee lovelier still!

PERCIE.

#### SAINT CUTHBERT.

THE sun went down on the ocean drear:  
'Twas the last sunset of the fourteenth year,  
Since first, for bleak Northumbrian snows,  
Saint Cuthbert quitted "fair Melrose."  
Thro' those long years, by night and day,  
The saint had striven to point the way  
So rarely found, more rarely passed,  
Whereon the Cross its shadow cast.  
He fled, the abbot of Holy Isle,  
From the monkish band and the sacred pile:  
He fled, with naught but the faith enshrined  
In his heaven-taught soul and his guileless mind,  
Away o'er the face of the stormy sea,  
Alone at last with his God to be!

No footstep gave to the world a trace  
Of the path he took to his resting-place:  
'Twas a lone, lone rock, that reared its crest  
From the sea-girt lair of its ocean-nest;  
The cliffs rose black on the seaman's view,  
Where gleamed the wings of the white sea-mew,



Whose hoarse cry, borne o'er the surges drear,  
Smote on the passing mariner's ear.

The exiled saint no Eden sought  
To chain to earth one heaven-bound thought;  
No charms to win his human eye  
From its long, long gaze on the far-off sky.  
The scanty turf, with toil severe,  
He scrap'd from hollows; fain to rear  
A hut of rudest, simplest form.  
To shield him from the wintry storm.  
Not even a glimpse of that wild waste  
The saint allowed; so high were placed  
Window and door, that ne'er by chance  
Aught met his eye, save Heaven's expanse.

O, glorious scene and strange! (for him,  
He gazed, and gazed, till sight grew dim.)  
Radiant, in morning's rosy blush,  
Gorgeous, in sunset's deeper flush,  
Most beautiful at deep midnight,  
With thousand stars of shimmering light:  
And peaceful moonlight stealing in  
Upon the holy man within  
That humble cell, who prayed and wept  
For the world's sin, while that world slept.

Thus lived the fugitive his life,  
Apart from sin, apart from strife,  
He sought to dwell above with God!  
Then once, and for the last time, trod  
The spirit-path to Heaven, and passed  
Within the golden gates at last.

#### A SUMMER IDYL.

WALKING one summer day, with lazy tread  
And downcast eyes, in meditative mood,  
I heard the murmur of the coming storm.  
Clouds, mountain-vast, and crowned with peerless  
white,

Peak above peak, in wild abandonment  
Uprose in heav'n, and clipt all sunshine from  
The wood and field; and sudden stillness clung  
About the earth. Yet, now, far-off was heard,  
Far-off and yet as near (so close it seemed),  
The murmurous rustle of thick foliaged  
Trees; then distant bleat of sheep unsheltered  
And afraid; and then again the murmur  
Low of tremulous leaves, as if appalled:  
Then came, now heard, and now not heard, ebbing  
And flowing on the restful air a low,  
Sweet song as of some maiden fair.

At this  
Mine eyes I raised, and lo! toward me came,  
More welcome than in death the hope of life,  
My Isabel (though then not mine); and as  
The breaking glory of the East, to one,  
Who, tossed of tumultuous thought, has lain  
through

All the life-long, weary night, longing for  
Day, that he may rise and mingle with the  
World; so to my soul her advent seemed, and  
Silent joy broke loose through all my frame.

The  
Level sward, girt round with trees, awhile we  
Paced; then silently, as stoops some lily to the  
Westward gale, she stooped, and I stood  
Wondering why she bent thus lowly toward the  
Earth and spoke no word; and as the lily,  
Rising, seems to us more wondrous fair for  
Bending from our sight awhile, filling what

Now was void with light and beauty, so she:  
And when she rose she held in one white hand  
Two tender flowers, blue as Italian skies,  
On one frail, life-enclosing stem allied;  
And turning toward me her fair face she smiled—  
And oh! her smile was as the bursting of  
All beauty on the sight of one who had  
Been blind, but now and suddenly, by hands  
Unseen, restored to sight; and in her eyes  
A bright light gathered confusing me,  
And from her lips broke musically—

But soft; a beatific dream: a joy  
That held me from all earthly things as by  
A spell: the passionate uttering of  
Words, soul-laden, that no man may know: the  
Meeting of two lips that yet no meeting  
Knew: the welding of two souls on love's high  
Alter-piece, with blaze of lightnings for our  
Heavenly witnesses, and deep-voiced thunder  
For our priestly music: love burst its bonds—  
As from her nest some eagle-pinioned bird—  
And she is mine.

J. M.

#### NOTES ON BOOKS.

A. Williams & Co., Boston, send us an attractive volume, *The Struggle for Life*, "a Story of Home," by Miss Lucrotia P. Hale, author of "Seven Stormy Sabbaths," with an introduction by Rev. Edward P. Hale. 1868. Fourth Edition. The title of this book will invite attention. Human life is a struggle onward through all its varied and changing scenes. The gifted author has used her pen skillfully in the delineation of her theme. This fourth edition is an indication that it has found many readers, and will find many more. It is not often, as in this case, that a brother pens an introduction to the work of a sister. But the parties belong to a family of literary renown, being the nephew and niece of the late Hon. Edward Everett. And it may not be out of place just here to add, that Miss Hale and her sister are on a lengthened sojourn with their brother, the Hon. Charles Hale, Consul General of the United States in Egypt, at Alexandria, near the Court of the Viceroy.

Sheldon & Co., the well-known New York publishers of many choice books, sends us an Autobiography of Elder Jacob Knapp, with an introductory Essay by R. Jeffrey. Sheldon & Co., New York; Gould & Lincoln, Boston: 1868.

Elder Knapp was a man of renown amongst revivalists of former years. His fame went abroad over the land, and stirred up a good deal of interest and excitement both for and against his manner and measures for the promotion of revivals and the salvation of souls. Many who admired his preaching, and were saved by his instrumentality, will be glad to read his book. In regard to the wisdom of his measures in the promotion of revivals, there was, and will doubtless be, a diversity of views and opinions. A candid perusal of this volume, which vindicates his name and character, will help the reader to judge more accurately and truly. With whatever faults some may find in its views and statements, we hope much may be found instructive and useful.

*History of the Great Republic*, considered from a Christian Stand-point. By Jesse T. Peck, D.D., with thirty-four fine steel portraits. Sold by subscription only. New York: Broughton & Wyman, 13 Bible House, 1868, pp. 710.

This book is a large octavo, designed for popular use. It embraces a vast amount of useful information, which must prove very acceptable to the Christian reader, for whom it was intended. Dr. Peck has performed his work worthily and well; the style is easy and graceful. The subjects are well arranged, and the author passes from one to another without abruptness. The fine steel-plate engravings of eminent historic personages will enhance its value. A fine portrait of the author, quite life-like, forms the frontispiece. We commend the work to the patronage of the reading public.

Gould & Lincoln, the eminent Boston publishers, send us an elaborate and learned work, *The Theological Index*. References to the principal works in every department of Religious literature, embracing nearly seventy thousand citations. By Howard Malcom, D.D., LL.D. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. 1868.

The Theological world are deeply indebted to Dr. Malcom for this valuable and learned work. Few men could have the time, the patience, or the skill to elaborate and arrange such a work, with its immense details and classifications, and one which embodies such an amount of information. No theological library, and no minister's or pastor's library can be considered well furnished without this book. It is like the key of knowledge, to unlock the vast treasures of thought which every student needs to have access to. We can hardly speak too strongly of the great value of this work, so full and so complete in its varied departments.

Rev. Dr. John Marsh's *Letter on the Promotion of Moral Reforms* by secret societies, addressed to Hon. W. E. Dodge, President of the National Temperance Union, just published, and for sale at Carters, Scribners, and Tract House: 24 pages. In this ably written pamphlet, the veteran Dr. Marsh shows an undiminished strength and vitality of mind with his best days. It should be read.

Mr. Darwin's new book is just published in two handsome volumes, *On the Variation of Animals and Plants under Domestication*, in which a swarm of interesting examples is given, showing the modifications produced by change of circumstances, with the conclusions therefrom deducible. It will help to elucidate the former book *On the Origin of Species*.—Sir John Lubbock has edited and brought out Professor Sven Nilsson's book on *The Primitive Inhabitants of Scandinavia*; an *Essay on Comparative Ethnography*, and a *Contribution to the History of the Development of Man-kind*, &c. It is a book well worth reading by all who desire to know how from a state of savagery in long-past ages the leading nations of Europe have grown to their present degree of civilization.

#### SCIENCE.

OUR readers are aware that astronomers are looking forward with great interest to the solar eclipse which is to take place on the 18th of Au-

gust next, and will be total in India. On this subject M. Le Verrier last week read a communication to the Academy of Sciences, informing that learned body that the line of the central eclipse passes through Aden, then enters India by Kolapoor, a little above Goa, crosses the whole continent from west to east, and quits it near Masulipatam. It then traverses the Gulf of Bengal, passes north of the Andaman Islands, crosses the northern part of the Peninsula of Malacca, the Gulf of Siam, the point of Camboja, the north of Borneo and the Celebes, and lastly, skirts the south of New Guinea. The darkness will be very long, and last more than six minutes and a half, varying by a few seconds according to the localities. This long duration is owing to the circumstance that while the moon will be in its perigee, and, therefore, has a large apparent diameter, the sun will be in its apogee, and will therefore have a very small apparent diameter. Aden is not a convenient station, the sun being too near the horizon; but British astronomers have the choice of excellent stations, and are already making preparations. M. Le Verrier then remarked that, as regards France, the point of Camboja, which lies within the French territory of Saigon, ought to be selected for the observation of the eclipse; that the station for the purpose ought to be prepared forthwith and its latitude and longitude determined, the elements deduced from the eclipse itself being useful to correct the longitude in question and to determine the diameter of the sun anew; that the spectrum analysis of the sun's light when reduced to a mere luminous curve, just before the totality of the eclipse, will be of the utmost importance; the same being the case with the reappearance of the sun's rays after the totality; and that the protuberances ought to be particularly watched, in order to ascertain whether they really belong to the sun's disk.

Unfortunately, M. Le Verrier adds, owing to the south-western monsoon, the state of the sky may mar the observations; the English astronomers will on that account avoid the western coast of India, and select their stations on the eastern declivities of the mountain ranges; M. Le Verrier thinks that care should be taken to ascertain whether Camboja is likely to present the same inconvenience.—*From Galvani's Messenger*, Feb. 15.

*Ancient Chinese Eclipses*.—Mr. Williams has drawn up an interesting account of thirty-six ancient eclipses, recorded in the Chinese annals, commencing with one 720 B.C. and ending with that 495 B.C. He is of opinion that they were possibly observed in the state of Loo. They will serve, as Mr. Williams hopes, to test the accuracy of Chinese history.

*Photographs of the Moon*.—Mr. De la Rue is now engaged in amplifying his original and small photographs of the moon to the size of Maedler's great map of thirty-eight inches in diameter, and the results obtained are extremely satisfactory.

*Newly-discovered Bone Cave*.—In making certain excavations in the rock of Gibraltar, the engineers have come upon a very extensive cavern containing the bones of numerous extinct species of mammalia and of man. From what we have already heard, this grotto bids fair to throw more light upon the question of the age of pre-historic man than any hitherto examined.

*Star Maps.*—The magnificent catalogue and star maps of Professor Argelander are now completed—the number of stars registered amounting to 324,198 altogether, which are visible in the northern hemisphere with a telescope of 4½ foot focus. The preparation of this great work has taken upwards of seven years, in which there were 625 clear nights, and the number of observations amounted to more than a million.

*Recorded Darkness of the Sun.*—Mr. Carrington quotes a passage from Bale's "Pageant of Popes" (1574) which states that in the time of Leo the Third (796-816), the sun was darkened and lost his light for eighteen days. This is not recorded by Humboldt.

*Distance of the Sun.*—A new estimate of the sun's distance reminds us that this important astronomical element still remains unsatisfactorily determined. The discovery made, not many years ago, that the accepted value of the sun's distance was some three millions of miles too great, was reluctantly admitted by astronomers. It was easy, indeed, to show that they might justly be proud of having determined the sun's distance even within this apparently enormous range of error. But none the less, it was unpleasant to have to admit that they had largely over-valued the accuracy of their calculations—or rather of the observations on which their estimates had been founded. That astronomers should have been in error on this point, and yet that astronomy should be spoken of as the most exact of the sciences, may seem perplexing to those who are not familiar with the true quality of that exactness which is sought after by astronomers. It resembles in a sort the accuracy of the horologist's art. But the astronomers of the present day, using a variety of delicate methods, into whose nature we need not here enter, have arrived at more trustworthy results. It is hoped that during the transits of Venus in 1874 and 1882 these results may be improved upon. Yet, even now, we may note as a great achievement of modern science the following series of values, differing little (proportionately) among themselves, though well separated from the old determination, 95,274,000 miles:—The German astronomer Hansen, making use of a peculiarity in the moon's motion as a guide, was led to the value 91,700,000 miles; Stone, of the Greenwich Observatory, was led by the same means (only the peculiarity was estimated by other instruments) to the value 92,400,000 miles. Winnecke and Stone, from observations of Mars, obtained, respectively, the values 91,300,000 miles and 91,500,000 miles. Estimates founded on a comparison of the velocity of light as determined by the experiments of Fizeau and Foucault with the astronomical determination, give a value of 91,500,000 miles. A method employed by Leverrier, and founded on a peculiarity of the earth's motion, gives 91,600,000 miles. And lastly, the new estimate obtained by Mr. Simon Newcombe (U.S.), founded on observations of Mars in 1862, makes the sun's distance 92,400,000 miles. The mean of these values is 91,771,000 miles, or nearly 630,000 miles less than the greatest estimate.

*The Sapphire and Ruby.*—The sapphire is a precious stone in very high estimation. Colors blue and red; also gray, white, green and yellow. It occurs in blunt-edged pieces, in roundish pebbles, and crystallized. It varies from transparent

to translucent, and refracts double. After diamond, it is the hardest substance in nature. The blue variety, or sapphire, is harder than the ruby, or red variety. It is found in Bohemia, Saxony, France, etc.; but the red sapphire, or Oriental ruby, is not found in any considerable quantity anywhere except in Ava. Next to diamond, sapphire is the most valuable of the gems. The white and pale blue varieties, by exposure to heat, become snow white, and, when cut, exhibit so high a degree of lustre, that they are used in place of diamond. The most highly prized varieties are the crimson and carmine red—these are the Oriental ruby of the jeweller; the next is sapphire; and last, the yellow or Oriental topaz. The asteria, or star stone, is a very beautiful variety, in which the color is generally of a reddish violet, and the form a rhomboid, with truncated apices, which exhibit an opalescent lustre.

*Novel Electric Fuse for Blasting Purposes.*—This, which is a French invention, differs from all those previously employed, and appears to be highly spoken of. It admits of being rapidly manufactured, whilst the chances of fracture are reduced to the smallest number. It consists of an insulated wire, to which the usual fuse-tube is attached, and has a second wire, uninsulated, coiled round it, so that its extremity is about a centimetre from that of the first. Finally, there is a bag attached to its extremity, containing the explosive compound. When an induced current is passed through the wires, the spark traverses the powder contained in the pouch; it melts the tin thread employed to complete the circuit, and passes through both wires. By adopting this process a great number of blasts can be exploded simultaneously, as there may be branch wires from the main stem to various other localities.

*Illustration of Extreme Minuteness.*—Dr. Wollaston obtained platinum-wire so fine, that 30,000 pieces, placed side by side in contact, would not cover more than an inch. It would take 150 pieces of this wire bound together to form a thread as thick as a filament of raw silk. Although platinum is the heaviest of the known bodies, a mile of this wire would not weigh more than a grain. Seven ounces of this wire would extend from London to New York. Fine as is the filament produced by the silkworm, that produced by the spider is still more attenuated. A thread of a spider's web, measuring four miles, will weigh very little more than a single grain. Every one is familiar with the fact, that the spider spins a thread, or cord, by which his own weight hangs suspended. It has been ascertained that this thread is composed of about 6,000 filaments.—*Lardner's Handbook.*

*Water.*—Some four-fifths of the weight of the human body are nothing but water. The blood is just a solution of the body in a vast excess of water—as saliva, mucus, milk, gall, urine, sweat, and tears are the local and partial infusions effected by that liquid. All the soft solid parts of the frame may be considered as even temporary precipitates or crystallizations (to use the word but loosely) from the blood, that mother liquor of the whole body; always being precipitated or suffered to become solid, and always being redissolved, the forms remaining, but the matter never the same for more than a moment, so that the flesh is only

a vanishing solid, as fluent as the blood itself. It has also to be observed, that every part of the body, melting again into the river of life continually as it does, is also kept perpetually drenched in blood by means of the blood-vessels, and more than nine-tenths of that wonderful current is pure water. Water plays as great a part, indeed, in the economy of that little world, the body of man, as it still more evidently does in the phenomenal life of the world at large. Three fourths of the surface of the earth is ocean; the dry ground is dotted with lakes, its mountain-crests are covered with snow and ice, its surface is irrigated by rivers and streams, its edges are eaten by the sea; and aqueous vapor is unceasingly ascending from the ocean and inland surfaces through the yielding air, only to descend in portions and at intervals in dews and rains, hails and snows. Water is not only the basis of the juices of all the plants and animals in the world; it is the very blood of nature, as is well known to all the terrestrial sciences; and old Thales, the earliest of European speculators, pronounced it the mother-liquid of the universe. In the later systems of the Greeks, indeed, it was reduced to the inferior dignity of being only one of the four parental natures—fire, air, earth, and water; but water was the highest.

*A Strange Bird*—Professor Huxley, in a paper on *Archaeopteryx lithographica*, a bird of far remote ages, of which the only specimen known exists as a fossil in the British Museum, shows that Professor Owen's description of the creature, published five years ago, is inaccurate, inasmuch as the left leg is described as the right leg, and the back as the belly, involving, of course, other mistakes. One result of this will be that naturalists will now have a better knowledge than before of this most ancient bird, which Professor Huxley considers may have belonged to a class of animals between birds and reptiles. This subject is one he has been for some time investigating, and treated of in lectures.

*Dr. J. Bernard Davis, in his paper, Contributions towards determining the Weight of the Brain in the Different Races of Man*, shows that the average weight of brains of Englishmen is about 49 oz.; of Frenchmen, a little over 45 oz.; of Dutch, Frisians, Italians, Swedes, and Lapps, the weight comes near the English, while the German brain is in many instances heavier. The Polish brain is 47 oz.; among Hindus and other races in India, it is from 41 oz. to 44 oz.; but Mussulmen have more, and the Khonds, one of the aboriginal races of India, much less—not quite 38 oz. Then, again, on travelling towards China, the brain-weight of the tribes there settled increases. In Africa, the weight is from 43 to 48 oz.; in America, the average is 46 oz.; in Australia, from 41 to 42 oz. Weight of brain is said to denote intellectual capacity; so, if this be true, the best intellects should be found in Britain, Germany, and among nations in the north of Europe.

*Volcanoes in a Rage*.—The social commotions which have disturbed the quiet of nations have been followed by commotions in the earth, very disastrous in some places. It seems as if all the volcanoes of the globe were seized with a fit of rage. Hecla led off; then Vesuvius followed with tremendous jets of fire and red-hot stones to

a thousand feet in height or more, and poured out streams of lava, which still continue. Thence the impulse travelled westwards, and eruptions and heavings terrified some of the West India Islands, altered their levels, broke up their surface, and made of St. Thomas a very bad bargain for the Americans, who had coaxed the Danes into selling them that pestiferous little island. Denmark must be heartily glad to get rid of it. Then the long extinct volcanoes in Central America recovered their eruptive activity; Nicaragua was severely shaken; and on the Pacific slope of its mountains, the volcanic glare illumined the country for leagues around. Other parts of the great continent were disturbed, and strong earthquake shocks were felt in New York and other States of the American Union. It may be that the impulse will travel still further to the west, and that we shall hear of outbreaks in the volcanoes of the Indian Archipelago and of Japan.

*The French North Pole Expedition*.—According to the Paris papers, M. Lambert's project of exploration at the North Pole is in a fair way of organization. A very full meeting of the French Geographical Society was held last week, at which a great number of savans and influential persons were present. The express business was to hear M. Lambert's explanation of his scheme. The main features are to penetrate the Arctic regions by Behring Strait, breaking through a bank of ice, which is supposed to be of considerable density, and to enter the open sea, which is believed by M. Lambert and others to extend to the North Pole. M. Lambert hopes to have his expedition ready to enter the Arctic seas at the commencement of the summer of 1869, and it is stated that the estimated sum necessary for its equipment, £24,000, will be forthcoming.

#### VARIETIES.

*London Flowers and London Churchyards*.—Do not say that flowers will not come up in London—look at the window-gardens of poor people, and at the wonderful things which, despite the smoke, have been done in the different parks during the last few years. Why, all last summer and autumn there were Cannas and Sarracénias, the dwarf palm and the castor-oil plant, and many other distinguished foreigners, freely naturalizing at the corner of Rotten Row. But our thoughts are not soaring to sub-tropical or costly gardening; we speak of the common hardy annuals, which cost no more than a penny or twopence the packet, and which will, with proper care and management, turn a bare unhappy plot of London soil into a place of beauty. And everybody knows that a little labor at the rake and hoe, water now and then, and half a cart-load of gravel, or sifted shells between the beds, will render the effect of the investment splendid. You do not want a large garden to produce it; nothing is so small as not to repay care with beauty. Where nothing else will grow, scarlet runners can; and if you saw for the first time the coral flowers and broad green foliage of the "poor man's vine," how you would marvel that it could ever be a bold and vulgar thing even to allude to such a cookmaid's vegetable! Where, again, will not the nasturtium



thrive, with its blossoms of golden tissue, pale or ruddy, and its great flat leaves, which love the light so much, and turn so constantly to the sun? We say—and this brings us to the point—that there is no spot, even in dingy, smoky London, where something pleasant may not be done by the help of flowers. Why, then, when we are gardening everywhere, should we forget the dismal-looking churchyards, which might so easily be made bright and cheerful? Go down the Strand, go up Drury Lane, into the city, into the suburbs, anywhere about the metropolis, and note what melancholy spots those churchyards are. At little cost and trouble we might plant flowering trees and hardy shrubs which would make every churchyard in our great city a beautiful sight instead of an eye-sore.—*Daily Telegraph*.

*Patriotism and Religion.*—"Of all the dispositions and habits which lead to political prosperity, religion and morality are indispensable supports. In vain would that man claim the tribute of patriotism who should labor to subvert these great pillars of human happiness, these firmest props of men and citizens. The mere politician, equally with the pious man, ought to respect and cherish them. A volume could not trace all their connections with private and public felicity. Let it be simply asked, Where is the security for property, for reputation, for life, if the sense of religious obligation desert the oaths which are the instruments of investigation in the courts of justice? And let us with caution indulge the supposition that morality can be maintained without religion. Whatever may be conceded to the influence of refined education on minds of a peculiar structure, reason and experience both forbid us to expect that national morality can prevail in exclusion of religious principle."—*Washington's Farewell Address to the People of the United States*.

*Hooker's Dying Words.*—"I have lived to see that this world is made up of perturbations; and I have long been preparing to leave it, and gathering comfort for the dreadful hour of making my account with God, which I now apprehend to be near. And though I have by his grace loved him in my youth, and feared him in my age, and labored to have a conscience void of offence towards him, and towards all men; yet if thou, Lord, shouldst be extreme to mark what I have done amiss, who can abide it? And, therefore, where I have failed, Lord, show mercy to me, for I plead not my righteousness, but the forgiveness of my unrighteousness, through his merits who died to purchase pardon for penitent sinners. And since I owe thee a death, Lord, let it not be terrible, and then take thine own time, I submit to it. Let not mine, O Lord, but thy will be done! God hath heard my daily petitions; for I am at peace with all men; and he is at peace with me.

*Bank Rate of Discount.*—From 1704 to 1814, a period of 111 years, there were but five changes from 4 to 5, and from 5 to 4 per cent. From 1815 to 1835 there were but three variations, the highest 5 and the lowest 4 per cent. From 1836 to 1843 there were eight changes, the highest point reached being 6 per cent. From 1844 to 1858 there were forty-nine variations between 2 and 10 per cent. From 1859 to 1868 we had forty-four changes, ranging from 2 to 8 per cent.; and in

1865 and 1866 there have been thirty variations from 8 to 10 per cent.—*Solicitors' Journal*.

*Maximilian's Body.*—"To make sure that it is really the body of the Emperor Maximilian which has been brought from Mexico, the coffin has been again opened; and there can now be no further ground for the rumors which have been circulating to the contrary. A letter from Vienna describes the appearance of the body: "The face is of a dark-brown color, and the skin shines as with a polish, caused, no doubt, by the varnish-like coating which has been applied to it to insure preservation. The mouth is slightly open. The eyes have been replaced by others of glass, which, if I recollect rightly, are of a different color to those of the Emperor. They were taken from a figure of the Virgin, because probably there were no others at hand. The forehead has lost much of the hair that originally covered it, and at the sides of the head—at the temples—where the bullets entered, are small patches of velvet. The beard, which the Emperor wore long and full, is in perfect preservation. It has been combed downwards in a broad line; while the deceased, when living, always had it divided, so that it formed a point on either side. The body is dressed in a black jerkin, the upper part of which is trimmed with velvet. The trousers are of dark gray cloth. On the hands are black gloves; and the feet are covered with varnished boots."

*Growth of England's National Debt.*—Mr. William Howitt, the author of *Cassell's History of England*, writes on the subject of the National Debt. Before the reign of Charles II., he says, these kingdoms knew nothing of a National Debt. At the accession of Anne, owing to the military exploits of William III. and Marlborough on the Continent, it had swelled to £16,000,000. At the accession of George I. it had grown to £54,000,000; at the commencement of the American war to nearly £129,000,000; at the commencement of the French war to a little more than £239,000,000; and that stupendous effort to restore to the French throne the effete Bourbons, with the addition of the Irish debt, brought it, in 1817, up to something more than £848,000,000. Between that time and 1833, the Government reduced the debt £69,000,000; but since then it has begun to roll up again, and now stands at £800,848,847. Since the passing of the Reform Bill it has increased no less than £20,000,000, and yet in the interim we have had the greatest prosperity, our export trade being now more than five times what it was in 1833.

*Faraday as a Christian Philosopher.*—Faraday was deeply religious; and not to insist on this special characteristic would be to make a very imperfect sketch of his life. His religious convictions occupied a large place in his whole being, and evinced their power and sincerity by the agreement between his life and his principles. It was not in arguments drawn from science that he sought the proofs of his faith; he sought for them and found them in those revealed truths which, at the same time, he held could not be reached by unaided human reason, even when they were in most perfect harmony with what he had learnt from the study of nature and the marvels of creation. Faraday had for long understood that the data of science, so changing and so variable, will not do for the firm and immovable

foundation of a man's religious belief, but, at the same time he had shown by his example that the best reply that a philosopher can make to those who hold that the progress of science is incompatible with these convictions, is to say to them, "But, notwithstanding, I am a Christian." The sincerity of his Christianity appeared as much in his acts as in his words. The simplicity of his life, the uprightness of his character, the active benevolence which he displayed in his relations with others, won for him general esteem and affection. Always ready to do an act of kindness, he would leave his laboratory when his presence would serve or be useful to the cause of humanity. He would willingly place his science under contribution, whether upon a question of public health and of industrial application, whether to give some practical counsel to an artisan, or to examine the discovery of a beginner in the career of science.—*Professor de la Rive, of Geneva.*

*Tippling Habits in Ladies.*—The "Lancet" has raised its voice, certainly none too soon, against the increasing indulgence among the educated and gentle of what it justly characterizes as the pernicious habit of tippling. There can be no doubt in the mind of any who observe the changes of manners in good society that this very serious charge is well founded; nor must the ladies, though the "Lancet" delicately abstains from direct allusion to them, be allowed to consider themselves exempted from its strictures. But has the faculty, as it is called, nothing to answer for in promoting the present state of things? Children are now given, "by the doctor's orders," an amount of alcohol which would have horrified their grandmothers. The beer and port wine administered two or three times a day at first disgusts, but soon becomes grateful to them. Almost every one of us may plead medical advice as the beginning of the habit. They say the modern type of disease is low; that stimulants are requisite; and that whether they prescribe chloric ether or champagne does not much signify. Perhaps not in the physical point of view, but in the moral one. Surely, the temptation to the abuse of such stimulants as lavender or ether is not so great or so constantly recurring as that of wine and liqueurs, which are offered and pressed upon us wherever we go. Brandy now takes the place of sal volatile in the lady's dressing-case; and the properties of gin as a cleansing agent applicable to everything, from the gilt stopper of a scent bottle to a lace flounce, are firmly impressed on the mind of the waiting-maid. We would never speak but with respect of the noble profession of healing; but it cannot be denied that the peculiar temptation assailing some of its more "fashionable" members is that of following rather than leading the inclinations of their patients.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

*Tartar Beauties.*—Madame Hommaire de Hell gives the following account of the daughters of a Tartar princess, Adel Bey, who still lives in the neighborhood of Baktcheserai:—"Imagine, reader, the most exquisite sultanas of whom poetry and painting have ever tried to convey an idea, and still your conception will fall far short of the enchanting models I had then before me. There were three of them, all equally beautiful and graceful. Two were clad in tunics of crimson

brocade, adorned in front with broad gold-lace, the tunics were open, and disclosed beneath them cashmere robes, with very tight sleeves, terminating in gold fringes. The youngest wore a tunic of azure blue brocade, with silver ornaments: this was the only difference between her dress and that of her sisters. All three had magnificent black hair escaping in countless tresses from a fez of silver flagree, set like a diadem over their ivory foreheads; they wore gold embroidered slippers, and wide trousers drawn close at the ankle. I had never beheld skins so dazzlingly fair, eyelashes so long, or so delicate a bloom of youth. The calm repose that sat on the countenances of these lovely creatures had never been disturbed by any profane glance. No look but their mother's had ever told them they were beautiful; and this thought gave them an inexpressible charm in my eyes. It is not in our Europe, where women, exposed to the gaze of crowds, so soon addict themselves to coquetry, that the imagination could conceive such a type of beauty. The features of our young girls are too soon altered by the vivacity of their impressions, to allow the eye of the artist to discover in them that divine charm of purity and ignorance with which I was so struck in beholding my Tartar princesses. After embracing me, they retired to the end of the room, where they remained standing in those graceful Oriental attitudes which no woman in Europe could imitate. A dozen attendants, muffled in white muslin, were gathered round the door, gazing with respectful curiosity. Their profiles, shown in relief on a dark ground, added to the picturesque character of the scene."—*Travels in the Crimea.*

*King Theodore.*—Sir H. Rawlinson has remarked that King Theodore had abolished Mohammedanism, had secularized the church property, and had crushed the priestly influence, which, in the time of Mr. Plowden, was one of the crying evils of Abyssinia. He had also introduced many useful reforms into the administration of justice, and had adopted measures for the encouragement of industry. As long as Plowden and Bell were alive he was to a certain extent a model sovereign, but since their deaths he had gone altogether wrong.

Dr. Beke, however, affirms that Theodore was from the first an arrant villain. He was made a great man and a good man by Bell and Plowden, but the moment they died he became bad. As long ago as 1852, Dr. Beke says, he was an arrant drunkard, and used to fire under the table at the legs of his guests.

Fits of drunkenness, added to an ungoverned temper, suffice to account for the wild and capricious conduct of Theodore to his British captives, as well as the horrid cruelties to his own people, except they are to be ascribed to partial insanity.

The story of the relations of King Theodore with the British Government would be too long to tell here, but the following may be received as a sufficient account of the maltreatment of the British subjects which has led to the war of release and redress. When Consul Cameron came the first time to Abyssinia he was well received by his Majesty and presented with valuable presents. The King wished him to take a letter to England, and to bring an answer. He

was either to go himself all the way, or, at least, to Massowah, and there wait for the answer. Mr. Cameron went a different route to Massowah from that advised by the King, as he wished to get some medicine from Mr. Flad, one of the missionaries. He also dismissed Alto Samuel, a Jew convert, who had been sent as his escort and interpreter. This Samuel wrote a letter of accusation to the King against Mr. Cameron, and other Abyssinians told the King that Mr. Cameron had been heard speaking disrespectfully of him. A Frenchman, M. Bardel, now high in favor with the King, is said to be mischievously active in poisoning his mind against the English, and against the missionaries. When the King afterwards saw Mr. Cameron at Gondar he was enraged at his going among his enemies, and also at not bringing back a letter from the Queen. "Why does the Queen not write to me?" he said. "Who is Russell?" (the letter last received having been signed by Earl Russell). "Let the Queen write herself." On the arrival of another Foreign Office despatch the King's rage knew no bounds. The Consul was made a prisoner in the camp. Once, on asking leave to go to his own house on account of his state of health, the King refused, saying, "Let him die, if they only cannot say that I have killed him. Where is his answer to my letter? Why does his Queen despise me?" On asking leave to return to his post as Consul at Massowah he was put in chains along with the missionaries and others under his protection. "When we were in prison," writes Mr. Flad (*Blue Book* of 10th August, 1867), "the King once sent us a message, saying, 'The Consul I have imprisoned because his Queen did not send me an answer. Personally, I have nothing against him. Messrs. Stern and Rosenthal I have imprisoned because they have abused me, and the rest (we were ten Europeans) I have imprisoned because I found that you white people are all bad.'" When Mr. Rassam arrived with a special letter from the Queen, he was received with outward courtesy, and the King wrote an extraordinary letter, in which he says, "I have released Mr. Cameron and the other prisoners, and all Europeans who might wish to leave the country, and I have kept Mr. Rassam, for the sake of consulting together upon the extension of our friendship." Afterward, like another Pharaoh, the King was angry because the prisoners were free, and caused them to be seized, on pretence that they insulted him by not going to say farewell before leaving. Mr. Rassam and the rest have since been in durance, some at Magdala, and others at Debra Tabor, and the King's camp. The whole number of European prisoners, including women and children, is about sixty.

*You never knew* a very handsome woman engaged in the "woman's rights" business—they can play the cards they already hold to better advantage.

*Printing.*—Messrs. Leighton Brothers' new patent process for printing is very remarkable, being a sort of topsy-turvy process, soft type on hard surfaces, not hard type on soft surfaces. Moreover, it can be applied to inner as well as outer surfaces. For instance, the Leightons will print you an advertisement, or particulars of a chemical analysis, or a song, or anything else, on

the inside of a bottle, a jar, a tea-cup, or a lamp-shade. After this, it will be easy to understand that to print on plates, dishes, cups and saucers, basins, and so forth, is an easy matter. They can also print on marble, stone, iron, leather, sail-cloth; in short, what can they not print on, for the types are made of vulcanized india-rubber, and never wear out? With a roller properly contrived and fed with ink, it would be possible on a dry day to print all along the foot-pavement of a street. What a chance for enterprising advertisers! Messrs. Leighton exhibited their process last year at one of the President of the Royal Society's soirées, and it is now, as we hear, being successfully worked by a company in Paris.

*Great Dikes.*—A few American items are worth mention. Brigadier-General Roberts, who has been charged by the Government at Washington with the repairs of the "levees" (embankments) of the Mississippi, has proposed a plan for the reclamation of the vast extent of swampy lands along the lower course of the great river. It is to build dikes and barriers, and construct weirs, by which the flood-waters shall be allowed to overspread the swamps, and deposit thereon the mud they hold in suspension, until, in time, the swamps, and indeed all the low levels, shall be converted into dry land of the most fertile description. This process is well known along the Trent and Humber as warping the land; but the brigadier-general's is the greatest scheme of warping yet heard of. The Dutch may rival it by pumping dry their Zuider Zee—a project they often talk about—and converting the great wave-worn hollow into farms and pastures.

*New Machine.*—A builder in Philadelphia makes fire-proof ceilings with a flat arch of corrugated iron backed by concrete. The arch is supported at each end by what is technically known as a H-iron girder.—A nail-making machine has been brought out, which, of nails from half an inch to two inches long, will cut 3,600 lbs. a day; of larger nails, 5,000 lbs.; and of "spikes," weighing from a quarter to three-quarters of a pound each, it will cut 2,500 lbs. in an hour.—Printers will doubtless take interest in the fact, that inking-rollers made of a mixture of glue and glycerine, are better for their purpose than those at present made of glue and treacle.

*Jets of Naphtha.*—An artesian well of naphtha has been discovered at Kudaco, in the Caucasus, by boring. At the depth of 274 feet from the surface the liquid was first struck, and for a whole month gave a supply of 1,560 barrels daily. Since then a fresh source has been met, which rises with irresistible force to the height of 40 feet above the ground, the jet being 4 inches in diameter, and delivering a daily supply of 6,000 barrels.

*Increased Export of Gold.*—A banking house of this city, in a European circular dated 12th inst., says: "Gold exhibits a steady upward tendency. Notwithstanding the present lightness of the imports, it is apprehended that our exports of produce and cotton will be so far inadequate to set off our purchases abroad and our foreign interest account, as to require an unusually large export of specie, it being assumed in this estimate that we cannot expect to export any further consider-

able amount of Government bonds. It will be seen from a subjoined estimate that, for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1867, there was a balance against the United States, upon the trading account, of about \$61,000,000 in gold. To this must be added a further amount of nearly \$35,000,000 on account of interest on securities held in Europe, making a total adverse balance of \$95,000,000. How far this balance was set off by shipments of bonds it is impossible to say; but the probability that it was not nearly liquidated is confirmed by the fact that, although the imports have materially declined during late months while the exports have been fully at the usual rate, yet we have shipped from this port, from July 1, 1867, \$15,700,000 more specie than for the corresponding period of the previous fiscal year. The political and financial issues raised at Washington have naturally affected the premium, especially the divergences of policy between the Administration and Congress on questions of reconstruction; and the importance of these affairs has been much magnified for speculative purposes."

*The Teachers of Young America.*—There seems to be no doubt that women are superseding men as teachers in the schools of the United States. An examination of the census shows that of the 150,241 teachers in the common schools of the country, exactly 100,000 are women. In Massachusetts there are six times as many female as male teachers. In Vermont the proportion is five to one; in Iowa three to one. The disproportion is most marked in the large cities. In New York there are only 178 male out of over 2000 teachers; in Philadelphia, 83 in 1800; and a similar proportion prevails in all other cities. The cause seems to be that few men are willing to enter systematically a profession which nowhere holds out a higher salary than 3000 dollars, the average payment being 2000 dollars per annum. A leading principal in New York believes that soon there will be only women teaching in the schools. The Board of Education in New York declares that the teaching by women is equally satisfactory with that by men, and the Board of Cincinnati says it is superior.

*New England Libraries.*—A Boston paper gives the following statistics of private libraries in the neighborhood of that city:—The library of the late Mr. Everett contains 7,000 vols.; of the late Mr. Prescott, the historian, 6,000 vols.; of the late Abbot Lawrence, 10,000 vols.; of the late Daniel Webster, 5,600 vols.; of the late Thomas Fowse, the learned leather-dresser, 4,000 vols.; of the late George Livermore, rich in Bibles and biblical works, 4,000 vols.; of the late Theodore Parker, 10,000 vols.; of the late Rufus Choate, 7,000 vols.; and of Mr. Adams, the present American Minister in England, 18,000 vols.

*A Perfect Antidote for all Poisons.*—A plain farmer says: "It is now over twenty years since I learned that sweet oil would cure the bite of a rattlesnake, not knowing it would cure other kinds of poison. Practice, observation, and experience have taught me that it will cure poison of any kind, both on man and beast. I think no farmer should be without a bottle of it in his house. The patient must take a spoonful of it

internally, and bathe the wound, for a cure. To cure a horse it requires eight times as much as it does for a man. Here let me say of one of the most extreme cases of snake bites in this neighborhood: Eleven years ago this summer, where the case had been thirty days standing and the patient had been given up by his physicians, I heard of it, carried the oil and gave him one spoonful, which effected a cure. It is an antidote for arsenic and strychnine. It will cure bloat in cattle by eating too freely of fresh clover; it will cure the sting of bees, spiders or other insects, and will cure persons who have been poisoned by a low-running vine growing in the meadows, called ivy."

*French Commerce.*—It appears from the returns of the commerce of France during the past year, that the value of imports was 3,155,000,000fr.; and of exports, 2,972,000,000fr.; showing an excess in favor of the former of 183,000,000fr. In 1866 the imports were 2,793,000,000fr.; and the exports 3,180,000,000fr., an excess in the latter of 387,000,000fr. The augmentation of the imports is occasioned by the deficient harvest and the necessity of bringing in a great quantity of wheat from abroad. The decrease on the exports is principally in silken, woollen, and cotton tissues, wrought metals, chemical products, grain and flour, wines and spirits, cattle and others. The movement of the precious metals is reduced for 1867 to 850,000,000fr. worth of imports, and 253,000,000fr. of exports, showing a difference of 497,000,000fr. During the six preceding years, comprising 1866, the value of the imports was, respectively, 1,064,000,000fr., 659,000,000fr., 733,000,000fr., 532,000,000fr., 536,000,000fr., and 419,000,000fr., and the exports for the same years, 554,000,000fr., 423,000,000fr., 650,000,000fr., 587,000,000fr., 456,000,000fr., 512,000,000.

*Irrigation Reservoirs in India.*—In fourteen districts of the Madras Presidency there are 43,000 irrigation reservoirs now in operation; and 10,000 more have fallen into disuse. The embankments by which their waters are retained in natural hollows, valleys, and combs, average half a mile in length; one dam, now broken, is thirty miles long, and incloses an area of from sixty to eighty square miles. The Veranum tank comprises fifty-three square miles, has a dam of twelve miles long, and produces £11,450 per annum. In Ceylon is a solid dam, built of cemented stone, and covered with turf, which is fifteen miles long, 100 feet wide at the base, and 40 feet wide at the top. Generally speaking, these enormous tanks are effective.

*Suez Canal.*—A call has recently been made upon the shareholders of this undertaking for an additional £4,000,000 sterling, on the assurance of Mr. De Lesseps, the contractor, that it will be finished in October, 1869. The total cost will be £15,400,000. Several steam navigation companies are already negotiating for landings at Port Said.

*The British Mercantile Marine.*—Great Britain leads the world in mercantile shipping with 7,000,000 tons. The United States stands second, with 5,000,000. In 1860 she had overtaken Great Britain, but the late war has caused a falling off. Germany is third on the list, far exceeding France, which follows as the fourth.







ENGRAVED FOR THE ECLECTIC BY FREDERICK A. GILES N. Y.

*Albemarle*

THE EARL OF ALBEMARLE.

